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THE

PURSUITS

OF

LITERATURE

A SATIRICAL POEM

IN FOUR DIALOGUES

WITH NOTES.

Thomas J. Mathias.

Υμεις, ω παιτα εν τασι φυσει και παιδειᾳ χρηστοι, και μετριοι, και φιλανθρωποι, και της Βασιλειας αξιοι, (τουτοις τοις λογοις) επιτευσατε.

Athenagoræ Atheniensis Legatio Imperatoribus Antonino et Commodo. Ad fin. Op. Justin. Martyr. Ed. Paris 1636, pag. 39.

Αγε δη χαιρων (αυθις) χωρει,
Και σωζε πολιν την ημετεραν
Γνωμαις αγαθαις, και παιδευσον
Τους ανοητους.

ARISTOPHAN. RAN. v. 1548.

THE THIRTEENTH EDITION

WITH

THE CITATIONS TRANSLATED.

London:

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1805.

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HEC EGO GLORIA SOLUS MEDITABAR IN UMBRA,
DUM THAMESIS MEUS ET (QUONDAM MEA) GRANTA FAVEBANT.
NATIVA FRETUS CITHARA FIDIBUSQUE SEVERIS
INGENTES AUSUS PATRIÆ LENIRE LABORES.

In perusing the Notes to the Pursuits of Literature, the Reader is requested to attend particularly to their respective dates.

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THE PREFACE. (a)

Νυν, ω ϐελτιστε Κηφισοφων, οιδ' ὁιοι ὑτοι εισιν ὁι τϐς περι ἡμων λογϐς εμϐαλλοντες ες τϐς οχλϐς· αλλ' ὡσπερ αει απρακτοι αυτων αἱ κακαι γλωσσαι εγενοντο, και γελωτα εξ αυτων και μῖσος, ϐδεν πλεον, ωφλισκανον, και νυν ισθι, ὑτι ϐκ απρακτοι μονον, αλλ' ἐπι κακω σφισιν εσονται. Συ μεντοι ευ ποιεις περι τϐτων ἡμιν γραφων, επειδηπερ οιει ἡμιν διαφερειν· αλλ' ὡσπερ ευ ποιεις γραφων, ὑτως αδικειν φησαιμ' αν ἡμας, αντιλεγοντα ὑπερ αυτων ΤΟΙΣ ΟΥΚ ΑΞΙΟΙΣ.

Euripidis Epist. ex Macedonia ad amicum suum Cephisophontem. Eurip. Op. Edit. Barnes. Part. 2. pag. 529.

I HAVE again revised the Poem on the Pursuits of Literature with considerable care, as I am of opinion that no man of candour and reflection could wish to see any mistakes, in a work so extensive, continued without correction, nor the various parts of it presented to the public without such improvements, alterations, and additions to the poetry and the notes, as circumstances have arisen to prompt or to require. This is all which I have done from

(a) This Preface was first published in December 1800; some passages have been added since. (May 1803.)

from time to time; and though words are irrevocable, yet the last corrections of any author should be considered as the sense which he wishes to enforce.

Impertinence and falshood I have at all times equally despised, and equally neglected. It will be seen however that by omissions and alterations I have manifested a liberal concern for my unintentional mistakes, with the spirit and breeding of a gentleman, a character which I never will forfeit nor resign deliberately, but with my life. "Of all the Bœotian Critics who have written "scurrilously against me, there is not indeed one whom a "writer of reputation would not wish to have his enemy. "To my authorship they are heartily welcome. Rome "permitted her slaves to calumniate her best citizens in "the day of triumph." (*b*)

Eh! qui veut rassembler aux grénouilles d' Homere,
Implorant à grands cris le fier Dieu de la guerre,
Et les dieux des enfers, et Bellone, et Pallas,
Et les foudres des cieux,—*pour se venger des rats ?*

For as to the smarting scribblers, cumbrous black-letter pedants, and translating poetasters of the day, incidentally mentioned in the poem, with all their little bundles of answers and remarks nameless and forgotten, I would only conduct them before the statue of Marsyas, (*c*) to read their

(*b*) Warburton's Preface to Pope's Works.

(*c*) The statue of Marsyas, (the Phrygian Satyr who challenged Apollo, and being vanquished by him suffered severely *as an example*) was set up at the entrance of the Forum in Rome, and Horace says, "Obeundus Marsya;" for the plain English of which see Mr. Boscawen's Translation.

Indeed

their fate in all the impotent irritation of satirical puberty: the passions of *men* they can never feel. The only shield I shall ever oppose to their assaults is the Volume itself.

> Egli medesmo prese
> La tasca, e DALLO SCUDO dipartilla,
> E fe' il lume di quel chiaro e palese!
> L'incantato splendor, che ne sfavilla,
> Gli occhi degli avversari così offese,
> Che gli fe' restar ciechi allora allora,
> E cader chi da poppa, e chi da prora. (*d*)

But to speak in a lighter and more *ethereal* strain of these Bœotian critics, Dr. Darwin, (whose poetry and philosophical ideas, whenever they are understood, are so universally admired,) offers me kindly a few exquisite lines applicable to them, in his celebrated description of "*the two celestial Bears*, major and minor, *dancing round the pole*, and parted by *Draco!*"

O che leggiadro e grazioso ballo!

I hope the reader will comprehend the Doctor's sublime original; but in my humble metaphorical application, it is as plain as the dance of the Sun, Moon, and Earth in the Rehearsal.

Mark

Indeed modern Translators and *Makers* of verses seldom give occasion for the inimitable simplicity of Agnes's question in Moliere's Ecole des Femmes;

"Si les enfans qu' on fait, se faisoient *par l'oreille?* *

(*d*) Ariosto, Ca· . 10. St. 50.

* Act. 1. Sc. 1.

Mark, (*e*) with vast convolution DRACO holds
The ecliptic axis in his scaly folds!
O'er half the skies his neck enormous rears,
And with immense mæanders *parts* THE BEARS;
Onward *the kindred Bears* with footsteps rude
Dance round the pole, *pursuing and pursued!* (*f*)

But to return to this nether world and it's concerns.

I am more and more convinced that Literature must be considered

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(*e*) What does the reader *mark* in all Dr. Darwin's poetry and philosophy? for my own part, I *mark* and *see* too frequently in this very ingenious man and most excellent Physician, (for such he undoubtedly is) Martinus Scriblerus himself in exultation at his own discoveries, and in sovereign contempt over his Brother Albertus. See Martinus's Memoirs; See Dr. Darwin's œconomy of vegetation; See Chaos exploding! See Stars projected from Chaos *by explosions;* See the Earth thrown from a Solar Volcano! The Moon (per contra) thrown from a terrestrial Volcano! See *Ice-lands* (on a principle of *economy* among the Sovereigns of the northern hemisphere, and to prevent the wasting of the public money in unnecessary wars,) *See* (I repeat it,) ICE-ISLANDS *navigated by their united labours from north to south!!!* &c. &c. Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ. The passage to which I allude is the following:

"IF the nations who inhabit *this* hemisphere of the globe, INSTEAD *of destroying their Seamen and exhausting their wealth in unnecessary wars,* could be *induced to unite* their labours *to navigate. these immense masses of ice into the more southern oceans,* two great advantages would result to mankind, &c. &c."!!!!

Dr. Darwin's *own* words. See the Œconomy of Vegetation. Cant. I. page 60. 8vo edition. 1799. What can the Doctor mean? (Dec. 1800.)

(*f*) Darwin's Botanic Garden, Part I. or The Œconomy of Vegetation, Canto I. v. 517.

considered in all its departments, and not only the subject but the mode (*g*) of composition must be examined.

I have

(*g*) In particular I would obſerve that the modern style of Biography seems to call for some animadverſion. When the examples of great men, poets, statesmen, or philoſophers are to be delivered to the world, the office of the Biographer is arduous, and requires no common talents. But now the unequalled ſimplicity of Plutarch, the ſense and ſpirit † of Johnſon, and the diſcriminating taſte of * Maſon, are loſt in the diſgusting modern language of affectation and the cant of ſenſibility. The *Namby pamby* ſchool of the Cruſca muſt not be ſuffered to revive either in verſe or in proſe.

On the ſubject of the preſent mode of Biography and Memoir-writing, I am happy to be able to preſent the reader with a letter ſaid to be written to a friend by one of that ſpecies of Literati called "*The Faſhionables*," when he was preparing a collection of Letters and Memoirs for publication, but I cannot anſwer for it's authenticity though it has all the internal marks of an original! The following is an exact copy.

"My Dear Sir, March 19, 1803.

I AM ſo delighted with the literary treaſures which I communicated to you lately, that I feel impatient to offer them to the public, but I am ſolicitous to ſecure myſelf, and at the ſame time to partake of a *reaſonable* profit, which I think *muſt* reſult from the work. Being rather diffident, and dreading "*the preſumptuous ſentence of periodical criticiſm*," I called on my old acquaintance Mr. WIREWOVE HOTPRESS, (who is a moſt "*amiable*" Book-ſeller and an "*enchanting*" man) for his opinion; and I laid before him my account of nearly three hundred and fifty nine Folio Volumes of ſtate-papers in M. S. which I had diſcovered, and a large collection of private letters and M.S. verſes of ſome celebrated poets and ſtatesmen; and I hinted at what might be done, if I were encouraged by ſo enlightened a judge. Mr. Wirewove Hotpreſs "*glowed with peculiar warmth and eagerneſs*" at my propoſal, which he ſaid he fully underſtood, without ſeeing

 a line

† With a few exceptions. * Life of Gray.

I have indeed endeavoured to look far into the service of the time, and I have been instructed by some of the best

a line of the M.S. He said he was convinced of their excellence; and if I could but "*weave into the texture of my memoirs*" an extensive collection of private letters and posthumous rhymes, he would answer for the success. He hinted that it was not very material how silly and uninteresting the greater part of them might be, if they were but *originals*, with a *fac-simile* of the hand-writings, if possible. He hinted also that if the composition could be *spun* out (Mr. Wirewove Hotpress is very exact in his metaphors) into three or more large volumes in royal quarto with a price highly gratifying to purchasers after a long war, or at the commencement of a new one, he would take upon himself to say, that such a work would "*continue to sparkle* "*in the eyes of all men, like the radiant star of the evening,* "*perpetually hailed by the voice of gratitude, affection, and* "*delight!*" When I proceeded to explain more minutely the extent of my work, Mr. Wirewove, with an ingenuous susceptibility, assured me that he *saw* that "there was a principle *of unperishable vitality*" in my composition, though it might chance to be a little unequal in some of it's parts; for that very eloquent man said, there might be "*calamitous eclipses of the most effulgent mind*;" and if, he added, in "*weaving your texture*," you should sometimes be a little unintelligible, it was common to many of the greatest geniusses of the day, literary or political, from *existing circumstances*. I told him, I believed I was not without fire in the ardour of composing and connecting; though I modestly *excepted myself* from the number of poets*, to which exception he readily agreed. Oh, I understand you, said the "*enchanting*" creature, (though I believe he was a little sly, which I afterwards discovered) your "*fire is so refined and* "*æthereal that it cannot be expected to shine in the gross atmosphere* "*of worldly contention.*" I hope, Mr. Wirewove, you don't *mean*

* Horace and Mr. Hayley (with an *amiable* sympathy) unite in this opinion of themselves. See Mr. H.'s Letter to Earl Cowper prefixed to his life of the Poet.

best, the noblest, and the wisest men whom ancient and modern

mean that—(for I did not quite comprehend his metaphor about "*worldly contention*" and I really thought he hinted that the work might not bustle through the world, or in other terms, that it might not sell;)—Oh, not at all, said he, I am as innocent as yourself of any meaning whatsoever: it must *sell*, if your memoirs are but "*copious and produced with all becoming dispatch.*"—I have the pleasure to say that I agreed with Mr. Wirewove Hotpress for—(you may guess what,) and this winter you may expect three royal 4to. volumes, and in the spring two more, as *copious* as the French military spawn in Egypt. When the work is actually in the press you shall hear further.

Your's, &c. &c."

W. C. H.

N. B. The reader will perceive that the writer of this letter is peculiarly versed in the *phraseology* of MR. HAYLEY IN HIS LIFE OF THE POET COWPER, (lately publiſhed) from which he has culled a few (and a very few) of the choicest flowers of language and metaphors *verbatim*. It is unnecessary to mark the pages from Mr. Hayley's work whence they are all taken.

As to the publication itself, the letters of a great Poet must always command attention on their first appearance, and we are obliged to an Editor of such compositions. Of Mr. Cowper's Letters many are excellent and very interesting, but the greater part of them might have been suppreſſed, particularly those so deeply tinctured with the religion of Calvin, which is now spreading in this Country in so fatal a manner, while it's votaries forget that this system "seems to rest (as it is well expressed by one of our greatest Divines*) on this execrable foundation, that God is a Tyrant." The effects of it are too visible, and will long continue to disturb the disturbed.

Mr. Hayley's language, in the connecting parts of the work, is such a *sartago loquæ*, as I have seldom seen, and which I mark

* Dr. Balguy (of Winchester's) Discourses, Disc. 4 p. 59.

modern ages have produced; and till years steal on and wear me out of action I will, if occasion should offer, yet stand forth in the same common cause. *Sic Drancis dicta refellam.*

But we should all remember, that in an empire extensive, opulent, luxurious, and commercial like Great Britain, many new regulations and new ordinances founded on constitutional principles must be expected, and loudly called for in the days of general convulsion. Lakes and quiet streams may be bounded safely by banks of verdure and flowers; but the ocean, turbulent and tempestuous, can be confined alone by rocks and mountains. We have given to the surrounding nations the example of steadiness, of unanimity, of a fixed aversion to political change, and of the loftiest refusal of all submission to THE COMMON FOE AND UNIVERSAL TYRANT, in our councils and actions abroad and at home.

I am decidedly convinced that the principles of Republican

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with regret on such a topic; for it is affected and flimsy, with idle tautology and ridiculous metaphors: Mr. H.'s sentiments also are sometimes very exceptionable. Mr. Cowper's posthumous verses are in general far too trifling for the public inspection, and should have been omitted; but, *aliter non fit, Avite, Liber.* Above all, in drawing the picture of the Poet, humanity and good sense equally required that the judgment of Timanthes should have been exercised.

This excellent and virtuous Man, Mr. Cowper, must be considered as claiming the title of A POET chiefly from THE TASK, which is a work equally sublime, pathetic, interesting and original.

Custodiat urnam
Cana Fides, vigilentque perenni lampade Musæ.

(May, 1803.)

Dr.

lican or Consular France, wherever they are introduced, modified, or disguised, can never ultimately suffer the existence of *any one* ancient or present institution or establishment, political or religious, in this kingdom, or in any state in Europe or in Asia. It is idle, or rather it is wicked, to suppose that we can now be lulled into such a false security, and sleep the sleep of death under the torpor of such a desperate and wilful credulity.

I trust Great Britain will never be delivered over by her Ministers, bound hand and foot, to a directorial or to a consular dynasty. No: though under the severest pressure and the most acknowledged perils, our glory is not tarnished; our possessions are increased; OUR MONARCHAL SUPREMACY ON THE OCEAN IS CONFIRMED. Mr. Pitt (to whose deep classical erudition every scholar will assent, and who must know and feel the affinity which a poet bears to an orator,) may possibly remember, or he will certainly read with pleasure, the following lines, at once triumphant and affecting, in the dark but sublime Monodia of the Poet of Chalcis.

ΘΑΛΑΣΣΗΣ ΣΚΗΠΤΡΑ ΚΑΙ ΜΟΝΑΡΧΙΑΝ ΛΑΒΟΝΤΕΣ!—ουκ αμνηστον, αθλια Πατρις,
Κυδος μαραν θεν εγκαταχρυψεις ζοφω! (*h*)

The enthusiasm of literary men may awhile be led astray by an undiscerning predilection for the republics of antiquity, and the fasces which preceded Cato and the elder Brutus. But I hope there never will be found, either now or hereafter in Great Britain, a Muse so servile, so degraded, so lost, so forgetful of her honour and of her high prerogative, as to offer incense at the throne, or at the shrine, of *a French Consul* reeking with the innocent blood of unoffending Egypt, and haughty from the desolation of Marengo.

We

(*h*) Lycophron. Alexandra. v. 1229.

We must remember the origin and progress of the French Revolution, for we feel it in all it's consequences throughout Europe, Asia and America. I wish to present the Picture of the state of Europe as drawn in the year 1794, that it may not pass from our mind without the illustration of Poetry. (*i*)

Through EUROPE's bounds, 'tis her devoted age,
Fires from within and central thunders rage: (*k*)
On Gallia's shores I mark the unhallow'd pow'r,
Her godless regents feel the madd'ning hour,
Dread architects of ruin and of crime,
In revolution's permanence sublime,
And cruel nonsense! o'er the astonish'd World
The flag of dire EQUALITY unfurl'd,
Drizzling with blood of millions, streams in air;
The scroll, FRATERNAL FREEDOM, DEATH, DESPAIR!
They pass: nor Rhine nor Rubicon they know;
Torrents may roar, or tranquil streams may flow,
In unappall'd protrusion on they burst,
All nations cursing, by all nations curst.
Lo, Belgium yields to unresisted fate;
Within her ministers of terror wait:
Nature with rod petrific smites the land,
And binds the floods in adamantine band,
Till Gallia's Chief in right of William sways,
And Freedom, once with life-drops bought, obeys.
See, where dismember'd trembling Spain resigns
Peruvia's radiance, and Potosi's mines:
The pillars of THE ETERNAL CITY bow,
And the tiara from the Pontiff's brow
Drops to the dust, no more in Peter's fane
The Consistorial Brotherhood shall reign.

(*i*) See the Imperial Epistle from Kien Long Emperor of China to George the 3d. (v. 366, &c.) translated by the author of the P. of L.

The delineation of *Consular France* yet remains for a future Poet.

Yet see; the turban nods by factions torn;
A length'ning, sad, and sullen sound is borne
Around Sophia's hallow'd conscious walls,
Matt'ring the doom denounc'd: her Crescent falls.
Still view, in western (*l*) climes Death's palest horse
With pestilence and slaughter marks his course,
While dusky tribes, with more than maniac rage
Rending their brazen bonds, in war engage:
For France still burns to make, with dire intent,
HELL AND THIS WORLD ONE REALM, (*m*) ONE CONTINENT!

When I have contemplated this Picture, I am indeed very grateful for the name and rights of an Englishman; and I have been awakened to join in the endeavour to preserve them. I confess that I have a settled contempt for nonsense and sophistry; and I feel a sharpness in my nature against every species of innovation which is hazardous and unnecessary, and against the very approach of that political reform, which must prove the certain harbinger and vaunt courier of revolution, democracy, and all the variety of wickedness and of horror.

The charge of malignity, or of ill-nature, against the person of any individual, as such, I utterly disclaim and solemnly deny, because it is not true. If however my writings should descend to other times, I will, with respect to that charge and to the sincerity of my intentions, confidently address myself to them in the language of poetry and of truth;

Sancta ad vos Anima, *atque istius inscia culpæ*,
Descendam doctorum haud unquam oblitus avorum.

But in a composition, like the Pursuits of Literature, when judgment is to be given on men, their works, their actions, and their writings *in the hour of instant danger*, it is impossible

(*l*) The West Indies.
(*m*) A verse from Milton P. L.

sible to set off one quality by another. We have unfortunately lived to see and hear men, in comparison of whom Bolingbroke was humble, Milton was mild, and Hobbes was rational. On all the great and master principles, which maintain and invigorate the life and the healthful existence of this kingdom and of all civilized states, the public opinion must *now* be concentrated with as little divergence as possible. For this powerful and unanswerable reason, if men of birth and fortune, Senators or Statesmen, are found virtually conspiring, or contributing by different means with men of the lowest classes of society, to produce the same effect, I mean, the subversion of their Country and it's Constitution; their rank is then annihilated, the political distance between them is lost, and they must appear together on the same canvas and in the same colours. We are tired of Gallic phrases, the honours of the sitting, and the fraternal kiss. (*n*)

Consumpta est fabula vulgi,
Et cantata diu riserunt *Oscula* CIVES.

But of Gallic principles, sentiments, and resolutions we must hold another language. Formerly indeed it was esteemed a crime to scatter abroad ambiguous expressions among the people. But now when all governments

(*n*) It reminds me of a book written by Sir John Birkenhead in the time of the civil wars, entitled, "THE CHILDREN'S "DICTIONARY, being an exact collection of all new words "*born since November* 3, 1640, in speeches, prayers, and sermons, "as well those that signify something, as *those that signify* "*nothing.*" In the last edition of the French Academy's Dictionary, just printed at Paris, there is an Appendix, something like the Children's Dictionary, of the "*Sans-Culottides*, the "*Decadaires*," &c. &c. Such is the varied jargon which hypocrisy invented and *blattered* forth in the last century, and Jacobinism has revived in the present age.

Sæpe
Bilem, sæpe jocum TANTI movere TUMULTUS!

ments and establishments are shaking around us, we are to be told with effrontery and impunity in public papers which pass from hand to hand, through cities, towns, and villages, that, where there is no despotism there is no usurpation, and that the authority of an usurper, while he conforms to laws of *his own* making, is legal. What is this but to overthrow the principle of all just obedience, and the basis of every established government? What is it but to invite the subjects of every kingdom to revolution and open rebellion, from the example of *a fortunate soldier*? But I hope still, that THE PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY will for ever remember, and act under the impression of the words of an ardent, powerful, and eloquent writer, that "From the beginning of the world "to this day, there never was ANY GREAT PUBLIC OR "PRIVATE VILLAINY acted by men, and submitted to, "but upon the strength of some great fallacy put upon "their minds by a false representation of good for evil, "and of evil for good."

We cannot now, and I trust we never shall, consent to hear the raving of *Clubs* declared to be the national opinion; and in the same sentence, to hear that national opinion *declar-* "*ed* to possess a just authority over the proceedings of the "Legislature." (*i*) I think that the Essence of the Jacobin

(*i*) *Read* the Declaration of the Whig Club on January 23, 1796, signed, CHARLES JAMES FOX! In the copy now before me, printed for R. White, Piccadilly, 1796, this Declaration is asserted to be the composition of Mr. SHERIDAN, Mr. ERSKINE, Mr. FRANCIS, all Members of Parliament, and of Mr. JAMES MACKINTOSH, who is *now* (A. D. 1800.) a Reader of Public Lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, *in pursuance of an order of that Honourable Society.** I appeal to printed pamphlets, and to matters of fact; but in this instance I shall leave the comment to the reader. Dec. 1800.

* See the words in the title-page of Mr. Mackintosh's Introductory Discourse, 3d edit. Cadell. 1800

bin Club-doctrine, in what country soever such Clubs are instituted and *continued*, may be properly and adequately stated (and may all the loyal and reflecting subjects in Great Britain and Ireland never forget their inevitable tendency and irreversible conclusion!) to consist in these positions; namely:

"To call the People of any country the Sovereign Power "in opposition to the lawful, permanent, and established "authority vested in the Governors of it:

"To call the sense of Clubs associated the sense of that "Sovereign People:

"That when those Clubs have thought proper to deliver "and publish their doctrines and resolutions, to declare "that THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE have in effect SPOKEN "THEIR WILL:

"That in consequence of THIS THEIR SOVEREIGN "WILL, the measures of a government are to be changed, "ministers deposed, a King dethroned, and a constitution "regenerated!

"That further, as these momentous concerns are carried "on chiefly in the metropolis of any kingdom, it is virtu"ally to declare, that the sense of the disaffected part of "the People of that metropolis is THE CONTROLLING "POWER OF THE STATE; as the Government and it's Minis"ters can neither be overawed, nor seized upon in any other "place;—and particularly as all the other disaffected "Clubs in the country establish their doctrines and "found their resolutions on the grand Metropolitan Heresy."

Such is the spirit of that informe Cadaver, of that shapeless body which has been dragged forth and exposed to the light of heaven. For we must never suffer this truth to pass from our minds, namely that,

TO PRESERVE THE METROPOLIS IS TO PRESERVE THE EMPIRE.

Prodita

Prodità dum laxant portarum claustra Tyrannis,
Magnum aliquod dubiâ pro Libertate decebit!

Jacobinism in her natural, ferocious, and unsoftened features has for a season slunk away from the public loathing in Great Britain; but we may depend upon it, she yet "lies "couching head on ground, with catlike watch;" though in this country the Monster has lost many of her offspring, whom true reason and sober philosophy have torn from her.

Deserta sub antro
Accubat Illa jacens! ubi enim quibus ubera pascat,
Aut quos ingenti premat exspectata ruinâ?
Hactenus arma, tubæ, ferrumque, et vulnera. (*k*)

But surely the most powerful light should still continue to be thrown on her secret caverns and skulking places; for the sleeping and the inactive will be her prey. We have reason still to watch over our safety, while so many of the original principles of Jacobinism are not only unretracted but solemnly avowed, *and openly renewed at stated periods*, by men who would be thought worthy of high political trust, and of their Country's best confidence and consideration.

Idle compliments however, timid compromising, fatal half-measures, and the false politeness of submission to names must not once be heard of at such a time, when the powers of darkness, of tyranny, of ignorance, and of sophistry are set in array against us.

We are not fallen: we may yet travel on in the greatness of our imparted strength, since we know in what and in whom we have trusted. We must also preserve the dignity of Learning in all her original brightness and integrity, for *we are not in the ruins of* OUR ATHENS; but in the walks of Literature, of true philosophy, and of unshrinking eloquence, we have yet something more to shew than *the Lantern of Demosthenes*.

In

(*k*) Stat. Theb. L. 10.

In conclusion, I would observe that the following or similar words, or the substance of them, are recorded to have been delivered in Parliament a few years before the Rebellion in 1745. I shall apply the spirit of them to the enemies of *the principles* of this work on the Pursuits of Literature, but not to the enemies of the work itself. The words are these:* "The heat which has offended them "is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service "of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence "me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned when "(public) Liberty is threatened or invaded; nor look in "silence on (intended) public Robbery. I will exert "my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to drag the aggres- "sors to justice, whoever may protect them, *or whoever* "*may* (ultimately) *partake of* THE NATIONAL PLUN- "DER!"

It is remarkable that the Speaker was William Pitt, and the Reporter, Samuel Johnson. But whether the words were ever spoken, and faithfully reported, or only ingeniously invented and applied, the substance of them I adopt and publicly profess as my unequivocal sentiments, as far as they can be applicable to any endeavours, or to any labours of mine.

With the same firmness *therefore*, and with the same unabated, deliberate confidence of intention with which I first submitted this volume to the public, I again respectfully offer it to the serious regard and impartial judgment of the British Nation.

DOCTRINÆ HÆC VINDEX GENIO MONITA ALTA BRITANNO.

* Dr. Johnson's Parliamentary Debates in 1741, vol. 1. p. 307.

TO THE READER.

Ελαμψε μεν τη νιφοεντος
Αρτιως φανειτα
Φαινα Παρνασσω
ΤΟΝ ΑΔΗΛΟΝ ΑΝΔΡΑ παντ' ιχνευειν! *

I RECOMMEND the following anecdote to sagacious persons, who know all authors (and me among the rest) by their style, or by any other certain or *infallible* sign. The anecdote is known to those who are accurately versed in literary history.

Julius Scaliger wrote and published an oration, without his name, against the celebrated tract by Erasmus, called Ciceronianus. Erasmus, having

* Soph. Æd. T. v. 481.

perused it, immediately, (and upon conviction as he thought,) fixed upon Hieronimus Aleander, who was afterwards made an Archbishop by Leo X. and a Cardinal by Pope Paul the Third, as the author of the whole, or of the greatest part of it, by signs which he conceived to be certain and infallible. These signs were strong indeed; his phraseology, his manner of speaking, his peculiar diction, his habits of life, and even the very intercourse which Erasmus had daily with him. Nay, his genius and disposition were so evident, that Aleander could not be more intimately known to himself, than he was to Erasmus.

YET ERASMUS WAS MISTAKEN ENTIRELY.

His judgment and sagacity will not be questioned; but hear his own words, for on such an occasion, as the present, they are particularly remarkable. "Ex phrasi, ex ore, ex locutione, aliisque complu-
"ribus, mihi persuasi HOC OPUS, maximâ saltem
"ex parte, esse Hieronimi Aleandri. Nam mihi
"Genius illius ex domestico convictu adeo cognitus
"per-

" perspectusque est, ut ipse sibi non possit esse
" notior!!" (*a*)

I recommend this anecdote to the consideration of those persons who from random conjecture, without any knowledge, or any proof whatsoever, continue to ascribe the following work to men, who are all equally guiltless of *my* labours, and all equally ignorant of *my* intentions. (*b*) But I believe,

(*a*) Erasmi Epist. 370. c. 1755. Op. Fol. Ed. Opt. Lugd.

(*b*) There is a pleasant passage in one of Pascal's Provincial Letters, in which the Author and a Father Confessor hold a conference concerning some accredited Casuists, and the new morality. The Dialogue is smart and sprightly, and easily adapted to the *Probability Corps* on the present occasion. The Confessor says; " Nous laissons les Peres à ceux qui traitent *la Positive*; nous ne citons dans nos écrits que les nouveaux Casuistes'.—' Mais qui sont ces nouveaux Auteurs?'—Ce sont des gens bien habiles et *bien celebres* (i. e. persons whose names were scarce ever heard of) C'est Villalobos, Conink, Lamas, Achokier, Dealkoser, Bobadilla, &c. &c. &c.—" O mon Pere, lui-disje tout effrayé, tous ces gens la étoient-ils Chretiens?" —Comment Chrétiens? me répondit il. Ne vous disois-je, que ce sont les seuls par qui nous gouvernons, &c.—Celui *me fit pitié*; (said Pascal,) mais je ne lui témoignai rien.' Lettres Provinciales. L. 5.

believe, no gentleman to whom it either has been, or may hereafter be, liberally or illiberally attributed, will so far forget his character, as to appropriate *my* composition to himself. "The Town's enquiring yet;" and will enquire, as I think, for a long time.

> Factorum est copia nobis;
> Hoc fit quòd *Romæ* vivimus: illa domus,
> Illa mihi sedes, illic mea *carpitur* ætas.

I beg leave to subjoin my opinion, that if the Poem on the Pursuits of Literature is once carefully read without reference to the notes, the plan, the connection, and the manner of it will be perceived. I may add, that The First Dialogue was *first* published in May 1794, the Second and Third in June 1796, and the Fourth in July 1797.

AN INTRO-

AN

INTRODUCTORY LETTER(a)

TO

A FRIEND.

On the general Subject of the following Poem on THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

Nel cerchio accolto,
Mormorò potentissime parole;
Girò tre volte all' Oriente il volto,
Tre volte ài regni ove dechina il Sole;
" Onde tanto indugiar? FORSE ATTENDETE
" VOCI ANCOR PIÙ POTENTI, O PIÙ SECRETE?"
Tasso G. L. Cant. 13.

DEAR SIR,

AS the publick have thought proper to pay some attention to the following Poem on the Pursuits of Literature, the parts of which I have presented to their consideration, and for their use, at various intervals; I have now collected the whole into one volume, after such a revision and

(a) This Letter was *first* prefixed to the Fifth Edition of the P. of L. collected for the first time into one volume and published in January 1, 98.

and correction as appeared to be necessary. It gives me pleasure to address this introduction to you. As a mark of my friendship, I trust it is decisive. I always thought with Junius, that a printed paper receives very little consideration from the most respectable signature; but I would not be understood to insinuate, with that great and consummate writer, that *my* name would carry any weight with it. I must own however, that I smile at the various authors to whom *my* work has been ascribed. Doctors, Dramatic Writers, Royal Treasurers, Divines, Orators, Lawyers, Greek Professors, School-masters, Bath guides, and Physicians, have all been named with confidence. Sometimes the whole is written by one man, at others, ten or perhaps twenty are concerned in it.

Criticisms and dissenting conjectures on the subject are alike the object of my ineffable contempt. More sagacity must be exerted than the *Ardelios* of the day are masters of, who are so kind as to think of me, who most certainly never think of them. It is however my resolution, that not one of these idle conjectures shall ever be extended to *you*. "Quid de me alii loquantur, IPSI VIDEANT; sed "loquentur tamen." (*b*) It is a voice; nothing more. Prudence indeed suggests a caution which I unwillingly adopt, and restrains the eagerness I feel for the display of *your* virtues and of *your* talents. But those virtues must at present be left to the testimony of your own conscience, and your talents within those limits of exertion, in which an undiscerning spirit has too long suffered them to be confined. The bird of day however always looks to the sun.

In regard to writing in general, the public expect neither thanks, nor gratitude from an author for their favourable

(*b*) Cic. Somn. Scip. Sect. 7.

favourable reception of his work. If it is unworthy of their notice, it is left to perish with the poetry of Knight, or the prose of Lauderdale. "I cannot indeed affect to believe, "that Nature has wholly disqualified me for all *literary* "*pursuits*;" (c) yet I would not trouble the publick, or myself, with this new edition of my Poem, if I did not think it agreeable to their wishes. I am satisfied with the attention which has been given to it; and when I have commanded a silence within my own breast, I think a still small voice may whisper those gratulations, from which an honest man may best derive comfort from the past, and motives for future action.

The wayward nature of the time, and the paramount necessity of securing to this kingdom her political and religious existence, and the rights of society, have stimulated me, as you well know, to offer *this endeavour* to preserve them, by a solemn, laborious, and disinterested appeal to my countrymen. It is designed to conduct them through the labyrinths of literature; to convince them of the manner in which the understanding and affections are either bewildered, darkened, enervated, or degraded; and to point out the fatal paths which would lead us all either to final destruction, or to complicated misery.

I am not yet so old as to say, with the desponding bard, "Vitæ est avidus, quisquis non vult, MUNDO SECUM PEREUNTE, mori." Yet I see, with sorrow and fear, the political constitutions of Europe falling around us, or crumbling into dust, under the tyrannical Republic of France. She commenced with an imperious injunction

(c) The words of Mr Gibbon. Posthumous Works, 4to. vol. I. page 34.

to the surrounding nations not to interpose in her domestic government, while at the very same moment, she herself was interfering and disturbing them all. She has indeed terminated in the change or overthrow of each of them, *but of this kingdom.*

Frenchmen were always brutal, when unrestrained. With their own domestic misery and wickedness they never were satisfied. In these latter days they have been *neighing* after the constitution of their neighbours, in their lawless lustihood. They first deflower the purity of the struggling or half-consenting victims, and then with their ruffian daggers they stifle at once the voice, and the remembrance of the pollution. Such are their abominations; such are their orgies of blood and lust. And when their cruelty is at last wearied out and exhausted, and demands a pause, they call it clemency.

FRANCE had been long looking for that, which *her* philosophers had taught her to term, THE PARALLELISM OF THE SWORD; and she has found it: That sword has indeed swept down not only every royal crest, and every head which raised itself above the plain of their equality. Such is their quaint and ferocious language: and now, when Englishmen are to be warned against the introduction of the horrid system, no appeal is to be made to the common feelings and passions of our nature, (this it seems, is declamation;) no scenes of terror, and cruelty, and desolation are to be laid before them, but dry reasoning and mathematical calculations of *the quantum* of misery, plunder, and blood necessary for the production, and establishment in England, of this blessed revolutionary government.

We will not however be insulted and *fooled* out of our existence, or of our understanding. " Our sentence " is for open war," till we can be safe. England is still prepared, and alert, and vigorous, and opulent, and generous, and bold, and undismayed: She has not cast away her confidence. Among the bands and associated energies of England I also, in my degree and very limited capacity, will struggle for the principle of her life. I feel, in common with the wise and the reflecting, that the constitution of Great Britain, even with it's real or apparent defects, is worthy of continuance, and I hope of perpetuity. Our ancestors in 1688 once adopted the words of the aged Patriarch, " We have blessed it, yea, and it shall " be blessed." In this one response, I trust we shall all be orthodox; and with one heart and voice condemn all the heresies of Gallic policy, in the words of the Alexandrian Liturgy of old; Των αἱρεσιων καταλυσον τα φρυαγματα. (*d*)

Government and Literature are now more than ever intimately connected; and the history of the last thirty years proves it beyond a controversy. Still it is difficult to rouse the attention of men, and to persuade them of the fact; but I have attempted it. I thought it just and right to set before them excellence opposed to excellence, (*e*) as well as error contrasted to error. In the present change of manners, opinions, government, and learning, you may remember I gave it as my opinion, in which, after some reflection, you concurred, that a variation is now required

(*d*) Liturgia Sancti Gregorii Alexandrina. Liturg. Oriental. Collect. Vol. 1. p. 107. Edit. Paris. 1716.

(*e*) Αγαθος αγαθοις αντεξεταζειν. Dion. Halicarn. ad Cne. Pompeium de Platone Epist. p. 757. Sect. 1. Vol. 6. Ed. Reiske. 1777.

in the mode of conducting satirical writing. I mean, by calling in the reciprocal assistance of poetry and prose in the same work, for the great end; if it is designed for general perusal, and an extended application. I think this work is the first attempt of the kind, in the sense which I propose.

(Αρχιλοχθ) φωνημα και οφρυοεσσαν αοιδην
Πυργωσας στιβαρη ΠΡΩΤΟΣ εν ευεπιη. (f)

I know not whether I am mistaken, but as it appears to me, the power of legitimate Satire thus extended, and strengthened with the rampart of prose, and fully understood, is the best, if not the only literary support left. I am sure it cannot be construed into an hired service. It has nothing in it of professional labour; and as to interested views of personal profit or promotion, how can they be consistent with it? It is as true in our time as in that of Dryden, (I will give you his own words,) that "the "common libellers of the day are as free from the impu- "tation of wit, as of morality." Satire has another tone and another character. All publick men, however distinguished, must in their turns submit to it, if necessary to the welfare of the state. The altar and the throne, the minister and the statesman, may feel and own its influence. I would express myself with diffidence of any Satirist; yet of the office itself, and of its higher functions, I would speak as becomes its dignity and the excellency of it's ancient character. *Magnificabo apostolatum meum.*

In my opinion, the office of a Satirist is by no means pleasant or desirable, but in times like the present it is peculiarly necessary. It is indeed difficult to exercise the talent, without an appearance of severity in the character and dispostion. Even playfulness and humour are called by

(f) Adapted from the Anthologia. p. 393. Ed. Brodæi. Fol.

by other appellations. Learning is ostentation, censure is malignity, and reprehension is abuse. There remains a more formidable objection. On a first and partial view, it might deter any man from engaging in Satire; at least any man who feels himself (and who does not feel himself, if he examines his own heart?) unworthy and wretched before THE unerring judgment. It is said to be incompatible, if not with the profession, yet certainly with the practice, of Christianity. I am sure, if that is true, the praise of wit, of learning, or of talents, is nothing worth. If private malignity is the motive, it is essentially contrary to the precepts and practice of that religion; it cannot be defended for a moment. But if Satire is an instrument, and a powerful instrument, to maintain and enforce public order, morality, religion, literature, and good manners, in those cases, in which the pulpit and the courts of law can seldom interfere, and rarely with effect; the community may authorize and approve it. The authorized instruments of lawful war are lawful.

Satire never can have effect, without a personal application. It must come home to the bosoms, and often to the offences of particular men. It never has it's full force, if the author of it is known or stands forth; for the unworthiness of any man lessens the strength of his objections. This is a full answer to those who require the name of a satirical poet. What I have written, is delivered to the public in this spirit. If I had any private end or malignity in *any* part of it, I would have burned the work with indignation before it should have appeared. I make no idle appeal to you, or to any man, for the truth of my assertion; it is enough for me to feel that I speak truth in the sincerity of my heart. If I am believed, I am believed.

But I may ask with confidence; Is there, in this work on the Pursuits of Literature, any sentence or any sentiment, by which the mind may be depraved, degraded, or corrupted? Is there a principle of classical criticism in any part of it, which is not just and defensible by the greatest masters of ancient and legitimate composition? Is there any passage which panders to the vitiated taste, or to the polluted affections and passions of bad men? On the contrary; Are not the heart and understanding fortified unto virtue, and exalted into independence? Is there any idle, depreciating declamation against the real and solid advantages of birth, fortune, learning, wit, talents, and high station? Is there any doctrine, which a teacher of morality, I mean Christian morality, might refuse to sanction? A moralist and a divine have not the same office with the satirist; personality is foreign to them. But it is not sufficiently attended to, or believed, that when the understanding is enervated, when it once loses, what one of the Fathers (*g*) calls emphatically, the της φρονησεως συννευν και πεπυκνωμενον, when that solid, tenacious power of the mind is dissolved, it is then open to all manner of deception, and to the impressions of sophistry in literature, government, philosophy, and religion. On this account, many works and many actions must be considered, which are wholly unworthy of reprehension or of notice in any other point of view.

Ignorant men will cry out, it is a vexatious suit, when it is only a just prosecution at the tribunal of public opinion. They who would consider my reprehensions of Authors and

(*g*) Basil. Archiepisc. Cæsareæ. Op. vol. 2. p. 698. Ed. Par. 1618.

and of the tendency of their writings, as libels, or as libellous matter, are as ignorant of common law, as they are forgetful of common sense, or of common integrity and candour. With such men, every piece of criticism is a species of libel. If they are inclined to *indict* any part of my work as *libellous*, it will be incumbent on them to contradict the great sage of the law (*h*), who declares, that "IN A CRIMINAL PROSECUTION, *the tendency which all* "*libels have to create animosities and disturb the public* "*peace*, IS THE WHOLE *which the law considers.*" I am content to be at issue with them on this point. If any part of *my* work is "blasphemous, immoral, treasonable, schismatical, seditious, or scandalous," let it be produced publicly, and publicly punished. But I maintain that, under these restrictions, I have an undoubted right to lay my sentiments before the world, on public books, in any manner I think proper. If I am denied this right, there is an end to the freedom of the press, and of the rational and guarded liberty of England. If the matter of my book is criminal, let it be shewn: I appeal to the Courts and to the Sages of the Law.

I will not, however, be intimidated by the war-whoop of Jacobins, and democratic writers, nor moved by the feeble shrieks of witlings and poetasters. While I have power, I will plead in behalf of learning, and in the cause of my country. In this work, I have not violated the precepts of Christianity, nor the law of the land; and till I have done both or either, it is not in the power of any man to degrade my character and reputation with my country. If I have drawn any supposed characters, without a name or designation, I have done no more than Theophrastus or La-

Bruyere.

(*h*) Blackstone Comment. B. 4. Ch. 11.

Bruyere. I shall not condescend to a discussion of such a subject.

Many passages, and perhaps trifling or sportive allusions in this work, to persons and events, are best defended by the general apology of Horace, "Ego si *risi* quòd inceptus Pastillos Rufillus olet, lividus et mordax videar?" I shall offer no other apology. I would not descend to such minutiæ, if they were not connected with my general design. Yet Sporus and Lord Fanny must be noticed, as well as Bufo and Atticus; though perhaps such passages and allusions as these meet with the least indulgence. The works of Pope abound in them. To contemporaries they are pleasing and interesting; and to posterity they are often curious. But though I stoop to such trifles rather unwillingly, yet I feel they are often necessary to the full effect and completion of Satire. A Gentleman Usher is not the principal figure in the etiquette of a Court, but he must stand in his place.

As to the charge of any supposed arrogance or presumption; a writer, especially a poet, will be sometimes warmed with the dignity and importance of his subject, and may express himself in terms rather strong. The "sume superbiam" of a poet is seldom severely examined: it is an extravaganza at most, and understood as such.

Much has been observed as to the defect of plan in my Poem. I will say but a few words; for I wish not to vindicate, but to explain myself. The object of the work, is a View of Literature. The Poem itself is, "A Conversation "on the various subjects of Literature, in a very extended "sense, as it affects public order, regulated government, "and

" and polished society." Nothing is introduced which tend not, directly or indirectly, to that main purpose. It does not appear in the form of an Epistle, a mock-epic, or a didactic poem; but as a conversation in which subjects are discussed as they arise naturally and easily; and the notes illustrate and enforce the general and particular doctrines. There is as much method and connection, as is consistent with what I state to be my plan, or *design*, if you like that word better. There is unity in the design. Conversation has it's laws, but they are pleasant, not severe restraints. Consuls indeed do not now meet Consuls in Tusculum; and, if I am rightly informed, the symposiacs at Wimbledon and Holwood have not too much severity of method, or equality in the glasses. Perhaps " it would be a bely-" ing of the age, to put so much good sense together in " any *one* conversation, as to make it hold out steadily, " and with plain coherence, for an hour's time (*i*)." I never desired to exhaust any subject, but to leave matter for the reader's own suggestion. I may add, that it would be difficult to analyze one of the most finished Satires in our language, I mean Pope's Two Dialogues, or, as they are strangely called, the Epilogue to the Satires.

I am represented as having threatened any person who makes enquiry after me or my name. It was not my intention to do so. I said, " it will be more than foolish " to be very inquisitive." I say so still; for when the avenue to any knowledge is strongly and effectually closed, who would labour after it fruitlessly? To waste our time to no manner of use, is not surely one of the discriminating

(*i*) Shaftesbury's Moralists, Sect. I.

nating marks of wisdom. I maintain it boldly; no man has a right to demand either my name or my situation. It has been observed on such occasions, that "some might "fight, but others would assassinate." For I believe indeed, that I have no real enemies, but the lovers of confusion and the troublers of states. I will acknowledge it, I come armed into their confines, and I come in the darkness of the night. But if I were required or called upon to choose my companion, *you* know, I am prepared with the answer of Diomede.

Ει μεν δη ἑταρον γε κελευεις μ'αυτον ελεσθαι,
Πως αν επειτ' ΟΔΥΣΗΟΣ εγω ΘΕΙΟΙΟ λαθοιμην;
Οὐ περι μεν προφρων κραδιη και θυμος αγηνωρ
Εν παντεσσι πονοισι. (*k*)

If I am forced indeed to descend into the lower regions of sorrow and confusion, among the perturbed spirits of anarchy and democracy, I shall hope for the safe conduct of the Sibyll. She might produce the branch to the ferryman of France and Tartarus. I would wish her to exhibit *this* Poem, as the "Donum fatalis virgæ, longo post tempore "visum."

My book is open to all the accumulated severity of public criticism, and public reprehension: I shrink from neither of them. When I am wrong, (I have never been so intentionally) I will correct myself, and I have done so frequently. In a field so extensive, candour will allow, that my mistakes have not been very numerous.

As to my poetry or versification, it was not written as a vehicle for the notes, but the notes were composed to accompany.

(*k*) Il. 10. v. 242.

accompany the text. I offer the poetry to those who are conversant with the strength, simplicity, and dignity of Dryden and Pope, and them alone. I submit my Poems, "The Pursuits of Literature, The Imperial Epistle, and The "Shade of Pope," in this spirit and with this confidence to the public. There are men, (and women too) who understand. But as to the lovers of exotic poetry, I refer them to the Botanic Garden of Dr. Darwin. My plants and flowers are produced and cherished by the natural invigorating influence of the common sun; I have not raised them by artificial heat.

If the root of a tree is sound and vigorous, you strengthen the shoots by repressing their luxuriance. I approve and would uphold our sacred and civil establishment. I would *therefore* mark the aberrations and misconduct even of men of talents and virtue, who compose it; for I would shew, that I am strictly impartial. I can censure, with discrimination, even where I generally approve, and consider nothing but the interest of the state upon the whole. It is to misunderstand or to misrepresent me, when it is asserted that I attack alike friends and foes. I attack no man in his *individual* capacity. I have nothing to do with the vanity or injudicious conduct of friends, but as they affect the community; and I can have no personal malignity against those of whom I am personally ignorant. But they shall neither disturb nor overthrow the state of England, civil or religious, if any observations of mine can avail. They may wish to know me; but they may depend upon it, I will *never* give a proof of my spirit at the expence of my understanding.

I would

I would not have you, or any man, think, that I enter into a defence of my work, as if I thought it required one. No. I have vindicated the authority of our national government and constitution, in a day of turbulence and terror; I have defended the purity and dignity of religion, and of our sacred establishment; I have pleaded the cause of sound literature and of true philosophy; I have recalled the public attention to poetry without conceit; and to criticism without affectation; I have endeavoured to secure to women their honour, social rank, and happiness, by an attempt to turn the thoughts and hearts of the inhabitants of this island from works of obscenity and indecency, from the morals and manners of atheists and democratic spoilers, to the wisdom of the just; and I have boldly invaded the strong holds of impiety and anarchy, plebeian or tribunitian. I have done all this; and I have offended many. I have brushed away the insects of literature, whether fluttering or creeping; I have shaken the little stems of many a plant, and the flowerets have fallen. I have almost degraded myself by an attention to minute objects in the service of the public: and I am called upon to defend myself. No. My countenance is unaltered; my perseverance is unbroken; the spirit and tenour of my speech are yet the same: my words are firm. *Semel causam dixi*, (vel iterum dicturus), *quo semper agere omnia solitus sum*, ACCUSATORIO SPIRITU.(*l*)

As to political matters we shall never want Observers. I hate deserters of their duty, (*m*) on any principle whatever. But I suppose some Statesmen think, that there is a laudable obliquity and a seasonable fear. For my own part I shall not

(*l*) Liv. lib. 2. sect. 61. (*m*) H. of Commons Nov. 1797.

not, on this occasion, invade the retreat of St. Ann's Hill, or violate the purity of Drury Lane. If *such* Statesmen are resolved to free at once both the Senate and the Throne, the "Sævi Spiracula Ditis" are open to them; they may descend in safety, and disburthen the land. I do not believe that the possession of absolute power is in the reach of Mr. Pitt, or of any man. But the continuance of *such* a minister in office will be approved, as I think, while the security, and independence, and dignity of the crown, of the parliament, and of the people of Great Britain, are maintained against the tyrannical pretensions of pirates, buccaneers, and plunderers.

I would say to Mr. Pitt, as Cicero did to Torquatus, "Tibi nullum periculum esse perspicio, quod quidem "sejunctum sit ab omnium interitu." (*n*) That minister has not looked submissively, at any period of his long administration, for personal protection in *any* quarter. There is a hardihood about the man, which I love. On the broad general question of the time, the public esteem has been commensurate with the royal approbation. In this, the policy of the closet, of the senate, and of the people seems to have been one. I am sure, I hope, that wherever Mr. Pitt, or any minister, proceeds, he will always find a board of controll; nor would I by any means disapprove the advice of an honest Mandarin. But the stairs of the palace have *now* but one flight; the gate is in front, and the ascent direct. The noble Marquis, who is now no more in office, may brood safely over beads and relics. There is some propriety in this amusement. It is pleasing to preserve the memorial of departed dignity.

In

(*n*) Cic. Ep. ad Fam. Lib. 6. Ep. 1.

In my opinion, the Moor's head might have adorned our coin with the royal Gallic lillies, though the Sovereignty of France and of Corsica is passed.

I can stand aloof from the scene itself, but I am no stranger to the moving principle. I was not formed to wait long in the anti-chamber of a Duke of Lerma, or a Don Calderone. A little experience is sufficient for the observing. It is either my advantage, or my misfortune, not to have adopted any profession: I never could decide that point. But, as you well know, I framed an early and an undaunted resolution, (perhaps not wholly justifiable, but certainly not degrading to the character) that I never would do *perſonal* suit and service, for convenience or emolument, to any man however high, in a subordinate station. I framed that resolution; I adhered to it: and privacy is my lot. Be it so: it is the soil in which learning and reflection strike deepest. In these days, it is my desire that obscurity should gather round me. Now and then indeed the thoughts of times, which are no more, will bring with them a casual, momentary, doubtful glimpse of what might have been; and often, with the poet of Valclusa by the fountain of Sorga, I have regretted some periods of inactivity, not of sloth, which have passed,

> Senza levarmi a volo, *avend'io l'ale,*
> Per dar forse di me non bassi esempi (*o*).

But if the laurel, which I have *now* planted, should thicken round the temple of my retirement, the pillars will support it: the materials are solid, and the ground is firm.

I have

(*o*) Petrarch, P. 2. Son. 86.

I have indeed a few memoirs by me, written in other days and with other hopes; and if I could polish the style, and reduce them a little into form, I am convinced they would not be uninteresting. " Le Roi et ses Ministres " peutêtre se fairoient lire ces Memoires, qui assurément ne " sont pas ceux d'un ignorant." But let this pass for the present. I am for practicable politics: I would not be driven into measures from which there is no retreat. I smile when I am told of love and hate in politicians and ministers. These are passions which they never felt; for circumstances alone unite and separate them. I should wish to act with those statesmen who, as far as is consistent with the dignity and safety of the country, by a timely concession and a rational departure from too rigid principles, would prevent those calamities which result from authority without power, and expence without supplies. But my hour for treating these subjects, in the manner I propose, is not yet come: I must turn to other thoughts for a season.

When Philosophy saw the Muses standing by Boethius in his affliction, she spoke in terms of some surprise and indignation (*p*). In our time this indignation would have been retorted by the sisters of the song. Philosophy has appeared, not to console, but to deject. When I have read and thought deeply on the accumulated horrors, and on all the gradations of wickedness and misery, through which

B the

(*p*) Boeth. de Consolat. Philos. L. 1. Pros. 1. The words are particular. " Hæ sunt quæ *infructuosis affectuum spinis* " *uberem fructibus rationis segetem necant*, hominumque mentes " assuefaciunt morbo, *non* [illegible]*erant.*"—" MEDICINÆ POTIUS " TEMPUS EST, QUAM QUERELÆ." Ib. Pros. 2.

the modern systematic philosophy of Europe has conducted her illuminated votaries to the confines of political death and mental darkness, my mind for a space feels a convulsion, and suffers the nature of an insurrection.

I look around me. I look to human actions, and to human principles. I consider again and again, what is the nature and effect of learning and of instruction; what is the doctrine of evidence, and the foundation of truth. I ask myself, are all these changed? Have the moral and the natural laws of GOD to his creatures another basis? Has the lapse of fifty years made an alteration in HIM, who is declared to be THE SAME to-day, yesterday, and for ever? Can the violence, the presumption, the audacity, the arrogance, the tyranny of man, drunk with self idolatry and temporary success, change the nature and essence of GOD and of his works, by calling good evil and evil good? I am told, that human reason is nearly advanced to full perfection; I am assured, that she is arrived at the haven, where she would be. I again look around me. I ask, where is that haven? where is that steady gale which has conducted her? I listen; but it is to the tempest: I cast my view abroad; but the ocean is every where perturbed. I pause again. Perhaps, it is "*the wind and storm fulfilling* HIS "*word!*"

I resume the reflections of suffering humanity amid the wreck of intellect. This was not the ancient character of philosophy. The lovers of wisdom, in the best ages of Athens and of Rome, always discoursed with reverence and submission to the Author and Governor of the world. They considered of whom they spoke. If they turned to the origin of evil, or to any dark and unfathomable question,

tion, they *first* called upon man to consider the limits of his understanding. They warned him, with most peculiar emphasis, to beware of those αλυτοι απορια, those difficulties of hard solution, which are but increased by defences or arguments ill constructed. They implored him affectionately, to avoid all that tends to overthrow, to trouble, or disturb those principles, which conduct to peace and to right action. Their advice was to strengthen the intellect, and to compose the passions, not by braving and insulting the all-powerful, all-wise, and all-merciful Creator, but by an humble, patient enquiry into his works, and by submission to his dispensations. They seemed to be well aware, that to him who understood all the bearings and relations of the word, *Resignation* to the will of God was the whole of piety. If upon sages like these the light of revelation should appear, as the regent of *their* philosophical day, nothing can be conceived more august, nothing more ennobling, nothing more dignified. Poetry and philosophy may then speak a language worthy of themselves:

> Altius his nihil est: hæc sunt fastigia mundi!
> PUBLICA NATURÆ DOMUS his contenta tenetur
> Finibus. (q)

When we have read such writers, it is hardly possible not to turn from modern sceptics and sciolists with something more than neglect. If to *their* philosophy they add witticism and ribaldry, they are nauseous. If to their ribaldry they join folly and gross ignorance, they should be driven from our fellowship with contempt. The continued labours of the arch Theomachist of the age, the records of that perpetual

(q) Manil. Astron. L. 1.

petual conflict which he maintained, during the course of fifty years of a long and impious life, against the spiritual "kingdoms of God and of his Christ," and the memorials of his desolating days, will all be entombed in the French Pantheon with the mouldering remnant of his bones (r). "Dust to dust: ashes to ashes." He sowed unto the flesh, and of the flesh he and his disciples have reaped death and corruption.

All the minor powers of infidelity, anarchy, sedition, rebellion, and democracy, may *yet* be dispersed *in England*; from their leaders Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Condorcet, to the vulgar illiterate blasphemy of Thomas Paine, and the contemptible nonsense of William Godwin. I feel for mankind when they are insulted by such writers. I make common cause with my fellow creatures, and call upon them to rally round the constitution of our human nature, and to support it's dignity.

From writers of this character, my thoughts are directed to the professors of *that superstitious corruption* of Christianity, which *originally* gave occasion to those attempts, to which it has pleased Providence to permit a temporary success, to scourge the nations of Europe. I am sure the plain

(r) To the writings of Voltaire the strong words of Eusebius are applicable: "Αυται αι ΤΟΥ ΘΕΟΜΑΧΟΥ φωναι, επι "κακιας ισχυι μεγαλαυχεμενη, και τας προς τη Υψιστη τοις "αγγελοις παραδοθεισας των εθνων οροθεσιας διαρπασαι και συγχειν "απειλητος, προνομευσειν τε την οικεμενην, και παν το των "ανθρωπων γενος διεκστεισειν και μεταστησειν της προτερον ευταξιας "απασθαδιαζομενη." Euseb. Demonstrat. Evang. Lib. 4. Sect. 9.

plain simplicity of the Protestant religion of England could never have suggested so daring, so extensive a project. I have therefore spoken at large of the Roman Catholic religion, and it's professors, and of the emigrants and French priests.

From some observations which I have heard and seen on this part of my work, you may remember I was tempted to think, that I had advanced something new on this subject. I am sure the principles are as old and as moderate as those of the Reformation; and I know that every page of our history confirms their truth. Have we forgotten the history of that Reformation? Is "the Preservative against Popery" buried in oblivion and unmerited neglect? Do we remember Mede, and Chillingworth, and Hooker, and Barrow, and Tillotson, and Hoadly, and Sherlock? Can we pass by the phalanx of Statesmen, and Bishops, and Lawyers, who stood forth in 1688? What I have advanced is in substance very old; in manner it may perhaps be new. All I have advised, is on the side of caution. I only declared and pronounced solemnly in the face of my country, that A COLLEGE OF ROMISH PRIESTS of a religion hostile in principle and in action too, whenever it has the power, against the established church of this kingdom, *should not be set upon a hill*, and authorised and maintained by the ministers of the crown, and by the public money of the land. They have been dispersed, since that warning was given. I only said, let support be administered to them privately, and in detached situations. I have pity for them, and relief too, according to my ability.

But, "though I give all my goods (said an Apostle) to "feed the poor and the distressed, and have not *Charity*, it

" profiteth me nothing." What does he mean? He surely means something. Alms alone, it seems, however liberal, however extended, neither are, nor can be, the whole or the essence of Christian charity. They are indeed a material part of it, and one of the best external proofs of it's existence. Charity is in reality a principle of general safety, of kindness, of active benevolence, of discernment, of prudence, of moderation, and of guarded virtue. It originated from HIM, who commanded his disciples to join the innocence of the doye with the wisdom of the serpent. We may depend upon it; the system of Christianity is not inconsistent with itself. Surely this is not to teach, or to recommend, persecution or intolerance. My language and arguments are designed only to shew, that the spirit of the system of Popery yet remains unaltered in it's great and leading principles. *If it perishes, it will perish altogether.* I love toleration in the constitutional sense of the word, as much as the most designing patriot of the day: but indifference to the public form of religion is the first step to it's neglect, and to its consequent abolition.

I cannot think it a mark of persecution or intolerance, when I deprecate the revival of the Romish superstition in England (*s*). There is an enthusiasm, an οργασμος, in the professors

(*s*) " From obvious causes (indeed) *the cruelty, the tyranny, the* " *impiety* OF THE CHURCH OF ROME *have almost faded from our* " *memory; but we must bring them back to our recollection, if we would* " *underſtand* "THE JUDGMENTS OF GOD WHICH ARE ABROAD IN " THE EARTH." She is now persecuted in her turn. As Englishmen, we forget her injuries; as Christians, we pity and give " alms to her exiled adherents, regardless of the malicious endeav" your

professors of it which, I know, never forsakes them. It is active, where it's influence can hardly be supposed. It is said to pervade even the squabbles of a society set apart for the preservation of our national antiquity. With a cat-like watch, it peers and pries over every paper on ecclesiastical relics, and garbles the slightest casual effusions of protestant zeal, before it is presented to the world. If it cannot be openly recommended, it will effectually guard against the least reproach or insinuation of it's subtlety. Romish Baronets will be busy, and Romish Priests will meddle. Perhaps the Secretary of that Society knows, whether these hints are true and justifiable. It surely will be understood, that I am only speaking of *the Spirit and tendency of the system*

" vours of our adversaries to represent the Church of England,
" as itself interested in her preservation. But let us only advert
" to the principles, religious and civil, upon which we are sepa-
" rated from that idolatrous and intolerant power; and it will be
" evident that, as a national Church, we have neither part nor lot
" in this matter. OUR CAUSES ARE DISTINCT, AND MUST EVER
" REMAIN SO: *and we have* NOW *more abundant reason than ever to*
" *rejoice in our Reformed Religion.* Our fathers obeyed the warning
" voice, and left her corrupt communion when she had risen to
" the zenith of her glory; and we have hitherto escaped the
" plagues by which she is now tormented. And it may be
" added, that as England was formerly (and I trust is still) the
" bulwark of the Protestant faith, so must she now be the bul-
" wark of Christianity itself." See the Bishop of *(a)* Lincoln's sermon before the King and Parliament at St. Paul's on the public thanksgiving on the 19th Dec. 1797. (Published in Feb. 1798.) It is the composition of a man of learning and ability, written with great judgment, eloquence, and discernment of the signs of the times.

(a) The Rt. Rev. GEORGE PRETYMAN, D. D.

itself. I would carry charity with me in my heart and in my hand, but I know that charity is, and must be, consistent with a love to my country, and to her rights civil and religious. If I am wrong, I fear, I must continue so; I have yet seen no argument to shake my conviction.

I would say a few words on another part of my work. I have been under the necessity, at least as I thought, of appealing for illustration to writers of all ages and in various languages. There is an appearance of ostentation in it, to which I must submit. I certainly am of opinion with Casaubon, that it cannot be supposed, "facere aliquid ad veram pietatem seu doctrinam, Græcâ potius quam aliâ linguâ loqui." (*t*) Certainly not. But to enforce and illustrate any position, the language of poets, and the dignity and spirit of ancient eloquence and history in the *original* words, are of no mean assistance, The nature and full force of this work could not have been sustained without the notes, in which the most important subjects, sacred, moral, and political, are occasionally discussed. But I have generally given, in English, the substance of the allusions, contained in the learned languages which are brought forward.

I would not have any one think, that an appeal to the higher poets of modern Italy is either trifling or disgraceful. No man ever felt the power of poetry, if he refused his homage to Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso; I mean, if their language was familiar to him.

In their primal poet there is an originality and a hardihood of antiquity. The soul of Dante was dark and sullen; it was proud, and full of his wrongs. Frons læta parum et dejecto lumina

(*t*) Is. Casaub. Exercitat. 16. ad Annales Ecclesiast. Baronii.

lumina vultu. He passed through imaginary realms without the sun, to the confines of light and hope. The day shone full upon him, and the beams were from on high. His draught of men and their passions is eternal. His language was like himself, deep and full of matter; it's strength and harmony may be best expressed by his Tuscan brother:

Aspro concento, orribile armonia
D'alte querele, d'ululi, e di strida,
Istranamente concordar s'udia. (*u*)

As to Petrarch; we are led by every milder feeling to the retreat of Valclusa. The strain of the poet is yet softer than the breeze, or the murmur of his fountain. (*v*) Yet was he not without energy: his subject was sometimes high and holy. He was familiar with death, and his breathings were after immortality. He too could describe *the disruption of the mortal veil*, and the departure of the soul,

Svegliata fra gli spirti eletti,
Ove nel suo Fattor l' alma s'interna!

I will not pursue this theme; and of Ariosto and Tasso it would be idle to speak. But you will permit me to observe, that the three greatest masters of heroic verse, in unlaboured ease and flowing dignity, are to my apprehension and judgment, Homer, Ariosto, and the glory of Spain, Alonzo

(*u*) Ariosto. O. F. c. 14.

(*v*) Ὡσπερ απο των ευωδεστατων λειμωνων αυρα τις ἡδεια εξ αυτης φερεται. Such is the harmonious prose which distinguishes the critical writings of the great Halicarnassian. Dion. Halicarn. Epist ad. Cn. Pompeium de Platone. Sect. 2.

Alonzo d'Ercilla(x). I have without intention indeed, but with the privilege of a letter, descanted a little on a favourite incidental topic. For when I hear the language of Italy, under these mighty masters, called frivolous and light, I cannot pass it without a moment's vindication. In my opinion they strengthen and harmonize both the intellect and the ear. My references to them are however very few.

I am told, I am forgiven for my Latin; but for the Greek, not so easily. In this particular indeed, I am rather surprised that no man of *wit* has said of my notes, " They are Greek " invocations to call fools into a circle." (y) Certainly there will be Halos round the brightest luminaries; and it must be confessed, that many of my notes have such a circular appearance. If some galled theologian should be disposed to banter, and to question the validity of my Greek ordination, he would perhaps shrewdly remind me of the Council of Florence in 1439, when the Greek and Latin churches proposed, as a principle of union, that *the Greeks* should alter their manuscripts *from the Latin*. He might tell me of that celebrated " Fœdus cum Græcis," so well known among the sacred manuscript critics. And if I were to adduce from the great Erasmus, my " Capita argumentorum " contra morosos quosdam et indoctos" (z); I should perhaps be reminded by Dr. PARR, that I have not the erudition of Erasmus, nor the gentle manners of the serene Sepulvèda. Mr. Knight would remand me to the Greek alphabet (to any one, I hope, but his own), and his modesty would attempt

(x) The Author of the *Araucana*.

(y) Shakspeare's As you Like it. act. 2.

(z) Nov. Test. by Erasmus in 1595. 5th Edit.

attempt some jucundity from the Lusus Priapi. I will endure them all; for I have patience and pity too.

I know you were surprised, when you found me beset with poetasters, and rhetoricians, and commentators, and old *seventh-form* boys, that I was so patient. In truth I thought there might be some remedy. Yet I will own, that when I see so many heads around me deprived of the substance of sense, I am perpetually calling for the *ampolla* of Astolpho, that sacred vessel which he brought from the upper regions,

" Che tempo é ormai, ch' ai capi voti e macri
" Di senno, si soccorri con *l' ampolla.* (*a*)

But I should have too much on my hands, and I recall my wish. In the political, as well as in the mere literary world, there is more to do in that way than I can attempt.

A few drops from this ampolla might now and then, on particular occasions, fall on the Minister himself, who *now* in his taxes appears as the political Hecate (*b*), or Diana, in their

(*a*) Ariosto. O. F. Cant. 38.

(*b*) Hecate is termed in the Argonautics of Orpheus,

Τρισσοκαρηνος ιδειν, ολοον τερας ὡτι δαητον,
Ταρταροπαις Εκατη! (v. 974.) Edit. Eschenback. p. 66.

For the Diana τριμορφος, look at the gems of Fulvius Ursinus.—It is odd, that Lycophron, in all the darkness of his prophetic song, chanting forth the powers, ὑς Αρης εφιλατο, couples together Bellona and Minerva, " Και δι' Ενυω, και Τριγεννητος Θεα." Cassand. v. 519.—What is the allegory? It seems as if war and wisdom might be joined together; but the sooner the union can be dissolved, the better. (1798.)

their *triple* forms. Some of it also might be spared for Earl Fitzwilliam with good effect; but I should be unwilling to waste the precious liquor on the noble head of his Grace of Bedford. Some crests are indeed vulnerable; but the natural constitution is sometimes so radically impaired, that when the head is once opened, it is in vain to think of closing it. Mr. Horne Tooke, for instance, is out of the reach of art. I would only set up the *bidental* at the bookseller's door at Wimbledon. It will at least serve as a landmark for the French, on their first invasion. As to the "mendici, mimi, balatrones," what can be done? The most infamous are the most contented. But there are minor members of the great democratic body, and all have not the same office. Yet there is a marvellous use (and they understand it better than WE do) in that which *every* joint supplieth. I should leave Mr. Tierney (*o*), with some little hope, to the discipline of Cocker and Oldfield (*d*). He may perhaps improve in calculation; but I think it will be some time before his anti-professional prattle will impose on another boy-committee on a contested election. The drops of the *ampolla* would never penetrate the thick rotundity of Mr. Nicholls (*e*); but they might insinuate themselves through the zigzag crevices of Sir John Sinclair's head. If we pass to subjects of lighter moment, even the Bavian drops from Mr. Gifford have fallen off, like oil, from the plumage of the Florence and Cruscan geese. At *home* also, I am sorry that his success is imperfect. I am told, that Mr. Greathead and Mr. Merry yet write and talk; and Mr.

(*c*) M. P. for the Borough. (*d*) An obscure writer on the Boroughs, "The sad historian of that tainted plain."

(*e*) M. P. for Tregony.

Mr. Jerningham (poor man!) still continues *sillier than his sheep.*

But a truce to this badinage. Like the Warrior of Ithaca, I would appear but for a season, and for a peculiar purpose, in such a garb. It is necessary *now* to assume those higher functions to which I am called, to claim for myself, and to vindicate the undoubted right (*f*) and hereditary dignity of the Satiric muse.

Γυμνωθη ῥακεων πολυμητις Οδυσσευς;
ΑΛΤΟ Δ' ΕΠΙ ΜΕΓΑΝ ΟΥΔΟΝ! εχων βιον ηδε φαρετρην
Ιων εμπλειην, ταχεας δ' εγχευατ' ὀιστους
Αυτη προσθε ποδων. (*g*)

I had once a thought, as you advised me, of analysing the following poem. But to what effect, and for what use? To men, like you, it is needless or presumptuous, and to others, it is superfluous. I am indeed confident, that when all the personal objects of my praise or censure shall have passed from the scene, this work will be found to contain principles of government, polity, religion, morality, education, criticism, poetry, and literature, worthy of being transmitted to another age. I have indeed already said much; but I think, I have something more to offer to my country, if the blessing of strength and health should graciously be extended and continued to me. I mean, if I see a proper occasion to present it, and if England should not be absorbed in the vortex and abhorred gulf of democracy and tyranny.

Still perhaps I am incautious in my words; for I can promise little. However that may be, my principle is and ever has

(*f*) Συνδικον Μοισαν κτεανον. Pind. Pyth. 1. (*g*) Hom. Od. 22.

has been, that " NO MAN LIVETH UNTO HIMSELF," for his own little pleasures, or mean gratifications, or low unworthy passions, the dirty family of selfishness, which by the law of Providence defeats it's own purposes. I speak not of a romantic, impracticable, general good, but of the specific benefit which an individual may and can confer on his fellow-creatures, in his own limited sphere of action, by a continued exertion of the faculties or talents, with which he feels himself intrusted.

The well-wishers to their country are, above all things, desirous of the steady light of Literature, and of the day-spring from on high. Yet whatever they or we may hope, the horizon may perhaps be now illuminated with it's departing beams. I will yet strive to be full of hope; though in some passing moments of dejection, the strain of the Florentine poet, in all it's melancholy harmony, dwells upon my ear;

Pensa, che questo dì mai non raggiorna! (*h*)

But let us still contemplate the glory which was cast round other times. I will therefore conclude this letter, by complying with your request, in offering you a very few ideas on the *chief* Satirists of ancient and of modern fame. I may be singular perhaps; but if I except LUCILIUS, (who is known to us only by detached lines and short passages,) in my opinion, the fulness of the Satirical glory never shone *but on* SIX POETS:

Quos orbe sub omni
Jam vix septenâ numerat Sapientia famâ.

The character of LUCILIUS, the inventor of Satire, was respected by Scipio and Lælius; and they were his friends.

Poetasters

(*h*) Dante Parad.

Poetasters, rhetoricians, and even men of high quality and of consular rank, were often the subjects of his censure. I know not what a modern French Directory might do with a man of his character; but Lucilius enjoyed respect and impunity in the Roman Republic. HORACE in the politest age, under the despotism of Augustus, insinuated himself into the graces of the Emperor: yet he was peculiarly studious to mark the obnoxious, foolish, or wicked characters of his age. He was careful not to be misunderstood. He noted the name, the profession, and the rank of those whom he devoted to undying ridicule, or consigned to the eternity of fame. Augustus and Mæcenas well knew the value of such a poet. They looked to the stability of government and to the empire of good sense, and found them intimately connected with literature and poetry. In the time of Nero and Trajan, Juvenal and Persius exerted a severity without playfulness, and veiled themselves in obscurity, yet without being misunderstood. They applied directly and irresistibly to the inmost feelings of the heart, callous and depraved as it was. The writers were either spared or neglected; but their works were admired and circulated. I know the person to whom I am now addressing myself too well, to enter into a criticism on Horace, Juvenal, or Persius. Mr. Dryden indeed has done it already.

An interval of ages passed, dark and barbarous. The power of Satire, in its full and legitimate strength, was never again felt till the reign of Louis the fourteenth of France. Then appeared a Poet, second to none of his predecessors. A philosopher without being wordy, the friend of sense and of virtue, a gentleman in principle, independent

independent in spirit, and fearless of enemies, however powerful from their malignity or formidable from their rank. This extraordinary man was BOILEAU. If I am not deceived, there is something in all his compositions so finished, so removed from conceit and forced thought; there is such an ardent zeal for propriety in sentiment and in expression; such a sense of the dignity of the human character, when undebased; such a hatred of hypocrisy; such a love of purity; such an abhorrence of all profaneness and indecency, and even of indelicacy; that I am not able to name a man whose works, as a poet and a critic, may be read and studied with equal advantage. Even his compliments, though rather lofty, to Louis the fourteenth are all conceived in the language of a gentleman and a man of genius, who feels that he is conferring honour, not receiving it. The majesty of the French monarch, in that cultivated age, was surely as worthy of homage as the *deity* of the Roman Augustus.

To read the works of BOILEAU with full advantage, some accuracy of knowledge, and some insight into the delicacy of the *ancient* French language are required. I call their language *ancient*, which existed before the revolution, for I scarce understand the modern democratic jargon. "*Grave virus* munditias *pepulit*." It is also necessary to have a perception of the peculiar cast of the French poetry, and of the construction of the verse. An allowance must be made for the language itself, which is not poetical as contradistinguished to prose, but forcible, terse, and well adapted to the condensation of satirical expression. As a writer, I think him *original*. What he has borrowed, he almost seems to have restored to it's

proper

proper place. He alternately assumes the characters of the three great Romans; and maintains an honourable contest for the mastery. Equal to either of them taken singly; and in the merit of composition, sometimes their superior. He is their true and lawful brother; there is a fraternal league between them, which no friend to good literature, good poetry, and good manners, will ever suffer to be broken.

Nearly at the same period, after some momentary gleams and strong flashes in the horizon, Satire arose in England. When I name DRYDEN, I comprehend every varied excellence of *our* poetry. In harmony, strength, modulation, rythm, energy, he first displayed the full power of the English language. My business with him at present, is only as a Satirist; I will be brief, for I speak to the intelligent. He was the first poet who brought to perfection, what I would term, "The Allegory of Satire." Fables indeed, and apologues, and romances, have been the most ancient modes of reproof and censure. It was the peculiar happiness of Dryden to give an eternal sense and interest to subjects which are transitory. He placed his scene on the ground of actual history. The reader of every age has an interest in the delineation of characters and names, which have been familiar to him from his earliest years. He is already prepared, and feels a predilection for the subject. This accommodation of ancient characters to existing persons has a peculiar force in the age to which it is addressed; and posterity reads with delight a poem founded on pristine story, and illustrated by the records of modern times.

Dryden's

Dryden's power of Satire has been generally acknowledged in his Mac-Flecknoe; but his master-piece is that wonderful and unequalled performance, Absalom and Achitophel. He presents to us an heroic subject in heroic numbers, a well-constructed allegory, and a forcible appeal to our best feelings and passions. He paints the horrors of anarchy, sedition, rebellion, and democracy, with the pencil of Dante, or of Michael Angelo; and he gives the speeches of his heroes with the strength, propriety, and correctness of Virgil. It is Satire in it's highest form; but it is satire addressed to the few. It is not adapted to the general effect of this species of poetry. In my opinion, Dryden has not the style and manner of Horace, or Juvenal, or Persius, or Boileau. Pope called him *unhappy*, from the looseness of the age in which he lived. He has enthusiasm, majesty, seriousness, severity, gravity, strength of conception, and boldness of imagery. But sprightliness, gaiety, an easy badinage, an occasional playfulness, so necessary to the general effect of satirical poetry, were all wanting to him. Perhaps his genius was too sublime. He could not, or he would not, descend to the minutiæ which are often required, to the anecdotes, and the passing traits of the time. His satire had an original character. It was the strain of Archilochus sounding from the lyre of Alcæus.

THE SIXTH and last of this immortal Brotherhood, in the fulness of time, and in the maturity of poetical power, came POPE. All that was wanting to his illustrious predecessor found its consummation in the genius, knowledge, correct sense, and condensation of thought and expression, which distinguish this poet. The tenour of his life was peculiarly favourable to his office. He had *first* cultivated

all

all the flowery grounds of poetry. He had excelled in description, in pastoral, in the pathetic, and in general criticism; and he had given an English existence in perpetuity to the Father of all poetry. Thus honoured, and with these pretensions, he left them all for that excellence, for which the maturity of his talents and his judgment so eminently designed him. Familiar with the great, intimate with the polite, graced by the attentions of *the fair*, admired by the learned, a favourite with the nation, independent in an acquired opulence, the honourable product of his genius and industry; the companion of persons distinguished for birth, high fashion, rank, wit, or virtue, and resident in the center of all public information and intelligence; every avenue to knowledge and every mode of observation were open to his curious, prying, piercing, and unwearied intellect. His works are so generally read and studied, that I should not merely fatigue, but I should almost insult you by such a needless disquisition.

As a disciple of these great masters, and full of that spirit which an unbroken and an honourable intimacy with their works has inspired, I now present myself a votary at their temple; and in some measure clothed in the robes of their hereditary priesthood, I would also enter, and offer my oblation at the high altar of my country. But if, unworthy of this hallowed investment and interior ministry, the door of the sanctuary is closed upon me; I shall retire without a murmur, and with devotion unimpaired worship in the vestibule. You can best judge of my motives, who have known most intimately the nature and extent of my studies, solitary so long in their acquirement, and now public at last in their application and in their end. With a necessary indulgence for all

my frailties, vices, errors, follies, and imperfections; and with the partiality of friendship, you, and such as you, may perhaps allow me to apply to myself, with some little variation, the words of the most fervid poet of antiquity:

Non tenues ignavo pollice chordas
Pulso, sed *Aurunci* residens in margine templi
Audax magnorum tumulis adcanto Magistrum.

I am, &c. &c.

THE

THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

Audaci quicunque adflate Catino,
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum sene palles,
Aspice et hæc, si forte aliquid decoctius audis;
Inde vaporatâ lector mihi ferveat aure.

PERS. SAT. I.

THE PREFACE

TO THE FIRST DIALOGUE(a)

OF THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

THE importance of the subject of this Poem, and the necessity of such an appeal to the kingdom *at this time*, are the best reasons which I can offer for it's publication. But in regard to the various matters which are considered in the following composition, I recommend to my readers a passage from a collection of the most pleasing and informing treatises in natural philosophy which I ever read, or I believe ever were written; I mean the Chemical Essays by Dr. Watson, the present Bishop of Landaff. (b) The passage is this; " Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Bentley

 " met

(a) First printed in May 1794.

(b) Vol. 4. p. 25.

" met accidentally in London, and on Sir Isaac's inquiring " what philosophical *Pursuits* were carrying on at Cam- " bridge, the Doctor replied, none; for when you " go a hunting, Sir Isaac, you kill all the game; you have " left us nothing to pursue." " Not so, said the " philosopher, you may start a variety of game in every " bush, if you will but take the trouble to beat for it." " And so in truth it is," (observes Bishop Watson) " every " object in nature affords occasion for philosophical experi- " ment." I may add, that such a state of society and of literature, as the present, affords occasion for numerous *experiments* and observations, without any danger of mutual interference.

In this Poem no imitation whatsoever is intended of any former writer, or of any former poem. *It was written upon no private motive whatsoever; but simply and solely as the conduct of the persons mentioned or alluded to, or the manner of their compositions, or the principles of their writings, tend to influence and affect the learning, the government, the religion, the public morality, the public happiness, and the public security of this Nation.* My intentions are just and justifiable to reasonable men, who will reflect on what has passed, and is passing before them. We must indeed be sensible, that it is *now* no longer a mere sport of the pen, a light skirmish, or a random shaft, the Apollineæ *bellum puerile* pharetræ, which are *alone* demanded; but our weapons must be instruments of war, able to break down the strong holds of anarchy, impiety, and rebellion, and mighty to vindicate the powers of legitimate authority. In every region of Europe there should have been a common cause. But in no kingdom, except Great Britain, has that cause been

maintained in full integrity. While I am writing, (c) we are convulsed to our center; and yet in the midst of fear, we are impudently and wickedly told, there is no cause of alarm.

Talia dum celebro, subitam civilis Erinnys
Tarpeio de monte facem, Phlegræaque movit
Prælia; sacrilegis lucent *Capitolia* tædis,
Et *Senonum* furias Latiæ sumpsere cohortes. (d)

We may (for we can) all of us contribute to the assistance, the comfort, and the good of others, and to the stability of social happiness. The sword, the voice, and the pen must be resolutely and decisively called into action, for defence, for counsel, for admonition, and for censure. Satirical writings must submit to the imputation of ill-nature, though I see no necessary connection between them. In my opinion, Satire has nothing to do with good-nature, or with ill-nature. It's office respects the public good alone, and the interests of the community. It is frequently designed to supply the laws, in those cases which are beyond their jurisdiction. From such courts it appeals to perhaps a still higher tribunal, that of public opinion, character, and reputation.

Such are my ideas; yet I am sure I have nothing of the wild American in my composition; I never wished to destroy any man, either to inherit his wit or plunder him of his understanding. But I will bow to no Cyrill of Alexandria, to no Executive Director of a modern Republic, to no lordly president of factious councils, of democratic

(c) 1796.

(d) Statius Sylv. Lib. 5. Carm. 5.—*Senones* were the Gauls or French.

democratic delegates, or of societies in open defiance of established authority in regulated empires. There is darkness mixed with fire, and volumes of smoke are rolling from the mouth of the cavern. I love no atheist French Bishops, nor unfrocked grammarians in England. Horne Tooke is still living, and Edmund Burke is no more. SOL OCCUBUIT! I hope Mr. Pitt will assure us of the old progidy, "Nox nulla secuta est!"

We must *now* all assist in our various capacities, and feel and act as publick men. In times like these we may assume a virtue, a character, a courage, and a firmness, not originally our own. I protest I have no private animosity in my nature; but I come forth (boldly enough, I will confess, but as I ought to do) in behalf of my country, her literature, her laws, her religion, and her government. Nor would I publish this satirical Poem, but from a full conviction of it's *tendency* to promote the public welfare, in its degree and according to it's subject, when it is (if it ever should be) *studied* and considered with impartiality.

THE

THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

A SATIRICAL POEM.

DIALOGUE THE FIRST.(a)

FINGIMUS HÆC, ALTUM SATIRA SUMENTE COTHURNUM?
NOS UTINAM VANI!(b)

THE AUTHOR AND OCTAVIUS.

THE AUTHOR.

I WHO once deem'd my race of labour run,
And camps, and courts, and crowds, and senates shun,
Still to the publick raise no venal voice,
In the full freedom of a Briton's choice,
Through tracts aloft on daring pinions rove,
Where'er by duty borne, or led by love.

Yet

(a) First published in May 1794.
(b) Juv. Sat. 6.

Yet not unconscious of this awful age,
I mark what new conflicting Sophists rage,
Sophists who laugh to scorn th' avenging rod,
And hurl defiance to the throne of GOD;
Shake pestilence abroad with madd'ning sweep,
And grant no pause—but everlasting sleep! (*c*)
Blood-guiltiness their crime; with hell they cope:
No flesh, no spirit now must rest in hope,
But under foliage dark, and cypress gloom,
The (*d*) sculptur'd mock'ry marks and seals the tomb.

New lights on all, but on the poet, rise;
Still can he smile, and with no murm'ring sighs
Can own well-pleas'd, that *now* the meanest Bard,
Bavius, (*d*) or Maro, finds the same regard.

Not

(*c*) This alludes to the French decree which in 1793 abolished, *by law*, a futurity of existence. Impiety and absurdity are the natural consequences of their principles.

(*d*) The French have also *decreed*, that in every church-yard trees shall be planted, and the figure of sleep erected pointing to the tombs; and this sleep they *decree* to be *eternal*. N. B. This was the fact, when *this First Part* of the Pursuits of Literature was *first* published in May 1794.—It may be so again, or may be so at this moment, 1796.

Not as Mæcenas once with partial ray
Illum'd the rising glories of his day;
Whose orb the Mantuan plains alone would warm,
Or beam propitious on the Sabine farm.

OCTAVIUS.

Why should *you* write? the world is now so fickle,
Scarce is there room for Sheridan (*e*) and Tickell; (*f*)
And

(*d*) The name suggests the honourable mention of a poem lately published, under the title of "The BAVIAD," or, an Imitation of the first Satire of Persius. *Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?*—Though the author professes to be conversant only among the *sheep-folds* at present, he threatens a descent upon the nobler and more *reluctant animals*. If this be a first production, the poet must proceed with the conciousness of genius: he has the ground work of all excellence, good sense, and a knowledge of just and harmonious expression. He has divulged his name *imprudently*. Such compositions require secresy for their effect; especially if they are published at an early period of life, and still more if the poet commences his career with Satire. Mr. Pope suffered "pure description to "hold the place of sense" for a long time, before he took his proper station. The author of The Baviad has taken some pleasant trouble off my hands. The Albums, the Laura-Marias, the Jerninghams, Anti-Pasquins, Mary Robinsons, Piozzis and Bozzi's; the "Phillidas, Hypsipilas, vatum et plorabile si "quid." Unfortunately there are too many left. (1794.)

And though in tone sonorous, blithe or grand,
The loud Laurentian (*g*) trumpet through the land
Sound Pitt, and Prettyman, and Rose, and Rolle,
With strength of Stentor, but Mezentian soul; so
THE DOCTOR may for Fox and Portland (*i*) vouch,
With spectacles on nose, (*ii*) but empty pouch.

Why

(*e*) R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq: M. P. I am sorry to say of this *extraordinary* man, that in the realms of wit and humour he is now silent. "Vnus sceptra potitus, eâdem aliis sopitu' quiete "est." Why is it so? Politics are transitory; wit is eternal.

(*f*) Since this was written, the public has lost this very ingenious man. He was the happiest of any occasional writer in his day: happy alike in the subject and in the execution of it. I mention with pleasure "Anticipation, the Wreath of "Fashion, &c. &c. &c." and I wish to preserve the name and remembrance of such a man as Mr. Tickell. Poets and ingenious men, who write on occasional subjects with great ability, are too often lost in the most undeserved oblivion. But we must recollect, that even such a poem as "The Absalom and "Achitophel" of Dryden himself (in my opinion, his greatest production) was but *occasional*, and written *for a party*.

(*g*) It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the political composition of the Rolliad and the Probationary Odes by Dr. Laurence and Company. (1794.)

Why must *you* seek this sad Cumæan shore?
Or why to genius give one victim more?

AUTHOR.

Forgive me: all conspire to waste my time;
Languor, and care, and solitude, and rhyme:
Now while each Sage, to fame and science known,
Or leaves the field of life, or listless grown,
Reviews his trophies with an idle pride, *(k)*
Sick of the dunces rising at his side.

If

(*i*) I know not for whom the Doctor will *now* vouch; I am not called upon to vouch for the Doctor. (1796.)

" Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
" Tenets with books, and principles with times."

(*ii*) Shakspeare says, " With spectacles on nose and pouch on " side." I am contented simply to admire Doctor Lawrence's spectacles, but I have ventured to qualify his pouch—I wrote this in 1794.—Doctors Commons and the House of Commons are recommended in all the chronic cases of the *deficiens crumena*, and are found to be excellent restoratives. (1798).

(*k*) I allude to such publications as, " Prose on several occa- " sions, accompanied by some Pieces in Verse. By George " Colman, (Senior)." I think, however, that it is a provident wisdom in men of great abilities, like Mr. Colman, to collect and publish what they wish to deliver to posterity as *their own*. Posthumous works are rarely to be considered in *that* light.

If I *may* write, let Proteus (*l*) Priestley tell,
He writes on *all* things, but on nothing well;

Who

(*l*) Proteus Priestley.—There is one very material difference between this Proteus and his namesake of antiquity. Of the latter it is recorded, Sine vi non ulla dabit præcepta §; now our Proteus gives "precept upon precept, line upon line; here a "little and there a little;" and is continually obtruding *his oracles* upon the public, without any *compulsion* at all, upon every subject which can, or which cannot be known. I believe that Dr. Priestley would dispute very *intelligibly* upon the famous Germanic question, "Utrum Chimæra *bombinans* in "vacuo possit comedere secundas intentiones."

As to Dr. Priestley's *King-killing* wishes and opinions take a few words: "IT IS TO BE REGRETTED, that the situation of "things was *such*, that THE SENTENCE (of DEATH on Charles "the First) could not be passed *by the* WHOLE NATION, OR "THEIR REPRESENTATIVES, *solemnly* ASSEMBLED *for that pur-* "*pose*." Priestley on Government, p. 39. Are the words and the meaning plain? How must this Reverend Deputy-*Elect* to the National Convention of France have exulted on the 21st of January, 1793!!! The Deputy, however, had the wisdom of the *serpent* in not taking his seat, though he could not assume the innocence of the *dove*.

The late Mr. Gibbon well understood Dr. Priestley's character and opinions, and expressed himself strongly on that subject. No man of discernment can see their direct *tendency* but with reprobation, and sometimes not without fear and horror! (1794).—Lord Sheffield has lately published the correspondence between Mr. G. and Dr. P. in the first volume of Mr. Gibbon's Posthumous Works, 4to. These letters are not unworthy of attention. (1796).

§ Virg. Georg. L. 4.

Who, as the dæmon of the day decrees,
Air, books, or water makes with equal ease.
May not I strive amid this motley throng,
All pale and pensive as I muse along?

OCTAVIUS.

Say, would your thought to Homer's pomp aspire,
Or wake to loftiest rapture Pindar's (*m*) lyre?

Go

(*m*) Pindar's Lyre.—In this verse I speak of the great Theban: but there is an obscure person, stiling himself Peter Pindar, of whom I shall say a few words. This man certainly possesses a mind by no means uninformed, and a species of humour; but it is exhausted by a repetition of the same manner, and nearly the same ideas, even to disgust. He has the power of rhyming ludicrously, and is sometimes even gifted with poetry; and finally, he is puffed up with a vanity and self-conceited importance, almost without a parallel. This obscure man has contrived, by these qualifications, to thrust himself upon the public notice, and become the scorn of every man of character and of virtue. Such is the blasphemy, such is the impiety, the obscenity, the impudence, and the contempt of all decent respect, which pervade his numerous pamphlets in verse, that the reader is ill repaid by the lively sallies of humour which frequently animate this mass of crudities. I form my judgment from his works, and not from any acquaintance whatever with the man.

Go then and view, since clos'd his cloister'd day;
The self-supported melancholy Gray: (*u*) 50

Dark

Yet I hear that "he breathes a warm *constitutional* spirit," because forsooth he has told us, in some trumpery ode, of the necessity of a *king*, or a *log*, or a *nail*; after he has perpetually reviled and held up to scorn every master principle, by which government and society are maintained. I will not waste a verse on such a character; but say honestly and plainly, that though I can often smile, and sometimes be pleased, with the humour and the manner, yet I think I perceive such a rooted depravity and malignity of heart that, from the consideration of his works, I can affirm almost unequivocally of this obscure man, in the words of the severest writer of antiquity,

Stupet hîc vitio, et fibris increvit opimum
Pingue, caret culpâ, nescit quid perdat, et alto
Demersus, summa rursùm non bullit in unda †.

N. B. This man's works (now published) amount *in value* to above *four guineas*; but we are informed that a set may be had for TWO GUINEAS AND A HALF IN 4TO, or for TWO GUINEAS in four volumes 8vo!!!—What an inducement to a purchaser! (1794).—Posterity (if it can be supposed that such trash should exist) will be astonished, that the present age could look with patience on such malignant ribaldry.

(*u*) This character of Mr. Gray is drawn from the consideration of his Memoirs and Letters, published by Mr. Mason.

† Pers. Sat. 3. v. 32.

Dark was his morn of life, and bleak the spring,
Without one fost'ring ray from Britain's king; (*nn*)
Granta's dull abbots cast a side-long glance,
And Levite gownsmen hugg'd their ignorance:
With his high spirit strove the master bard,
And was his own *exceeding great reward.* (*o*)

Saw you not Mason stand with down-cast eye,
While great Augustus pass'd unconscious by? (*p*)
'Till

(*nn*) If I have read Mr. Gray's Letters rightly, I believe he neither sought nor wished for royal favour. I wish, however, that it had been *offered* to the first poet and the first scholar of the age.

Mr. Gray rose and shone forth, in the full brightness of his genius, in the reign of George the Second. He was appointed Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, late in life, by the Duke of Grafton the Chancellor; at the particular recommendation (as it was strongly believed) of Mr. Stonehewer. Mr. Gray however was promoted (if the appointment can be called a promotion for such a man) in the reign of GEORGE THE THIRD.

(*o*) "I am thy exceeding great reward."
Genesis, c. 15. v. 1.

(*p*) The discernment of his Majesty GEORGE THE THIRD in poetical merit, is acknowledged in the patronage of Dr. Beattie, Author of The Minstrel, and of Mr. Cowper, Author of The Task. Mr. Mason must have been overlooked for a

'Till wrapt in terrors of avenging night,
He starts Macgreggor (*q*) with dilated might.

Have you not seen neglected Penrose (*r*) bloom,
Then sink unhonour'd in a village tomb?
Content a curate's humble path he trod,
Now, with the poor in spirit, rests with God.

To

particular reason. I shrewdly suspect that Mr. Stonehewer (the common friend of Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason) could account for it. (1794).

(*q*) See the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, and the Heroic Postcript to the Public, by Malcolm Macgregor, Esq. A friend of mine has assured me that I am wrong in this conjecture; and I must own that the Epistle to Shebbeare, and the Dean and the Squire, attributed to the same author, have somewhat diminished, but not destroyed, my confidence in it's probability(*a*). The abilities of great men are generally versatile.

As I have written the lines, they shall continue to stand as a tribute of gratitude to a man, from whose acknowledged poetry I have received much delight. The strains of Musæus, and the Druid minstrells have still their charms; and he must have cold feelings who cannot be moved by the simplicity of Elfrida. The English Garden, though with a few faults, deserves the thanks of every admirer of our national taste. (1794). See the Fourth Dialogue of the P. of L. (1798).

(*a*) The papers of the late Lord Orford (Horace Walpole) may possibly throw some light on this subject. (March 1798).

To worth untitled would your fancy turn?
The Muse all friendless wept o'er Mickle's (*s*) urn:
Mickle, who bade the strong poetic tide
Roll o'er Britannia's shores in Lusitanian pride.

AUTHOR.

Then I must suit the temper of these times,
Degraded now to mere *historic* rhymes;
And last be hail'd in some sagacious page,
The finest, brightest poet of the age;
And that with grave solemnity so sad,
Faith, tis enough to make poor Hayley (*t*) mad.

No:

(*r*) See the Flights of Fancy, 4to, by Thomas Penrose, Curate of Newbury, Berks. The names of the poems alluded to are these, The Helmets, The Carousal of Odin, and Madness.—He published these himself, and no more; and I speak of these. No author should be judged for posthumous works, published *by friends*, except he ordered them to be published after his decease.

(*s*) William Julius Mickle, a man of genius, and of great poetical powers. He translated the Lusiad of Camoens in a free paraphrastic manner, but with the spirit of an original poet. I never could account for the neglect of so very poetical a work.

(*t*) *Hayley.*—Piger scribendi ferre laborem,
Scribendi *recti*, nam *ut multum* nil moror, †

† Hor. 1. L. 1. Sat. 4. v. 12.

No: though in vain I may attempt to please,
I'll write with learning what I think with ease.

What?—from the Muse, by *cryptogamic* stealth, (*v*)
Must I purloin her native sterling wealth?

In

The notes which Mr. Hayley, who is a very ingenious man and a pleasing scholar, has written on his various poems, are very amusing, and not unfrequently afford much instruction. Had he but learned the art of blotting, he might possibly have attained considerable eminence, and preserved it. But as he is in general too feeble, tedious, and insufferably prolix, (*une boutique de verbiage*) consequently, &c: &c. See Horace, who has pronounced an irreversible sentence on all such persons stiling themselves poets, however *voluminous* their works may be.

(*v*) See "The Botanic Garden and the Loves of the Plants, "by Dr. Darwin." I wish men would peruse the treatise de Causis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ, (*a*) before they attempt by prettinesses, glittering words, points, conceits, and forced thoughts, to sacrifice propriety and just imagery to the rage of mere novelty. This will always be the case, when writers in prose, or verse, (if I may be allowed to use Sancho's phrase a little metaphorically) "want better bread than is made of wheat." Modern ears are absolutely *debauched* by such poetry as Dr. Darwin's, which marks the decline of simplicity and true taste in this country. It is to England, what Seneca's prose was to Rome: Abundat dulcibus vitiis. (*b*)

Dryden and Pope are the standards of excellence in this species of writing in our language; and when young minds

are

(*a*) Printed at the end of Tacitus, under the title "Dialogus "de Oratoribus," one of the most finished treatises of antiquity.

(*b*) Quintil. lib. 10. c. 1.

In filmy, gawzy, gossamery lines,
With lucid language, and most dark designs,
In sweet *tetrandryan*, *monogynian* strains,
Pant for a *pystill* in botanic pains;
On the luxurious lap of Flora thrown,
On beds of yielding vegetable down,
Raise lust in pinks; and with unhallow'd fire
Bid the soft virgin violet expire? (*x*)

Is it for me to creep, or soar, or doze,
In modish song, or fashionable prose? (*y*)

To

are rightly instituted in their works, they may, without much danger, read such glittering verses as Dr. Darwin's. They will then perceive the distortion of the sentiment, and the harlotry of the ornaments. It would also be a happy thing for all naturalists, whether poets or writers in prose, if they would in the words of a true poet, "Look through Nature up to Nature's *God!*" Dr. Darwin is certainly a man of great fancy; but I will not cease to repeat, that good writing and good poetry require something more.

Ου γαρ εν μεσοισι κειται
Δωρα δυσμαχητα Μοισαν
Τω 'πιτυχοντι φερειν.

(*x*) I would just hint that it is a matter of some curiosity to me to conceive, how young ladies are instructed in the terms of botany, which are *very significant*. It cannot however even be supposed, that any person would discountenance the study of Botany and of Natural History which opens, enlarges, and animates the youthful mind, when conducted with propriety and discrimination.

To pen with garreteers obscure and shabby,
Inscriptive nonsense in a fancied Abbey ;(z)
Or some Warkworthian hermit tale endite,
Such ditties as our gosip spinsters write ?

Say, must I tempt some Novel's lulling theme ;
Bid the bright eye o'er Celestina (zz) stream ;

With

(y) I allude to the poising of sentences, their triads, and other artificial divisions of modern prose, by which the whole simplicity and natural dignity of our English style are abandoned and lost.

(z) Such trash as a vile pamphlet called Kilkhampton Abbey, &c. &c. &c. in short the whole mugitus Labyrinthi. Every age produces similar trash, and this name serves, as well as any other, to mark my meaning in this place.

(zz) Put for almost any modern novel. Mrs. Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Mary Robinson, Mrs. &c. &c. though all of them are very ingenious ladies, yet they are too frequently *whining* or *frisking* in novels, till our girls' heads turn wild with impossible adventures, and are now and then tainted with democracy.

Not so the mighty magician of THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO, (a) bred and nourished by the Florentine Muses in their sacred solitary caverns, amid the paler shrines of Gothic superstition, and in all the dreariness of inchantment; a poetess whom Ariosto would with rapture have acknowledged, as the

La nudrita
Damigella Trivulzia AL SACRO SPECO.* (1796.)

I would

(a) Mrs. ANNE RADCLIFFE. * O. F. c. 46.

With fabled knights, and tales of slighted love,
Such as our Spanish Cato (*a*) might approve?

In

I would say a word on Romances or Novels. No man of genius or of judgment ever despised or neglected the great masters in this useful and alluring species of writing, beginning with the Odyssey of Homer. No works can be read with more delight and advantage, when they are selected with discrimination; they animate and improve the mind. Every person should be well acquainted with the whole of Cervantes, of Le Sage's unequalled and unrivalled Gil Blas, and of Tom Jones, (that great comic Epic poem) by Fielding! These perhaps are all which it is *neceſſary* to read; and they afford illustration to every event of life.

From these, with great caution, we must pass to later writers. Smollett had much penetration, though he is frequently too vulgar to please; but his knowledge of men and manners is unquestionable. Of Sterne and Rousseau it is difficult to speak without being misunderstood; yet it is impossible to deny the praise of wit and *originality* (*a*) to Yorick, or of captivating eloquence to the philosopher of vanity. Their imitators are below notice. I never read the Eloisa without the pathetic exclamation of Dante:

Per

(*a*) I cannot think that the ingenious, amusing, and acute observations of Dr. FERRIAR, in which he has traced some of Sterne's hints and remarks to Rabelais, Burton, and other writers, detract from the absolute *originality* of his genius. They point out the train of his wild and excentric reading; but his *manner* and his wit are still, and will ever continue to be, exclusively his own. (1800.)

In Travels for the Heart, (*b*) and not the head,
From post to pillar, and from board to bed,
Thro'

Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
Quella letturs, et scolorocci il viso;
Ma solo un punto fu, quel che ci vinse.
Quando leggemmo, cominciai, *Ahi, lasso!*
Quanti dolci pensier, quanto desio
Menò costoro al doloroso passo! (*b*)

The Eloisa is a very dangerous book, in it's commencement, and I would particularly warn young persons to avoid it The book is now indeed beyond the reach of any control; but as the character of the author is now fully understood, it's power of doing harm is considerably diminished. But to extract good out of evil, I must observe, it is but justice to the author of it, to acknowledge, that, (as the book is so much read and cannot be suppressed,) the result from the perusal of the whole *taken together* is this, namely; that perpetual uneasiness, disquietude, and often irreversible misery are the certain consequences of vice, or of fatal misconduct, in any woman however gifted, or as it appears, however reclaimed. It is difficult, I think it is impossible, to deny or disprove this; but I still wish the novel had never been written.

Let us then turn to Clarissa, the work of a man of virtue and genius, which is too celebrated for any additional praise. Mrs. Charlotte Smith has great poetical powers, and a pathos which commands attention. Much knowledge of life and ingenuity are seen in Miss Burney now Mrs. D'Arblay's Novels; but her propensity to high colouring and broad farce have lessened their effect. It is a fatal error in this species of writing to overstep the boundaries of nature and of real life. I cannot descend among all the modern farrago of novels, which are too often

(*b*) Dante Inf. c. 5.

Through climes of various woe the pilgrim lead,
Till Charlotte droops, and master misses bleed. 100

OCTA-

often " receipts to make —s." Yet I could select a few, which have merit, with great pleasure, if it were not foreign to my purpose to enlarge on this topic.

I cannot however refrain from giving a just and sensible observation from the latest writer on this subject, in his view of Romance*; an Essay composed rather hastily, and perhaps inaccurately, but with all the power of pleasing and happy facility of writing so conspicuous throughout his works. Dr. Moore thus expresses himself: " Modern romances and novels are, or " ought to be, a representation of life and manners, in the coun- " try, where the scene is placed. Had works of this nature " existed in the flourishing ages of the Greek and Roman Repub- " lics, and had some of the best of them been preserved, how " infinitely would they be relished at present! as they would " give a much more satisfactory picture of private and domes- " tic life than is found in history, which dwells chiefly on " war and affairs of state." (1798).

(*a*) The late venerable Earl Camden (once Lord High Chancellor of England, a character of dignity, ability, learning and independance,) is *said* to have learned Spanish very late in life, to read the romances in that language; having exhausted those written in English, French, and Italian. All the world knows that Cato learned Greek at sixty years of age, to read the romances in that tongue.

(*b*) All such works as abound in what is called in modern jargon, the sublime instinct of sentiment.

* Prefixed to Dr. Moore's edition of Smollet's works in 1797. page 92.

OCTAVIUS.

If these disgust, to serious cares attend,
And make serene Philosophy your friend.
Pen some choice Fragment (*c*) in the genuine taste,
Each pow'r combin'd of wit and learning waste;

Smart

(*c*) Alluding to the swarm of free thinking and democratical pamphlets with which the public have been pestered. It is hoped that the interference of the legislature, and the constitutional exertions of private societies have either lessened their number, or deprived them of their malignant intentions. The time for discrimination seems to be come. Toleration is fully granted to all opinions, subject to the controul of the legislature after their publication, in the open courts of law by the verdict of a jury, in which *true liberty* consists. Good order and just authority must be maintained with vigour and decision.

But HE is chiefly to be consulted, who, if I may be allowed to use the language a little metaphorically, "hath stood between "the dead and the living, and stayed the plague," EDMUND BURKE! greater and brighter in the decline, than in the noon-day of his life and vigour. It would be almost an injury to name the works whereof all Europe rings; but to his countrymen they speak with a force not to be resisted.

OMNES
Admonet, et MAGNA testatur VOCE per umbras,
DISCITE JUSTITIAM MONITI, ET NON TEMNERE DIVOS. (1794.)

On a second consideration however I think it right to name these works of Mr. Burke. 1. Reflections on the Revolution in France,

and

Smart and concise, with deepest meaning fraught,
Neat be the types, and the vignettes high wrought;
With

and on the proceedings in certain societies in London relative to that event. (1790.) 2. A Letter to a Member of the National Assembly. (1791). 3. An Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs in consequence of some discussions in Parliament relative to the Reflections on the French Revolution. (1791). 4. A Letter on the Attack made on him in the H. of L. by the D. of Bedford, and the E. of Lauderdale (1796). 5. Two Letters on the proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France (1796.) 6. (Posthumous in 1797,) Letters on the conduct of our domestic Parties with regard to French Politics, including Observations on the Conduct of the Minority in the Session of 1793. 7. Memorials on French affairs, 1791, 92, and 93.—N. B. *The remainder* of Mr. Burke's posthumous writings may be expected from the exemplary zeal and honourable attention of his executors, Dr. Laurence and Dr. King. "Sunt adhuc "curæ hominibus fides et officium; sunt qui defunctorum "quoque amicos agant." * (1797.)

Whoever warns *the living* against a mortal distemper, or shews the causes of it, and the mode of prevention, and the final remedy, may be said to stand, as a guardian angel, between the dead and the living. In this sense, EDMUND BURKE stayed the plague, by his masterly, vigorous, and formidable exposure, to the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, of the modern French principles and national desolation, in all the fullness of their deformity, and in the terrors of their operation. The spear of Ithuriel discovered an displayed Satan in his proper shape.

* Plin. Ep.

With frontispiece to catch the gazer's eye,
Treason, the pile; the basis, blasphemy. (*cc*)
Free from dull order, decency, and rule,
With dogmas fresh from the Sans Souci-school;
With definitions vague and terms mysterious,
Seeming humility, but tone imperious,
Mankind's meek friend, and Nature's gentle sage,
The Priest of Reason in her chosen age; (*d*)

Then

(*cc*) *The basis, blasphemy.*—This is the progress of modern Republicanism. The dissolution or rejection of *all* religious principle prepares the mind for breaking every bond of established government, however just or reasonable, to introduce into practice some new theory of general good: so very general, as to have nothing to do with the good of the individual. For the nature of this GENERAL GOOD consult the National Assembly and Convention of France: "Agri, edificia, loca, possessiones, "(CŒLUM ET MARE prætermiserunt, cætera complexi sunt) "publicé *data*, ASSIGNATA, *vendita!*" † Mirabeau *began* with these memorable words: "Si vous voulez une REVOLUTION, il "faut *commencer* par *decatholiciser la France.*" (1794.)

(*d*) One of the most extraordinary treatises of this kind, is a work in French, intitled, "THE RUINS; or a Meditation on "the Revolution of Empires; by MR. VOLNEY, Deputy to the "National Assembly in 1789." It is written with some spirit, and

† Cic. de Leg. Agrar. Orat. 3.

Then bending low, with equal reverence search
The

and not without eloquence in some parts, and abounds with what is *now* called Philosophy.

The intent of this book is to attack every principle of religion in the heart, even the principles of the religion now termed, natural. Mr. Volney wishes to convince mankind, that *every* pretence to revelation, in every age and in every country, is equally false and equally unfounded; and by a jargon of language, and antiquity, and mythology, and philosophy, he labours to confound and blend *them all* in uncertain tradition and *astronomical* allusions. And all this is attempted to be done, that the world may be prepared for the French Revolution, and the principles on which it was effected. In this point he seems to act not without reason, as the principles of this revolution are laid in the rejection of *all* religion, and were so from the very *beginning of it*; though we may be surprised when we are assured, that it is "*An age of* DELIVERANCE *for a great people, and of* HOPE FOR "ALL THE EARTH!!! (*a*)

The real ignorance of this man, on the subject of true religion, is as conspicuous as the puny literature which appears to support his strange doctrines and foolish opinions. Upon the subject of, what he calls, the filiation of religions, (for the French must have their new jargon of words in every subject) he says, "We "acknowledge in one word, that all the *theological* doctrines on "the origin of the world, on the nature of God, on the revela- "tion of his laws, and the appearance of his person, are no- "thing more than recitals of *astronomical* facts, and figurative "and emblematical *stories of the play of the conſtellations!!!*" i. e. du jeu des constellations. (*b*)

(*a*) P. 88. I refer to the pages of the French original.

(*b*) Volney; p. 167.

The storied portico, and sainted church;

Till;

I cannot but acknowledge the superstition and credulity of mankind in many parts of the world; but what Mr. Volney would impose upon us, for the truth, exceeds the bounds of any credulity ever yet required. Then he introduces the systems of idolatry, the worship of the stars, the two principles or dualism, (a little more French jargon;) the monde animé and the monde machine, Moses, Zoroaster, Confucius, and Brama: and last comes Christianity. The chapter on this subject is the strangest of all, for he declares, that CHRISTIANITY *consists in the allegorical worship of the Sun under the cabalistical* names of *Chris-en, or Yes-us or Jesus!!!* "Christianisme ou culte allegorique du "*Soleil*, sous les noms *cabalistiques* de *Chris-en* ou Yes-us ou "*Jesus!!!*" And this is a formidable opponent! this is one of the guides to whom we are to give up our *prejudices!* Read any one of the four Evangelists, and then give your own answer.

The impudence of Mr. Volney is at least equal to any other power he possesses, for he requires of his reader *only* the surrender of his common sense, and common understanding, and the common principles of *any* knowledge. Yet he demands the admission of *all his* allegories and mystical meanings, (of which, in the true French stile, no doubt is to be entertained,) and then the world is to be emancipated and delivered. From what?—From credulity and superstition. Q. E. D. Upon this Mr. Volney observes, "the priests murmur." I think the laity will at least do as much, at the words of this apostle of nonsense, blasphemy, folly, and—the rights of mankind, which the French never fail to introduce, when they have laid *them all* prostrate, civil, moral, and mental. This is but a specimen of such writers, to whom we are to bow as the deliverers of mankind from superstition

Till, wheedling round with metaphysic art,

You

superstition, and the directors of our minds in the ways of truth. "Professing themselves wise they are become fools!"

The best men are indeed convinced, that the ways and works of Providence are inscrutable, and that the nature of GOD is incomprehensible; and they lament their own insufficiency. Yet they feel themselves bound by the laws of reasoning, and of the specific evidence in every great question divine and human. They are best prepared to acknowledge the depth and height of eternal wisdom and mercy, and the difficulties of attaining to this knowledge. They assent to the words of a man of no vulgar erudition* or mediocrity of talents, when he declares, "Quantis suspiriis et gemitibus fiat, ut *quantulacunque ex parte* "*possit intelligi* DEUS!"

I cannot withhold the following *general* observations, which are rational, important, eloquent, and argumentative. "It is a very wonderful thing, that a being *such as man*, placed on a little globe of earth, in a little corner of the universe, cut off from all communication with the other systems which are dispersed through the immensity of space; imprisoned as it were on the spot where he happens to be born; almost utterly ignorant of the variety of spiritual existences, and circumscribed in his knowledge of material things, by their remoteness, magnitude, or minuteness; a stranger to the nature of the very pebbles on which he treads; unacquainted, or but very obscurely informed by his natural faculties of his condition after death; it is very wonderful, that *a being such as this*, should reluctantly receive, or fastidiously reject, *the instruction of* THE ETERNAL GOD! Or, if this is saying too much, that he should hastily, negligently, or triumphantly conclude, that the Supreme Being never had

* Augustinus.

You steal Religion from the unguarded heart,

And

condescended to instruct the race of man. It might properly have been expected, that a rational being, so circumstanced, would have sedulously enquired into a subject of such vast importance; that he would not have suffered himself to have been diverted from the investigation by the pursuits of wealth, or honour, or any temporal concern; much less by notions taken up without attention, arguments admitted without examination, or prejudices imbibed in early youth, from the profane ridicule, or impious jestings of sensual and immoral men. - - Some difficulties will undoubtedly remain, and it would be a miracle, greater than any we are instructed to believe, if there remained none. If a being with but five scanty inlets of knowledge, separated but yesterday from his mother earth, and to-day sinking again into her bosom, could fathom the depths of the wisdom and knowledge of Him, *which is, and which was, and which is to come,* THE LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!" (*a*)

Before I close this note, I cannot help reminding, not informing, *every* reader, that even Tacitus, (the favourite author of many free thinkers, though I know not why) has borne testimony to the existence and last sufferings of JESUS CHRIST, under the procurator Pontius Pilate, in the reign of Tiberius. "Auctor nominis ejus CHRISTUS, qui Tiberio imperitante, per procuratorem Pontium Pilatum, supplicio affectus erat*." Yet we are *assured*, with an effrontery without a parallel, that CHRIST, or *Chris-en*, is only a *cabalistical* name of *the Sun*. So is the name of Cæsar, of Socrates, or of Plato. Are we not *ashamed* of listening

(*a*) Preface (p. 9 and 13) to the Theological Tracts, in six volumes octavo, collected by Richard Watson, D. D. bishop of Landaff.

* Annal. L. 15. sect. 44.

And in the see-saw undulating play,
The moral chorus dies in words away.

Thence careless saunt'ring in Vacuna's vale,
Tune to your listless lyre some Crazy Tale;(*f*)
Dash for applause, nor seek a poet's name,
Content with scribbling and ambiguous fame;
From laws of metre fee, (which idly serve
To curb strong genius and it's swelling nerve),
In verse half veil'd raise titillating lust,
Like girls that deck with flowers Priapus' bust. (*g*)

Go

listening to such writers as Mr. Volney, who address us so unworthily? Yet this is the manner in which Mr. Volney, and such as Mr. Volney, treat the whole human race, men and women, learned and unlearned. The *general* character of all these writers may be expressed in language at once awful and true: "Non est qui judicat vere; confidunt in nihilo, loquuntur vanitates; conceperunt laborem, pepererunt iniquitatem."

(*f*) See Crazy Tales, &c. and the whole school of La Fontaine.

(*g*) See ANGELICA KAUFFMAN'S elegant print; but it is to be remembered that the subject is purely classical.

Speaking on this subject, a friend of mine would *insist* upon my perusing a long disquisition in quarto, ON THE WORSHIP

Go turn to Madan, and in Gospel truth,
And Thelypthoric (*h*) lore instruct our youth : 130
Some

OF PRIAPUS, (printed in 1786) with numerous and most disgusting plates. It has not been published, but distributed liberally, (*a*) without any injunction of secrecy, to the *emeriti* in speculative Priapism, as one would think.

As I hope the treatise may be forgotten I shall not name the author (*b*), but observe, that all the ordure and filth, all the antique pictures, and all the representations of the generative organs, in their most odious and degrading protrusion, have been

(*a*) i. e. By the Dilettanti Society. The solemnity with which the Dilettanti meet and present their *valuable* works to the chosen few, and the inscription in the blank leaf of each book, are rather ludicrous. The President (of the day) is invested with a Roman Toga in a sort of consular pomp. Before the vote for printing Mr. ———'s *Priapus* had passed, I should have said with Roman sternness, had I been present, "I lictor, colliga "manus §."—This Roman farce would (and perhaps may) form the subject of a legitimate Satire. (1796). The Dilettanti Society best know *what emblem*, modelled in wax, is laid upon their table at their *solemn* meetings.

"*Græcè*
"*Discumbunt*; *nec velari* PICTURA *jubetur*:
"*Forsitan expectes, ut Gaditana canoro*
"*Incipiat* prurire *choro*." Juv.

(*b*) The author afterwards named himself, and was very angry with me without any reason. I only did my duty to the public.—See P. of L. Dial. 2. v. 57. (Added Aug. 1797).

§ Liv. Lib. 1. c. 26.

Some plain positions lay, as simply thus;
Marriage (*i*) *consists* in—*actu cöitûs*;

Laymen

been raked together and copulated (for no other idea seems to be in the mind of the author) and copulated, I say, with a new species of blasphemy. Such are, what I would call, the records of the stews and bordellos of Grecian and Roman antiquity, exhibited for the recreation of antiquaries, and the obscene revellings of Greek scholars in their private studies. Surely this is to dwell mentally in lust and darkness in the loathsome and polluted chamber at Capreæ. Essays on Landscape and Gardening may, I hope, purify the mind: and as the author is conversant with Greek writers, and is now at a certain time of life, I recommend to him a sentence from an author, who perhaps is not in his catalogue, though Mr. ——— would be thought a philosopher:

Σοφια πρωτον αγνη εστιν, επειτα ειρηνικη.

(*b*) See a book entitled Thelypthora, or The Causes of Female Ruin: in 3 vols. 8vo.—Mr. Madan says, "The crime of adultery increases among us, insomuch that one would think many "of the British ladies, either never read their Bibles at all, or "else only that edition of it, which was printed by the Company "of Stationers in the time of Charles the First, wherein they "printed the seventh Commandment without the word *not*." Thelypth. vol. i. p. 69. 2d edit.

(*i*) These expressions, and some that follow, are taken verbatim from the book itself; (chap. 1 and 3. 2d edit.) and yet there are persons who think that such treatises should be answered seriously.

N. B. If in this place, and in a very few others, I have been obliged to introduce some expressions which are rather strong,

 readers

Laymen may have ten wives; poor priests (*ii*) but one:
Then growl at British laws in surly tone,
That "loving man must grind with loving wife
In *mola asinaria*, during life." (*iii*)

E'en give with Thickness (*k*) useful Hints for Health,
For public good, though not for private wealth;
Like

readers who reflect, will pardon me; for it is impossible to give an effectual exposure of the unwarrantable and scandalous licence of some writers without it. The following excellent words will explain my meaning: "The *ancient satirists* "often used great liberty in their expressions; but their freedom "no more resembles this licentiousness, than the nakedness of "an Indian does that of a common prostitute." Hume's Hist. of Eng. vol. viii. p. 33. (Si sic omnia!)

(*ii*) See Thelypth. vol. i. p. 117. 2d edit.

(*iii*) "As things are with *us*, the poor man must grind in "*mola asinaria* during life." Thelypth. vol. i. p. 176. 2d edit.

(*k*) Mr. Thickness, in his "Valetudinarian's Bath Guide," dedicated to the Earl of Shelburne, now Marquis of Lansdowne, has these words, "I myself am now turned of sixty, "and in general, though I have lived in various climates, and "suffered severely in body and mind, yet having always *partaken* "*of the breath of young women whenever they lay in my way*, I feel "none of those infirmities which so often strike my eyes and ears "in this great city, in men much younger than myself." Chap. the fifth; to which Mr. T. has put his own name, and he is rather a voluminous author. But, alas! what says a witty Italian? "*Bella femina che ride, quel dir, borsa che piange.*"

Like him, to shun the cold embrace of death,
Inhale in virgin arms ambrosial breath.

Or from the Alps extend to Norway's rocks,
With Switzer-Russico-Kamtschatcan Coxe; (*n*)
Then turn full-fraught from bleak Siberia's shore,
And leave us just as knowing as before.

Or bound with Barrington in charming spell,
Of Irish (*o*) trouts with gizzard stomachs tell;

While

(*n*) The Rev. William Coxe, M. A. F. R. S. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. This author is a gentleman of learning, ability and information; but he is too prolix and too voluminous. "Composuit octo Volumina, *ineptè* magis quam ineleganter *."

A writer of Travels should tell us what *he* has seen or heard *himself*, and not abridge histories of former times, and insert them in his book, or croud it with biographical memoirs of deceased great men. Travels lose their name by *this* method of composition, and the public complain with justice of the art of book-making.

Mr. Coxe is a writer of great respectability, but my fear of his works passing into an example has extorted this notice from me. I look upon it as a duty to the public, and to the Commonwealth of Literature. (1794).

(*o*) This alludes to a very ingenious account transmitted to the Royal Society in the year 1774, of a strange fish called the *Gillaroo Trout*, with the *gizzard-like stomach*. "The first "time

* Sueton. Claud. Sect. 41.

While o'er the bulk of these *transacted* deeds

Prim

" time (says the Honourable Mr. BARRINGTON) I ever " happened to hear of this singular fish, was from an Irish " Judge, who being on the Connaught Circuit, at Ballynrobe, " in the county of Mayo, expressed his incredulity with regard " to their existence; but was obliged to pay the common Irish " wager of a rump of beef, and a dozen of claret, on three or four " being produced the next day from a neighbouring lake."

The honourable and ingenious Mr. B. next proceeds to inform the Royal Society, that these *gizzard-stomachs* are often served up at table in Ireland, (which account this R. S. swallows with as much ease as it would the trout itself;) but supposing that some might be inclined to doubt, he adds, " I could " *corroborate* this fact, were it necessary, by *the testimony of an* " *Irish Archbishop*." From an Irish Archbishop, by an easy transition, Mr. Barrington introduces an English Fishmonger, and declares with great solemnity, " I have shewn the stomach " to Mr. Everett of Clare Market, *a very intelligent fishmonger*, " who declares, that though he has *cut up* thousands of trouts " and salmons, he never observed any thing similar in the " inside!" See (what are called) Philosophical Transactions, 1774, page 116. Euge, bene, recte. I cannot help saying to Mr. B. on this occasion,

Propera *stomachum* laxare saginis,
Et tua servatum consume in sæcula rhombum.

The reader will observe the rhetorical beauties in this short extract. Mr. B. darts from Ireland to England with incredible swiftness, from Ballynrobe to Clare Market; then come in long array, incredulous Irish judges, and rumps of beef, with

Prim Blagden pants, and damns (*p*) them as he reads.

AUTHOR.

dozens of claret, not tempered, I would swear, with water from any trout stream. Next appear *Irish Archbishops* and INTELLIGENT *English Fishmongers*, (an epithet, by the bye, he denies the Archbishop) and all this waste of beautiful language and deep research is expended to convince the R. S. of the existence of gizzard-stomach'd trouts. Yet this R. S. not only receives all this nonsensical ichthyological farrago, but *selects* it for publication BY THEIR COUNCIL.

Of Mr. Daines Barrington's talents and erudition I could speak, and have often spoken, with great pleasure. But when so very learned a man will write, and a Royal Philosophical Society will publish such *stuff*, for the edification of Europe, I think it proper to select this (from myriads of late similar pieces of stuff) for public notice. Men of real learning and abilities (and such I acknowledge Mr. Barrington) may henceforth be rendered cautious how they commit themselves and the societies to which they belong. The R. S. has been, and might again be, of national utility and honour; it has my best wishes, and *therefore* I have written this note. (1794).

All learned Societies must *now* look to their *original* principles, and consider well *the characters of the candidates* who are offered for their choice, as associates. If they will not, the busts of Newton and of Boyle should be veiled. (1797).

(*p*) It is by no means intimated that DOCTOR (I beg pardon) SIR CHARLES Blagden (the Secretary to the R. S. 1794.) is given to profane swearing when he is tired on such occasions, but such works damn themselves. It cannot be otherwise, till THE COUNCIL will exert some discrimination, and refuse to shelter themselves under their foolish declaration of not answering.

AUTHOR'

Hear me yet once: (oh might these labours end,
And I to peace and privacy descend!)
Must I, like Chatterton, (*q*) that varlet bright, (*r*)
Rouse some new Rowley (*s*) from a steeple's height?

Like

answering, *as a body*, for the works they publish. Every society must be answerable for it's own sense or nonsense, "AS A "BODY," unless they choose to inscribe, in large gold letters, over their meeting room, "CORPUS SINE PECTORE!" (1794).

(*q*) I draw my humble information of Chatterton from his life in the New Biographia Britannica, though I cannot compliment Dr. Gregory on such a meagre performance. They, who have time, may read Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Bryant, Dr. Milles, Mr. Thomas Warton, and all the tribe of major and of minor critics (*of single and of double pinks*, as Mr. Sheridan says in *his* CRITIC) on this *important* subject: but I have read something about vitæ summa brevis &c. &c. and confine myself to the general view of this controversy in Mr. Mathias's candid and comprehensive Essay. (1794).

(*r*) "I am the veriest varlet that e'er chew'd," says Falstaff, in Henry IV. Part I. Act. 2.—Mr. HORACE WALPOLE, now Lord Orford, did not however seem to think it necessary that this *varlet* CHATTERTON should *chew at all*. See the Starvation Act, dated at STRAWBERRY HILL. Vide Gregory's Life, as above. (1796).

(*s*) As to this strange subject, the worst that can be said of it is, "magno conatu magnas nugas;" but they are trifles

rather

Like Hardwicke,(*t*) shelves with gossip volumes clog,
Of Baby Charles, and Jemmy's Slave and Dog?
Of Lorkin's (*v*) diligence for lords' arrears,
With trumpery notes of long forgotten peers?

Shall I new anecdotes from darkness draw,
That Strawb'ry Horace on the Hill (*w*) ne'er saw,
With *wire-wove* (*x*) *hot-press'd* paper's glossy glare
Blind all the wise, and make the stupid stare?

Or

rather pleasant and instructive. I am sure Dr. Milles proved a pleasant subject for that chef d'œuvre of wit and poetry, the Archæological Epistle, written by Mr. Mason.

(*t*) See the Miscellaneous State Papers, published in 1773, by the late Lord Hardwicke, in 2 vols. 4to. Letters from "Baby "Charles's dear Dad and Gossip, James the First, and his slave "and dog, Steenie Buckingham," &c. &c. There are however some curious and valuable papers in the collection. The noble editor was a man of learning.

(*v*) "Mr. Lorkin doth use miraculous diligence about your "Lordship's arrears." State Papers, vol. 1. p. 631. N. B. It often requires *miraculous* diligence, even in these days, to *get at* one's arrears. *See* Mr. Pitt and the Lords of the Treasury, if you can get a sight of them: I never could. (1794).

(*w*) The Hon. Horace Walpole, now Lord Orford, the owner of the Gothic mansion at Strawberry Hill near Twickenham. (1796).

Or on imperial foolscap with vignettes
Engrave, like Staunton, my Chinese Gazettes?

Or

(x) All books of all kinds are now advertised to be printed on a *wire-wove paper* and *hot pressed*, with *cuts*, down to the *Philosophical* Transactions, (the uniformity of which work is destroyed by this folly unworthy of such a Society,) and Major Rennel's learned Memoir on Hindostan; as if the intention were, that they should be looked at, and not read. As to the fury for prints and engravings I would observe, that the folly and rapacity for gain in some booksellers, have degraded many works of established fame, and subjected some learned editors to unmerited ridicule. I feel for the injury and injustice which a gentleman, I mean Mr. Christian, Professor of the Laws of England at Cambridge, and Editor of Blackstone's Commentaries with valuable notes and illustrations, and who has well deserved from his profession, suffered on this occasion. It was a transaction shameful and unjustifiable.

As to the wire-weavers or drawers of paper and hot-pressers, I must say to the public, in the indignant words of Apuleius, "Quousque frustra pascetis *ignigenos* istos?" (a) Surely this *foolery* must soon cease.

I wish every author who prints and publishes *his own* works on a *wire-wove* paper, *glazed* and *hot pressed*, would imitate the honesty of the late Sir William Chambers, Knight of the Polar Star, who says, in a letter to Voltaire, which accompanied his wonderful book on Oriental Gardening; "It contains (says "the Knight) *besides a great deal of nonsense*, two *very pretty prints* by Bartolozzi." *Europ. Mag.* for *Sept.* 1793.—While this note was

(a) Apuleii Metamorph. L. 7. pag. 157. Ed. Bipont. 1788.

'Or must I, as a wit with learned air,
Like Doctor Dewlap, (*y*) to Tom Payne's (*z*) repair,
Meet Cyrill Jackson (*a*) and mild Cracherode, (*b*)
'Mid literary gods myself a god?

There

was printing, I was informed that Coke upon Lyttleton with Hargrave's Notes, is advertizing to be published on a *wire wove paper* and *hot pressed*. This folly, by such a proceeding, must surely sign it's own death-warrant. I wish, however, that some of our Statutes at Large could be a little wire-drawn and hot pressed by a Committee of Parliamentary Printers and Compositors. (1794.)

(y) Put for any portly Divine, "né pour la digestion," as La Bruyere would say. The reader will supply one to his fancy. But he must not imagine, that I mean mere London Divines, frequenters of routs, plays, operas, Bond-street, and Kensington Gardens, or chatterers in booksellers shops, as the representatives of the British Clergy, who, as a class of men, are in general distinguished for literature and philosophy, and for manners correspondent to their profession. (1794).

(*z*) Not *Tom Paine* the Democrat, whom we all execrate, and who is now, with or without a head in France, I hope in the late fashion of that country (in 1794);—but one of the best and honestest men living, the very respectable Mr. Thomas Payne Senior, to whom, as a bookseller, learning is under considerable obligations. I mention this Trypho Emeritus with great satisfaction.

(*a*) The present Dean of Christ-Church, Oxford, exemplary for his diligence and learning "*in* OUR University," as the Dean *loves* to talk. (1794)

There make folks wonder at th' extent of genius
In the Greek Aldus, or the Dutch Frobenius,
And then to edify their learned souls,
Quote *pleasaunt* sayings from The Shippe of Foles.
Hold! cries Tom Payne, that margin let me measure,
And rate the separate value of each treasure.
Eager they gaze: "Well Sirs, the feat is done;
"Cracherode's Poëtæ Principes (*cc*) have won:"
In silent exultation down he sits,
With well be-Chaucer'd Winkyn-Wordian wits.

Or shall I thence by mock-appointment stop,
And joke with Bryant at his Elmsly's shop?

And

(*b*) The Reverend Clayton Cracherode, M. A. Student of Christ Church Oxford, and one of the Trustees of the British Museum. A rich, learned, and most amiable man (to use the words of the son of Sirach) "furnished with ability, living "peaceably in his habitation." His library is allowed to be the choicest in old Greek and Latin authors, of any private collection in this country. (1794.)

(*cc*) The famous edition, by H. Stephens, of the principal Greek poets, called "Poetæ Græci Principes." All literary men, from the little Reverend Bibliopolish Dr. Gosset, well known at sales, to the humblest collector, understand this farce of *margin*-measuring, and the profit of it. See also P. of L. Dialogue 4.

And hear it whisper'd, while I'm wondrous pliant,
'Twas DOCTOR Dewlap spoke to *Mister* BRYANT. (*d*)

OCTAVIUS.

How just was he, who in this sapient age,
When learning's varied cares the mind engage,
Stood up self-taught, and in mankind's defence
Pray'd for Professors of plain common sense!
But say, what think you of the tragic Stage? (*dd*)

AUTHOR.

(*d*) When I name Mr. Bryant, it is a sufficient eulogy. The reader however is referred to the Second Dialogue of this Poem on the P. of L.

(*dd*) As to the modern Comedies of the day by Mr. Reynolds, and the *rapid* School, they are below criticism. Farce and O'Keefe have seized upon the stage. "The players and I "are, luckily, no friends." (1797.)

I wish our present writers would consider with attention the emphatic words of the Duke of Buckingham in his Essay on Poetry.

"But *to write Plays!*—why, 'tis a bold pretence
"To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence;
"Nay more; for they must look within, to find
"Those secret turns of nature in the mind: &c. &c. &c."

The author of *The Heiress* remembered this. It is the production of a man of fashion, delicacy, wit, and judgment.

AUTHOR.

No: you'll excuse me there, I know this age.
What? from the French (*e*) Aristotelian school,
Must I plan Tragedies by line and rule?
To the high Gods address my first appeal,
Then bid the press my hidden worth reveal;
While round my temples many a tendril plays
Of owlish ivy with the Mævian bays:
And close in mournful pomp the tragic rear,
Though Jephson (*cc*) scarce can gain the public ear?

OCTAVIUS.

(*e*) There are some deep critics who read Aristotle in French, and cite him in Greek.—I know not what to say *now*; the French have proscribed Corneille, Racine, &c.

(*cc*) Mr. Jephson, the Author of Braganza, The Count of Narbonne, &c. My wish is,

Grande munus
Cecropio REPETAT cothurno. †

But no more dull "Roman Portraits" in 4to.

† Hor. Lib. 2. Od. 1. v. 11.

OCTAVIUS.

Still there are works which lead to sure renown;
In the lay habit, or the sacred gown;
Will stamp your credit at an easy price,
Learn'd and ingenious, (*d*) or a Vir Clariss:
Take Markham's Armorie, (*e*) John Taylor's Scul-
ler, (*f*)
Or Sir Giles Goosecap, (*g*) or proverbial Fuller,
With

(*d*) Any person who communicates *even a single note*, however silly or whimsical, to the modern editors of Shakspeare, is stiled the *learned* and *ingenious* Mr. two stars**: the title of *Vir Clarissimus* is appropriated to the Commentators on the Greek and Roman Classics, and often with the same propriety.

(*e*) The names of some few books of that vast system of *Coglionerie*, or "Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions," which is called forth to illustrate our old dramatic writers. It is high time that the reader *of sense* should see what may be called in the old language, "THE UNTRUSSING OF THESE HUMOROUS "CRITICS," namely, the Commentators on Shakspeare, from George Steevens, Esq. downwards.

"Ces propos, diras tu, sont bon dans la Satire,
"Pour égayer d'abord un lecteur qui veut rire:
"Mais il faut les prouver. En forme. J'y consens.

With Upton, Fabell, Dodypoll the nice,
Of Gibbe our cat, (*h*) white Devils, or (*hh*) Old Vice;
Then

" Repons mois donc, Docteur, et mets toi sur les bancs.
" Qu'est ce qu' un (Commentateur?)" ‡

What is a Shakspearean Commentator? a specimen of the notes will best explain his name, dignity, and import: I shall therefore begin. The extracts will be as plenty (and as valuable) as blackberries; though I do not give my reasons upon compulsion; for Sir John Falstaff's advice is good.

The first chapter of Markham's Booke of Armorie is intitled, " The difference 'twixt Churles and Gentlemen;" and it ends thus: " From the offspring of *Gentlemanly* Japhet came " Abraham, Moses, Aaron and the Prophets, *&c. &c.*; also " the King of the right line of Mary, of whom that only " *absolute Gentleman Jesus* was born, gentleman by his mother " Mary, *Princesse* of coat armour, &c."——Reader, Mr. Steevens and Dr. Farmer will tell you that " all this is so:" and you will find it cited too, Hen. V. vol. ix. p. 441, edit. 1793; though you may begin with a staring doubt.

(*f*) John Taylor thus dedicates his " Sculler;" " To the whole " Kennel of Antichrist's Hounds, Priests, Friars, Monks, and " Jesuits, Mastiffs, Mongrels, Islands, and Bloodhounds, Bob-" tail'd Tykes, &c. &c. &c."

(*g*) Old plays intitled, " Sir Gilcs Goosecap, Banks's Bay " Horse in a Trance, Pierce Pennyless's Supplication to the " Devil, Webster's White Devil, The Merry Devil of Edmonton, " &c. &c. &c.;" in short, toute la diablerie dramatique.

‡ Boileau Sat. 8.

Then lead your readers many a precious dance,

Cap'ring

(*b*) Of Gibbe our Cat.—Falstaff says, " I am as melancholy " as a GIBBE CAT." H. IV. p. 1. a. 1. sc. 2. On this the Commentators are right pleasant.

Dr. Johnson begins, " A Gibbe cat means, *I know not why*, an " *old* cat." Dr. Percy informs us next, that a Gib-cat in Northamptonshire, means a *He*-cat, which in some parts of England is called a *ram*-cat, and in Shropshire, a *tup*-cat. Then follow other wise critics, and last of all appears Mr. Thomas Warton, who brings a train of *authorities* on this important question, shewing *how* Gib is short for Gilbert, and Tib for Tibert; *how* Jack is appropriated to a horse, and Tom to a pigeon; *how* Chaucer, in his Romaunt de la Rose, mentions Gibbe our Cat, to which Tib was synonimous, as it is at this day; *how* we read in " Gammar Gurton's Needle" (which is a right pleasant, witty, and merry comedy, written by Mr. S. Master of Arts) viz. " Hath no man stolen her ducks, " or gelded GIBBE her cat?" Upon which Mr. Warton very *gravely* observes, " the composure of a cat is almost character- " istic, and *I know not*, (see Dr. Johnson's words above) whether " there is not a *superior solemnity in the gravity* of a HE-CAT."! Mr. Steevens says, " A Gib Cat is a cat *qualified for the seraglio*, " for all animals *so* mutilated become *drowsy or melancholy*."

Mr. Warton and Mr. Steevens have left it a matter of doubt whether *their own drowsiness and gravity*, and that of their *brother-commentators*, was in consequence of &c. &c. &c. (See Abul-Pharagi's great Babylonish chapter, " De Semiramide, Sapi- " entibus ejus et Eunuchis, &c.") To be sure they do sympathize with Gammar Gurton, and her poor unfortunate Gibbe-Cat.

For my own part, I neither can, nor (if I could) would I decide this momentous question; and will only add, without being in the least melancholy or drowsy myself, in the words of an

Cap'ring with Banks's Bay Horse in a Trance.
The Housewife's Jewel read with care exact,
Wit from old Books of Cookery (*i*) extract;

Thoughts

author who imparted a manly vigour to the Roman Muse, "Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, *mascula* dicas."

(*bb*) OLD VICE was a personage very frequent in our ancient comedies. I beg leave to present my reader with a part (and a very short part) of Mr. Upton's account of him. "Old "Vice was a droll character in our old plays, accoutred with "a long coat, a cap, a pair of asses ears, and a dagger of lath. "This buffoon character was used *to make fun with the devil*, "and he had several trite expressions, as, "I'll be with you "in a trice—ah hah, boy, are you there? &c." and this was "great entertainment to the audience to see their old enemy so "belaboured in effigy. Vice seems to be an abbreviation of "*Vice*-devil; as *Vice*-roy, *Vice*-doge, &c. and THEREFORE "called, very properly, THE VICE. He makes very free with "his master, like most other Vice-roys or Prime-ministers, so "that he is the devil's *Vice* or Prime-minister. And (adds "Mr. Upton) *this* it is which makes him so saucy." Extract from Mr. Upton's note on Rich. III. act iii. sc. 1.

I make no doubt but the reader will observe the beautiful compliment to monarchy and aristocracy most *logically* deduced. This personage has been much patronized of late in France, where every species of VICE, old or new, is exercised and used "without any abbreviation," to speak with Mr. Upton.

(*i*) Books of Cookery.—I am afraid that these extracts will prove what Decker, in his *Gul's Hornbook*, calls, "*The sinful* "*Suburbs of Cookery.*" Mr. Collins, (in his POTATOE-note, at the end of Troilus and Cressida) extracts without a blush, from

Thoughts to stew'd prunes and kissing comfits suit,
Or the potatoe, (*k*) vigour-stirring root:

And

from the Good Housewife's Jewel, a receipt with all the ingredients AT FULL LENGTH, "*To make a tart that is a* "COURAGE *to a man or woman.*" And this is but a specimen.

Non more probo; cum carmina *lumbum*
Intrant, et tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu. †

(*k*) The commentators on Shakspeare are peculiarly, and even zealously, studious in *minutely* explaining and declaring all the various modes and receipts, which the age of the *Virgin* Queen afforded, or recommended for the service of the Queen of Love and soft desire. Whole pages are absolutely *filled* with venereal provocatives, with the power of *kissing* comfits, *stewed* prunes, the virtues of *potatoes*, eringo root, &c. &c. Must these comments be stiled the "Pauca suo Gallo quæ vel legat ipsa Lycoris?"

I sometimes doubt what book I have in my hand. These *fair* editors "give all they can, nor let us dream the rest." Mr. Steevens, in his advertisement to the edition of Shakspeare in 1778, seems to have had his scruples on the subject of these pious *prunes*, and virtuous bulbs; "Such (says he) as would "be acquainted with the *propriety* of Falstaff's allusion to *stewed* "prunes, should *not be disgusted* at a multitude of instances, &c. "&c. &c." Some folks are very sagacious, and cry out first; but it will not do.

After a very long note on *stewed prunes*, by Mr. Steevens, vol. v. p. 375. edit. 1778, and vol. viii. p. 529. edit. 1793, (which see and read,) *The Reverend* DOCTOR Farmer adds, very properly, "that Mr. Steevens has *so fully* discussed the subject

 "of

† Pers. Sat. 1. v. 20.

And then returning from that antique waste, 209

Be

" of *stewed prunes*, that one can add nothing but *the price*;" (Right:—*Hoc defuit unum* FABRICIO: *) and *therefore* adds the *Reverend* DOCTOR, in a piece called Banks's Bay Horse in a Trance, 1595, " we have a stock of wenches set up with their " *stewed* prunes, NINE for a tester." At other times these subjects are explained in the learned languages, *for the use* of scholars, as in vol. iv. p. 211, edit. 1778, and in vol. iv. p. 80, edit. 1793, by Mr. Steevens. " Urticæ marinæ omnes " *pruritum* quendam movent, et acrimonia sua VENEREM *sopitam* " et extinctam *excitant*." Johnston Hist. Nat. de Exang. Aq. p. 56.

I protest I sometimes think these reverend, or irreverend, commentators are about to change sexes, or have done so, and set up for (what Milton in his Apology for Smectymnus calls) " Old Prelatesses with all their young Corinthian Laity." I wonder we have never yet had *The Beauties* of Mr. Steevens, of *The Reverend* DOCTOR Farmer, of Mr. Collins, (the potatoe-critic,) &c. &c. as a convenient manual for young or old men, who would be young. Mr. Collins has given the public four pages in 8vo. small print, on the astonishing virtues of POTATOES, (a tempest of provocation!) printed by themselves at the end of Troilus and Cressida. This *useful* note would have been placed with better grace at the end of "*Love's Labour Lost*."

It is indeed matter of great and offensive scandal to *obtrude* such refuse and filth *upon* THIS NATION, *and upon* ALL *the countries* in the East and West who read Shakspeare's works. It is highly injurious to make Shakspeare the vehicle of so much *obscene trash*, raked together from old plays, old cookery books, and trumpery novels. But, I am told, the poet must be illustrated

* Juv. Sat. 4. *Fabricius, i. e. George Steevens, Esquire.*

Be hail'd by Parr,(*l*) THE GUIDE OF PUBLIC TASTE!

AUTHOR.

illustrated. In these particulars, Mr. Steevens, Dr. Farmer, Mr. Collins, and Mr. (I know not whom) might as well illustrate the latter part of the fourth book of Lucretius. The corruptions of our nature are the most mortifying comment; they need neither incitement, nor *illustration*.

Whoever considers, seriously or politically, the dominion of lust and lewdness, and the wide-wasting desolation and irreversible misery which they throw among the defenceless and much-suffering sex, left to destitution, and disease, and poverty, and despair, and contempt, and barren sorrow; will be cautious how he *adds even one* unnecessary or heedless *incitement* to this overbearing fury. A man of sense, if not of morality, in remarking on all such passages as I have noted, and on many others, would content himself with saying, "This or that passage contains an "indecent allusion not uncommon in the novels or plays of the "time;" or at least would be satisfied with a single instance to shew it. Whatever is more than this, cometh from a source which is not good.

At present, there really should be an expurgatory index to the *best* edition (and in many respects it is the best) of Shakspeare, before it is put into the hands of ladies and the younger part of the readers of Shakspeare. I believe there is not one *reflecting* scholar in this learned kingdom, who will not join in this and in the following criticisms on the present subject, whether the criticisms are severe, jocular, or indignant.

Carminaque Aonidum, JUSTAMQUE probaverat IRAM!*

(*l*) The Reverend Doctor Parr, in his dedication of "Tracts "of Warburton and a Warburtonian, &c." (reprinted in 1789) note

* Ovid. Metam. L. 6. v. 2.

AUTHOR.

What?—must I enter the dramatic course;
Burst through the countless squadrons foot and horse?

All

note 8. p. 150, has most kindly pointed out to such undiscerning persons as myself, that "Malone, Reed, Farmer, and "Tyrwhitt, have come forward as THE GUIDES OF THE "PUBLIC TASTE." To be sure he has added, "Mr. Steevens, "the two Wartons, BURKE, and in his critical capacity, Dr. "JOHNSON." But even in this latter part I must remark a strange coalition. With the names of Burke and Johnson who can place a third modern in the same rank? Of Mr. Steevens's classical erudition and ingenuity much might be said: yet all which he has acknowledged as *his own* writing, consists of notes on Shakspeare. Every one must regret that the History of English Poetry was left unfinished by it's lamented and deeply learned author: and as to his brother Joseph's pleasant Common-Place Book on Pope, it was always amusing to me. But when the title of "Guides of the Public Taste" is given to Malone, Reed, Farmer, (and Tyrwhitt!) who are note-makers alone by profession, I find myself constrained to look into my English Dictionary for the meaning of the words, guide and taste.

Indeed I have often wondered, how so deeply learned a scholar as Mr. TYRWHITT ever suffered himself to be enrolled with these note-makers on Shakspeare: but *the Leader* of them has a tongue to flatter and wheedle. Homer explains it best; Παρφασις ἡ κ' ἐκλεψε νοον πυκα περ φρονεοντων. In this manner the name of SAMUEL JOHNSON was *inseparably* associated with that of George Steevens.

I have

All that for Massinger and Beaumont fight,
But leave their authors in a wretched plight;

From

I have selected this passage from Dr. Parr's splendid dedication of these Warburtonian Tracts, in which a man, in the vigour of his faculties and strength, has not thought it unbecoming his character to attack, like a puny whipster, the established dignity of departed excellence; and with unbridled licence of language has endeavoured to invade the retreat and the repose of a most learned and venerable prelate, * now *in full age and hoary holiness.* I speak with feeling of such a conduct, and I speak with the feelings of a man; for what is a mere scholar and a quoter of Greek, when he forgets the man? I trust Dr. Parr has severely felt the unmeaning vanity and silly cruelty of calling forth again to public notice these tracts, which their authors long wished to give up to oblivion. Leland, and the great and truly good and liberal Jortin, might have been as ably defended at another time and in another place.

I cannot be repaid for such indecent conduct by the amusement I receive, (to use Dr. Parr's *own* words) "from the lucky and "lucid intervals between the paroxysms of (Dr. Parr's) polemic "phrenzy; from all the laughable and all the loathsome singu-"larities which float upon the surface of his (Dr. Parr's) diction; "nor can I hang with fondness and admiration over the crowded, "yet clear and luminous, galaxies of imagery diffused through "(Dr. Parr's) works;" p. 151, &c. &c. But if I should cite any more of such words, the reader would take the Doctor's Greek for English and his English for Greek, and be apt to cry out with honest old Doyley, in the farce of '*Who's the Dupe?*" (which I am not, but the Doctor may know who is,) "I'll be cu s'd if this is "English."

* Dr. HURD, Bishop of Worcester.

From Capell steal, yet never own the theft,
And then desert (*m*) him of his store bereft.
Oh injur'd Patron of our noblest bard!
Capell, (*n*) receive this tribute of regard,

And

"English." Indeed I have no more time or place to allot in this First Dialogue of my Poem to Dr. Parr.—I refer my reader to the *Third* Dialogue, in which the Doctor makes a more distinguished appearance.

(*m*) There are men now in great vogue who will feel the force of these two lines. (1794.)

(*n*) Mr. CAPELL, the Editor, I call him *the Patron** of SHAKSPEARE. This gentleman was of a singular turn of mind, perhaps a little too minute, but of a curiosity unbounded and insatiable. They who are acquainted with his critical writings on Shakspeare, and his accurate researches into this species of antiquity, and who have considered and estimated *his* edition of the poet, will not scruple with me to pronounce him, the Father of all *legitimate* Commentary on Shakspeare. To this gentleman's intimacy, and to the knowledge of his most learned investigations, were admitted men whom I forbear to name. But mark the consequence. *His* edition was condemned, or I should rather say, *damned* by those, who in the poet's own words,

"To his *unguarded* nest, like weasel critics,
"Came *sneaking*, and so suck'd his princely eggs."†

And when the SCHOOL of SHAKSPEARE in 3 vols. 4to. was published (alas! after his death) we were told forsooth that we had nothing to learn on the subject.

I am

* The ὁ Πρῶτος τῶν.

† Hen. V. Act. 1. Sc. 2.

And may this honest verse to life and light
Call forth thy name, and vindicate thy right.

Must I for SHAKSPEARE no compassion feel,
Almost eat up by commentating (o) zeal?

On

I am pleased, however, to see that Mr. Capell's Preface is admitted into the new edition of Shakspeare, in FIFTEEN volumes. It will not be too much to hope for an edition in *Fifty* volumes quarto, printed on a *wire-wove paper, glazed, and hot pressed.*

(o) I hope the reader will not be displeased with a short observation on this subject.

SHAKSPEARE was born in the year 1564, and died on the 23d of April 1616, on his birth-day. It was not until seven years after his death, that his plays were first collected and published together in folio, in the year 1623, by two of his principal friends in the company of comedians, Hemminge and Condell. A second edition was printed in 1632. It may seem strange to us, but it is true, that *no other* edition (a) of his works was attempted till eighty-

(a) I meant, and I mean now, any edition which was *corrected.* Shakspeare's Works were printed undoubtedly in 1664, 1685, and 1709, but not published by any editor of eminence. When such Critics, as the Mimi or Balatrones Shakspeareani, *glory* in rectifying the Author of the P. of L. in such points of high importance;

"If wrong, I smile; if right, I kiss the rod;
"Pains, reading, study, are *their* just pretence,
"And *all* they want, is *spirit, taste, and sense.*"

For a proof, see their writings throughout. (1800.)

On Avon's banks I heard ACTÆON (*p*) mourn,
By fell Black Letter Dogs in pieces torn;
Dogs

eighty-two years after that time, when in the year 1714 a *third* edition was published by Mr. Rowe with very few, if any, corrections.

Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Capell, Johnson, Steevens, and Malone, have since that time given new editions. Mr. Steevens, in the year 1766, published a particular edition in four volumes in 8vo. of all the plays which were printed in 4to. in Shakspeare's life time, or before the Restoration. It is printed verbatim from the old copies, and is curious and valuable.

Mr. Steevens asserts unequivocally, that "*no proof* can be given, "that the poet *superintended the publication of any one of these* "*himself.*" Pref. vol. i. p. 14. If this be true, as I believe, what can any editor arrogate to himself concerning the genuine text of this great poet? I am not speaking of conjectural criticism, and of an accurate revision of the punctuation; which is of real consequence, but of the actual *words* themselves, as written by Shakspeare. The original players, Hemminge and Condell, were in possession of the only MSS. which were extant at the very time when the plays were first acted; and it is probable that the play-house manuscript copy was the only one to which they could refer; and no MSS. whatsoever existed after that time. Shakspeare appears to have wholly neglected or despised reputation in succeeding ages. It is for this age to amuse itself with schools and galleries; and without blame, in my opinion.

(*p*) Vidêre CANES; primusque Melampus,
Pamphagus, et Dorceus, velox cum fratre Lycisca,
Ichnobatesque

Dogs that from Gothic kennels eager start,
All well broke-in by Coney-catching (*q*) Art,

So

Ichnobatesque sagax, et villis Asbolus atris,
Nebrophonosque valens, et trux cum Lælape Theron,
Labros et Agriodos, et acutæ vocis Hylactor,
Quosque referre mora est. Ia turba CUPIDINE PRÆDÆ,
Quà via difficilis, *quàque est via nulla*, sequuntur.
Heu famulos fugit IPSE suos; clamare libebat,
ACTÆON Ego sum; DOMINUM cognoscite VESTRUM:
Vellet abesse quidem—sed ADEST. Ovid. Metam. lib. 3.

It is conceived that this *canine* metamorphosis of the Commentators on Shakspeare, will be received in a pleasant point of view without offence; for I must speak it to the credit of our English black letter dogs, that, upon the whole, there is more harmony among them (a few cases excepted) than among the dogs that worried Greek and Roman authors in former times.

I surely may be excused for this metaphorical *caninity*, if Mr. Bryant himself has been allowed to declare, without censure, that Κυνες signify 'Οι' Ιερεις: though certainly *the Hierarchy* are infinitely indebted to him for the discovery. Bryant's Mythol. vol. i. p. 329, &c.

(*q*) The singularity of this term "Coney-catching," (which is the only reason of my introducing it) called for my attention; as no treatises or farces, or whatever they may be, are more appealed to by the commentators, than "Greene's Art of "Coney-Catching; Greene's Ground-work of Coney-Catch-"ing; Greene's Disputation between a He Coney-Catcher "and a She Coney-Catcher." We have here the *Art*, and the *Ground-work*, and a *Disputе* upon Coney-Catching: I hope the reader will be satisfied with my accurate references.

Yet

So tender to the Paphian notes they move,
And seem as they were only born for (*qq*) *love.*

Hark, Johnson (*r*) smacks his lash; loud sounds
Mounted in rear see Steevens *Whisper-in*, [the din:
Rich

Yet as my poor library will not afford these valuable books, I profess myself still ignorant of this ancient art of Coney-Catching, and therefore am by no means fit for a commentator; yet the reader may perhaps think me fit for writing a note or two upon these "SNAPPERS UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES."* I do not agree with Mr. Steevens that *Coney-catching* means *the art of picking pockets*; (see his note on the words "Silly Cheat," vol. iv. p. 368, ed. 1778.)—except there is any pleasant allusion, by anticipation, to some late editions of Shakspeare. My poor pockets cannot keep up with these rising demands upon them. SIX POUNDS FIFTEEN SHILLINGS!! for the last edition of Shakspeare, and without any binding! I cry you mercy, my good Master Steevens; think of us *poor* poets.

(*qq*) "They of love and love's disport,
Treat LARGELY, of *their mutual guilt* the seal."
Milt. P. L.

See the Comments on Shakspeare, as above, passim through the whole edition.

(*r*) SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D. The reader must know enough of this *Huntsman*, his green velvet cap, and brown brass buttoned coat, and his churlish chiding of every hound that came near him, &c. &c. at least it is not Jemmy Boswell's fault if

* Winter's Tale, a. 4. sc. 1.

Rich with the spoils of learning's Black domain,
And Guide supreme o'er all the tainted plain.
Lo! first *Melampus* (*s*) Farmer deftly springs,
(Walter de Mapes (*t*) his sire) the welkin rings:
Stout

if he does not.—Johnson and Boswell; Αυτος και Θεραπων! But *now* we must all regret the loss of the chearful, the pleasant, the inimitable Biographer of his illustrious friend.

Dr. Johnson's comments on Shakspeare are never sullied and contaminated with *minute* explications of indecent passages.

He bears no token of those sable streams,
But mounts far off among the swans of Thames. *

In whatever Dr. Johnson undertook, it was his determined purpose to rectify the heart, to purify the passions, to give "ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."

(*s*) Melampus signifies a dog with black feet. He is supposed to have run over the town and county of *Leicester*, but never could be persuaded to give any account of it.†

This dog scented out the *Learning* of Shakespeare with true and original sagacity, and absolutely unkennelled it. This is his proper praise. Mr. Steevens says, "Could *a perfect* and *decisive* "edition of Shakspeare be produced, it were to be expected

"ONLY

* Pope Dunc. L. 2. v. 297.

† I lament that Dr. Farmer never published his intended HISTORY of LEICESTER. I lament it, but I do not reprobate the Doctor, as he behaved in a gentlemanly manner when he declined prosecuting that work, which is a real loss to the antiquary and the lover of topography.

Stout Gloucester (*u*) mark in *Pamphagus* (*v*) advance;
Who never stood aghast in speechless trance;

The

" ONLY (though we fear in vain) from the hand of DR. FARMER, " whose MORE SERIOUS AVOCATIONS *forbid* HIM to undertake " what, &c. &c." See the Advertisement by Mr. Steevens to Shakspeare, Edit. 1793, p. 11. Such gravity of compliments between two editors, reminds me of what Shakspeare calls, " THE ENCOUNTER of TWO DOG APES." (1794.)

(*t*) Walter de Mapes was the jovial archdeacon of Oxford, the Anacreon of the eleventh century. " A decent priest where " monkies were the gods, *" and author of the *divine* ode, beginning:

" Mihi sit propositum in tabernâ mori;
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori;
Ut dicant, cum venerint angelorum chori,
Deus sit propitius huic Potatori!" &c.

(*u*) Stout Gloucester.—Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester.—See Gray's Bard; " Stout Gloucester stood aghast in speechless " trance." Stanza 1.

(*v*) Pamphagus signifies a dog of a most voracious appetite, who snaps at and devours every thing digestible or indigestible. They who are acquainted with the Divine Legation, &c. &c. well know the nature of Warburton's literary appetite, and the danger of hunting in the same field with him. With all his eccentricities this was a noble dog, and there is not one of the true breed left, worthy of the progenitor, though there are a few mongrels.

* Dunciad B. 3. 203.

The sage *Ichnöbates* (*w*) see Tyrwhitt limp;
Malone *Hylactor* (*x*) bounds, a clear-voic'd imp;

Asbolus

(*w*) Ichnobates means a dog who *tracks* out the game before him. No one was more diligent than this dog, yet he frequently went upon a wrong scent; but would never suffer the huntsman to call him off, especially in the neighbourhood of *Canterbury* and *Bristol*.

If I were again to metamorphose these hounds into men, I should lament the application of Mr. Tyrwhitt's learning and sagacity. "Illum pro literato plerique laudandum dux-"erunt, quùm ille, næniis quibusdam anilibus occupatus, "inter Milesias Punicas Apuleii sui et *ludicrâ literariâ* "consenesceret."* I will however say, as to my own part, "Illum pro literato *laudandum* semper duxi," but with a reserve as to the application of his learning. I wish this Ichnobates had been "utilium sagax rerum."

(*x*) *Hylactor* means a dog with a clear and strong voice. One would think that *this dog* was one of Canidia's breed, which called from the sepulchre the actual remains of the dead to enchant and stupify the living. This dog has been scratching up the earth about *Doctors Commons*, and has torn up all *the Wills* of the actors who lived in Shakspeare's time, and carried them in his mouth to the printer of a late edition of that author.

But when I speak of rational men, it passes the bounds of all sagacity to divine, by what species of refined absurdity *the Wills and Testaments of Actors* could be raked up and published to *illustrate* Shakspeare. (See Malone's Shakspeare, vol. ii p. 186. &c. &c. &c. and in the 2d vol. of the edit. of Shakspeare, in *fifteen* Volumes, in 1793.) A critic for such an ingenious

 invention

* V. Julium Capitolinum in Vita Clodii Albini ad Constantium Augustum.

Asbolus (*z*) Hawkins, a grim shaggy hound,
In music growls, and beats the bushes round; (*a*)
Then Porson view *Nebrophonos* (*b*) the shrewd, (*c*)
Yet foaming with th' Archdeacon's (*d*) critic blood;

See

invention should be presented with the *altum Saganæ caliendrum*, which would not easily fall from his head. But Mr. Malone has redeemed this piece of folly by many valuable literary excellencies.

(*z*) *Asbolus* signifies a dog of a swarthy complexion.

(*a*) Beats the bushes round. — Descriptive of Sir John Hawkins's History of Music; in which however there is much original and valuable information, as in all his other works, so unjustly censured in my opinion. Sir John's principal fault was *digression* from his subject; but if you excuse that, you are well repaid by the information you receive.

(*b*) *Nebrophonos* signifies a dog that slays the fawns and deer, and so in truth it is;

Archdeacons, rats, and such small deer,
Have been DICK's food for many a year.

And, as Lear says, "I'll take a word with this same LEARNED "THEBAN!" my learned *Master* Richard Porson: but he loves *no titles!* It would be better if he did. (1794.)

(*c*) Mr. Malone says, the word *shrewd* means "acute, or "intelligent;" Mr. Steevens says, it is "bitter or severe." Shaks. ed. 1793, vol. vi. p. 430. Reader, you may chuse, or rather combine the terms.

(*d*) The reader may be surprised to find any theological writings in this part; but Mr. Steevens's ingenuity has contrived to press Mr. Professor Porson's letters to Mr. Archdeacon Travis

into

See *Dorceus* (*dd*) Whiter o'er the learned soil,
Brisk, though at fault, with new associates toil;

In*

into the service of Shakspeare; and by such ingenuity *who* or *what* may not be pressed into it? This is quite a sufficient excuse for me, or rather a full justification of my allusion to them. See Tempest, vol. iii. p. 68. Steev. edit. 1793. Mr. Steevens stiles Mr. P. "an excellent scholar and a perspicacious "critic;" in which I most cordially and most sincerely agree. But, if I am rightly informed, he thanks neither Mr. Steevens, nor me, nor Dr. Parr, nor Dr. Burney, nor any other Doctor or Mister in this country, for any opinion they may entertain or express of him or his works. He neither gives nor takes.

I find the Archdeacon has re-published his work, and in my opinion has very wisely declined being *led* any more by DICK *and the foul fiend* "through fire, and through flame and whirl-"pool, o'er bog and quagmire, and having knives laid under "his pillow." But the Archdeacon has had the weakness to print his work on a *wire-wove paper* and *hot-pressed*. Had I been the Archdeacon, I should have been contented with the *hotpressing* by Mr. Porson, hot indeed, *hissing hot!* This controversy has no good end. Learning is good, and theology is good; but there is something better, Η Αγαπη. There is also a writer who says, Κατακαυχᾶται ελεος κρισεως. (1794.)

(*dd*) *Dorceus*, signifies, in my opinion, a dog of a sharp sight, apt to see what nobody else can in a large field. Some derive it from Δορκας, capra, quasi per saltum, which I reject. See Mr. Whiter's Commentaries on Shakspeare, on a *new* principle, &c. published in 1794.

This is certainly a very learned and sagacious dog. He is out of the actual chace; but might, with great propriety, join

In *Theron*'s (*e*) form, mark Ritson next contend,
Fierce, meagre, pale, no commentator's (*f*) friend;
Tom Warton last, *Agriodos* (*g*) acute,
With *Labros* Percy (*h*) barks in close pursuit:

Hot

join the pack on a future day: or in plain words, when a new edition of Shakspeare is printed, there should be a selection of notes from his book. His criticism on the second Eclogue of the Poems ascribed to Rowley, (truly or falsely,) in point of ingenuity and illustrative learning has never been surpassed. "Cuicunque veterum fortiter opposuerim." (1796.)

(*e*) *Theron* signifies a dog of innate ferocity."

(*f*) Poor Tom Warton could have told a piteous tale, how *his* historic "body was punched full of deadly holes" by this literary Richard IIId. Dr. Percy could make a lamentation or two in some ancient ditty, in a *fit* or canto. Mr. Malone probably has felt a gripe rather strong. The antiquaries—but they have *spoken for themselves*. The Antiquarian Society is amiable and harmless, and from what I have seen, their publications resemble the subjects of them; Νεκυων ΑΜΕΝΗΝΑ καρηνα. Who could wish to disturb such repose? (1794.)

(*g*) *Agriodos* signifies a dog with a sharp tooth.—I always regret the loss of THOMAS WARTON; in his various writings he is amusing, instructive, pleasant, learned, and poetical.

I never received information so agreeably from any modern writer. His edition of Milton's Smaller Poems, (an exquisite specimen of classical commentary, and worthy of his former observations

Hot was the chace; I left it out of breath;
I wish'd not *to be in* at SHAKSPEARE's death. 250
OCTAVIUS.

observations on Spenser) leaves it a matter of unceasing regret, that he never published the Paradise Lost and Regained. The want of the last volume of the History of English Poetry, must for ever be lamented. I despair of any artist able to finish such a work, with so few imperfections, and with such various erudition.

Tom Warton had rather a kindly affection for the jovial memory of Archdeacon Walter de Mapes of the 11th century, mentioned for his drinking ode in a former note. Mr. W. tells us, (with a warm panegyric,) in his 2d Dissert. to the Hist. of English Poetry that this divine Anacreon wrote also a Latin ode in favour of *married* priests, concluding with these *spirited* lines:

Ecce *pro Clericis* multum allegavi;
Nec non pro Presbyteris multum comprobavi;
Pater noster pro me, quoniam peccavi,
Dicat quisque Presbyter cum sua SUAVI!

I quote this for *my own* sake, quoniam peccavi, and am inclined to hope that every "Presbyter cum sua Suavi," will be as kind to the author of this poem on THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE. Requiescat!

(*h*) *Labros* signifies a dog that *opens* continually.—But I forget; "Si quis dixerit EPISCOPUM aliquâ infirmitate laborare, "anathema esto."* (1794.)

Thus I take my leave of the WHOLE black-letter KENNEL, with all their wit, and all their follies, and all their merry humours; and they may both now and hereafter, unawed by their great *Huntsman* who is no more, and most probably unmolested by me, continue to bark and growl, and snap

* Council of Constance.

OCTAVIUS.

Here yet awhile (*i*) these honest labours close,
And leave indignant Genius to repose. 252

snap, and quarrel, and teaze one another, till there remains not a critical offal for which they may contend.

Et velut absentem certatim ACTÆONA *clament.**

Finally, as to this celebrated edition of Shakspeare by George Steevens, Esq. and the whole black-letter *Kennell*, I must pronounce it's great Eulogium, as it is beautifully conceived and expressed in the words of a master of the most finished Latinity of the Augustan age. "HIC LIBER est *conglutinatus* ex tam "multis libris quot unus pinguis Cocus Oves, boves, sues, grues, "anseres, passeres, coquere, aut unus fumosus Calefactor "centum magna hypocausta ex illis calefacere possit!!!" Epist. *Obscurorum* Virorum!

(*i*) "Hæc SAT ERIT, Divæ, vestrum cecinisse Poetam." So said VIRGIL,‡ and so says my friend OCTAVIUS, to whose judgment I submit, and write this note in conclusion for the present, that I may offer and recommend to the consideration of all Poets, Orators, and Writers, sacred and profane, a sentence from SWIFT, which I could wish to see engraven in letters of gold, as an everlasting admonition. It is this; "To say the "truth, no part of knowledge seems to be *in fewer hands*, than "that of discerning WHEN TO HAVE DONE." (1794.)

* Ovid. Met. Lib. 3. ‡ Virg. Ecl. 10. v. 70.

THE END OF DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

Ετ' αβλητος και ανυτατος οξει χαλκω,
Διενευω κατα μεσσον, αγοι δε με Παλλας Αθηνη
Χειρος ἑλυσ', αυταρ βελεων απερυκοι ερωην.

Hom. Il. 4. v. 540.

THE PREFACE

TO THE SECOND DIALOGUE(a)

OF THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

MICHELANGELO BUONAROTTI,
In persona DELLA NOTTE ADDORMENTATA. (b)

Grato mi è il sonno, e più l'esser di sasso,
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura;
Non veder, non sentir, m'è gran ventura:
Però non mi destar, ma parla basso.

TWO years have passed since I published "The first "Part of the Pursuits of Literature." I now offer a continuation of it to the attention of those persons who may

(a) First printed in May 1796.

(b) Statua della Notte, scolpita da Michel Angelo.—V. Vite di Pittori, &c. di Vasari, part. 3. del vol. 2. p. 159. edit. Bologna, 1647.

may feel themselves interested in such researches; the subjects of which are, *in their event*, important to us all. What I observed of the First Part, I observe of this, and the following Parts, "that no imitation is intended of any former poem." That it will attract *some* attention in *some* places, I am confident; but it will be idle to make any conjecture as to the author. He is, and will be, concealed upon motives very different from the apprehension of any private resentment. I dissuade every person from flippant and random application of any suppoſed name; it is as unjust as it is absurd. "Flebit et insignis totâ cantabitur "urbe*," was said of old, but I do not say this; though I recommend to every gentleman and lady of eminent sagacity and curiosity to remember, that there is a darkness which may be felt.

As to the subject of SATIRE in general, I will add a few words, as they are not wholly unimportant, and as they explain my own ideas. All reprehension of vice, or of folly, or of any moral depravity, must cease at once, if it is required of the author of that reprehension, that he be *blameless* himself in the strict, or indeed in any, sense of that word. But if the enumeration of evils, wickedness, folly, extravagance, abuse of knowledge in theory or in practice, and a censure of such actions and of such opinions, be considered as the production of a mind bad, reprehensible, and unquiet in itself, I fear, that few philoſophers are exempted from the charge.

In my opinion, the Philosopher himself is a Satirist, speaking to the world at large, without a specific reference to

* Hor. Lib. 2. S. 1. v. 45.

to any nation. The Satirist, (in the common acceptation of the word) is a writer in poetry or in prose, who addresses himself to a peculiar part of the world, and generally to his own countrymen, calling them to a view of their faults, follies, or vices, which are destructive of society, of government, of good manners, or of good literature. The philosophic Satirist effects his purpose by appealing to man and his nature; the modern poet supposing and ackowledging the truth of these original principles, argues virtually from them, but directs his attention to existing persons, circumstances, opinions, and books, in his own times. He illustrates his doctrine by that forcible appeal, assisted by learning, wit, and ridicule; with an honest endeavour to uphold the common cause of wisdom, of truth, and of virtue; without which criticism is malignity, and satire is scandal.

Yet, however excellent, the work of any Satirist is transitory as to it's immediate subject. But as it is a view of life *designed* (*a*) to be presented to other times, as well as those in which it is written, the necessity of an author's furnishing *Notes to his own composition* (*b*) is evident, to clear

(*a*) I refer the reader to Dean Swift's dedication to Prince Posterity.

(*b*) "*The notes* I wish *to be very large* in what relates to the "persons concerned: for I have long observed that, twenty "miles from London, nobody understands hints, initial letters, "or town facts and passages, and in a few years not even those "who live in London." Swift's Letter to Pope. July 16, 1728. Pope's Works, vol. 9. p. 117. *Warburton*'s edition, 8vo. N. B. Dr. Joseph Warton observes in *his* edition of Pope, vol.

clear up for himself such difficulties as the lapse of time, (and indeed of a very little time) would unavoidably create. This is a privilege and a liberty which was denied to the ancients, which Dryden rejected, and Pope partially adopted.

After these few observations, (which I thought necessary, or I would not have written them) I offer this continuation of the poem to my readers, not without the spirit of a writer who has endeavoured well. I will also, upon reflection, add the words of MILTON; "I do not look to be asked, wherefore "I wrote this book; it being no difficulty to answer, that I "did it to those ends, which the best men propose to them-"selves when they write."

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vol. 4. p. 323. that, this observation of Swift "is a *mortifying* "reflection to the writers of Satire, and daily topics of cen-"sure." I have taken particular care in my poem to prevent *this mortification*.

THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE SECOND. (*)

Ανειρυσας
Και φασ᾽γανυ ζωστηρα, και ξιφος πατρος,
Κρημνων ενερθεν αιγιλιψ ῥοιζυμενων,
Παλιν (δοκευω.)

Lycophron. Cassandra. v. 1321.

AUTHOR.

ALL hail to Cestria, and her mitred lord! (a)
And may the Muse in lasting strains record
That lawn'd Endymion of a happier age,
Who, wild with rapture and empiric rage,

On

(*) First published in May, 1796.

(a) John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester in the last century, wrote a celebrated "Discourse concerning the possibility of a "passage to the moon." Upon my word, Philosophy is a very pleasant thing, and has various uses; one of the best is, it makes us laugh sometimes.

On bold aspiring pinion could presume
To journey through the vast ethereal gloom;
Who tir'd of earth, and dreams of gowned rest,
Sunk in the elysium of his Cynthia's breast!

But ah! for *us* those wizard wonders cease:
In war, death, pestilence, or dang'rous peace,
Condemn'd to groan in this disorder'd hour,
Victors and victims of th' unhallow'd pow'r,
That bids the western world or rouse or weep,
O'erwhelm'd beneath the formidable deep.

OCTAVIUS.

Of France (*a*) enough: go bend before that tomb,
Where other palms and other laurels bloom,

Where

(*a*) I can mention no lines so expressive of the state of France, (1796) as the following *adapted* from Boileau.

" Dechirans á l'envi leur propre Republique,
" Lions contre Lions, parens contre parens,
" Combattent follement POUR LE CHOIX DES TYRANS!"*

To some persons the following sublime picture, as drawn by the

* Boileau, Sat. 8. v. 132.

Where Maro sleeps; or in the Sabine shade,
Or in severe Aquinum's inmost glade,
Fast by Volterra's dark Etrurian grove,
With Boileau's (*b*) art, and Dryden's rapture rove.
Be wise betimes, and in resistless prose
Leave Burke ALONE to thunder on our foes:

Let

the master hand of that mighty poet Lycophron, will have it's force, under the same allusion.

Καταιθει γαιαν ορχηστης Αρης
Στρομβω τον ἀιματηρον εξαρχων νομον.
Απασα δε χθων προυιμματων δηϊημενη
Κειται, πεφρικαν δ', ὡστε ληϊϐ γυαι,
Λογχαις αποστιλϐοντες. Οιμωγη δε μοι
Εν ὡσι πυργων εξ ακρων ινδαλλεται,
Προς αιθερος κυρϐσα νηνεμϐς ἑδρας,
Γοω γυναικων, και καταῤῥαγαις πεπλων,
Αλλην επ' αλλη συμφορην δεδεγμενων. †

(*b*) Boileau.—He was the most perfect of all modern writers in true taste and judgment. His sagacity was unerring; he combined every ancient excellence, and appears original even in the adoption of acknowledged thoughts and allusions. He is the just and adequate representative of Horace, Juvenal, and Persius united, without one indecent blemish; and for my own part

† Lycophron. Cassandra. v. 249.

Let Wakefield (*c*) rant, and pallid Thelwall bawl,
Lords of misrule, in anarchy's wild hall;
Such prophets as ere long Horne Tooke may save,
And hide and feed *by fifties* (*d*) in a cave.

You

part I have always considered him as *the most finished gentleman* that ever wrote. I have spoken more at large of this poet in the Introductory Letter to the P. of L.

(*c*) Wakefield. Whenever I think of the name of *Gilbert Wakefield*, and look at *the list* of his works, (for I would not undertake to read them *all*,) I feel alternate sorrow and indignation. His learning and sagacity are indeed sufficient to entitle him to *some* patronage, and to the removal of every want. But his spirit is so restless, his temper is so overbearing and tyrannical, (I speak *from the consideration of his works alone*,) his contempt for others is so great, and his personal vanity so conspicuous, that even Literature begins to be weary of him.

But when I turn to his religious and political opinions, I find all the virulence and asperity of the reformer; all the insolence and even impudence of the assertors of equality; a want of decent, or even of common respect to dignified characters; and a mind (naturally designed for better exertions, and cultivated in the groves of an university) hostile and implacable to every establishment, and with a strong tendency even to * sanguinary persecution.

* See (if it is worth while) Gilbert Wakefield's pamphlet entitled "Remarks on the General Orders given by the Duke of "York to his army, July 7, 1794, respecting the decree of the "French Convention, to give no quarter to the British and "Hanoverians,

You read perchance a minister in books, (*f*)
And know an honest statesman by his looks;
Think in debates the spirit may be seen,
In Thurlow just, in Wedderburne, serene;

In

Persecution. I speak of him as a public man; I have no contempt of his attainments. But I will never suffer him, nor any other man, who obtrudes himself and his political principles and measures upon the public, to pass me without notice; or as the poet strongly expresses it,

Glomerare sub antro
Fumiferam noctem, *commixtis igne tenebris*, (*a*)

without the reprehension he deserves. (1796.)

(*d*) *By fifties.* "Obadiah took *the prophets*, and hid them by "*fifty in a cave*, and fed them *with bread and water*." Kings, B. 1. ch. 18. v. 4. In the provisions of that most important, and I wish

"Hanoverians, 1794." I only mention this or any of Mr. Wakefield's writings for *their spirit and tendency*, as the compositions are worth little notice. I shall not at present wander through his "Silva Critica," "Ubi passim palantes *Error* recto de tramite "pellit." (*b*) His ravages on Virgil and Horace, in *his* late editions of them, are often as shocking to taste as to truth. Bentley's hook (I beg pardon for coupling the names) was nothing to the levelling axe of Gilbert Wakefield. If Mr. Wakefield does not write with greater care and ability than he has hitherto shewn, neither *men*, nor *gods*, nor *columns* will permit his works to be extant very long.

(*a*) Virg. Æn. 8. v. 254. (*b*) Hor. L. 2. Sat. 3. v. 48.

In Grenville, firmness; majesty, in Pitt;
And in Dundas, the courage to submit.
Proud of your keen discernment you retire,
Smit with the fame of Rollo's bard (*g*) and squire,
You print (poor man!) your satire and your song,
Correct as Gifford, or as Cowper, strong.

AUTHOR.

Yes: to my country's justice I appeal,
Nor dread the press, the guillotine, nor wheel,
Nor

wish I could say, perpetual act, (passed in 1795) for preventing seditious assemblies, &c. &c. &c. it is specified, that none of these prophets, or lecturers, or diviners in democracy, shall meet in greater numbers than *by fifty* in a cave, or elsewhere; and considering the inflammatory nature of their disorders, it is devoutly to be wished, that they may be kept upon the same cooling diet. (1796.)

(*f*) I allude to the profound knowledge which busy men acquire of the most secret designs of the British, or even of foreign cabinets,—from the news-papers. Nothing is so pleasant as to hear men assert without the least hesitation what they *know* of the intention of Ministers. I really envy the satisfaction they feel, when they communicate their discoveries to such unenlightened and ignorant men as myself.

Nor fulsome praise, nor coldness of neglect,
Nor all that poets meet, but scarce expect:
Yet though *the question* I shall never fear,
A rhyming culprit's bold confession hear.

Memory I have, not Middleton (*i*) has more;
Plays I could frame, like Ireland, (*k*) by the score;
Could sing of gardens, yet well pleas'd to see
Walpole (*l*) and Nature may, for once, agree;
Could give with Darwin, to the hectic kind,
Receipts in verse to shift the north-east wind (*m*);
With

(*g*) Dr. Lawrence; Author or Editor of the Rolliad, Probationary Odes, &c.

(*i*) The famous witness on Mr. Hastings's trial, the disciple of Themistocles.

(*k*) The publisher of the newly-found manuscripts in Shakspeare's own hand-writing. The reader will find more on this subject in the course of this Second Dialogue.

(*l*) Read (it well deserves the attention) that quaint, but most curious and learned, writer's excellent Essay on Modern Gardening, at the end of his Lives of the Painters.

(*m*) See Dr. Darwin's Loves of the Plants, and a long and pleasant note, in which the Doctor thinks it very feasible to

With Price (*n*) and Knight grounds *by neglect* improve;
And banish use, for naked Nature's love,
Lakes, forests, rivers, in one landscape drawn,
My park, a county, and a heath, my lawn;
With Knight, man's civil progress (*o*) could rehearse,
Put Hume, or Smith, or Tacitus *in verse*,

And,

manage the winds, (and every thing else I believe) at *his* pleasure, by a little philosophy. I never read any thing so comfortable in my life. Martinus Scriblerus will be, after all, a legitimate natural philosopher. It appears to me, that Dr. Darwin's *ingenious* understanding is peculiarly adapted to solve the following problem in *natural* philosophy: "WHETHER, "the hybernal frigidity of the Antipodes, passing in an ortho-"gonal line through the homogeneous solidity of the center, "might warm the superficial connexity of our heels by a soft "antiperistasis?" I have given a translation of this great and useful problem, (as the French Philosopher Pantagruel is not quite so intelligible in the original,) that Dr. Darwin may discuss it at large in the next edition of his Zoonomia, which is much to be desired. I refer the reader to the "Creme Philosophique "des Questions Encyclopediques," at the end of Rabelais Book 5. The *true cream* of their modern Encyclopedie is to be found in the French Revolution, 1789, &c.

(*n*) Price and Knight.—See the various treatises, all curious and in some degree pleasant, on the subject of landscape, and the art of laying out grounds. Knight and Price, *versus* Mason and Brown, REPTON, Moderator. I have no doubt of the decision at the bar of taste; but I certainly would not bring the cause

And, while Silenus and his votaries nod,
Quaff Paphian grossness from my chrystal (*h*) God.

Or

cause in the court at Guildhall. With the giants on the jury, and Lord Kenyon for the judge, there certainly would be a verdict for the Brobdignag Gardeners, Knight and Price. (1796.)

(*o*) See and read (if possible) what Mr. R. P. Knight calls a Didactic Poem, "THE PROGRESS of Civil Society, in six "books, 4to." I protest I speak impartially, when I assert that Mr. Knight seems to have no other idea of poetry, than that of lines and syllables put into a measure with, now and then, some little attention to grammar: I mean, when he writes verses himself. For if he conceives, that the versification of Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws, Tacitus on the Germans, Smith on the Wealth of Nations, Robertson's Introduction to his History of Charles V. Stuart on the View of Society in Europe, and such works, is *poetry*, there is no help for him, he must be suffered to *rhyme on*. "Dogmatizer en vers, et rimer par chapitres."(*a*)

It is impossible to criticize or examine the whole in a note, but I will give a specimen of such observations as I should make, if I were to go through the whole of this tedious piece of work. Mr. K. is very fond of beginning all his books *with doubt*, like a true philosopher; he always uses the words "*Whether* this, "or *whether* that—or *whether* the other,"—is the case; never deciding the point, nor giving even a doubtful solution of doubtful doubts, as Mr. Hume kindly used to do. But *whether* Mr. K. understands himself, even in the very beginning of his poem, may be a doubt; but *whether* his readers understand

 him,

(*a*) Boileau, Sat. 8. v. 126.

Or I could *scribble* (*q*) for historic fame,
Like Gillies, feeble, formal, dull, and tame; (*qq*)
Then

him, is no doubt at all. He begins thus; Book the first; Verse the first. (I take the verses at the very beginning, to shew my impartiality.)

" *Whether* primordial *motion sprang to life*
From the wild war of elemental strife.
In *central chains* the mass inert *confin'd*,
And sublimated matter into mind;
Or *whether* one great, all pervading soul, &c.
Or ———
Whether, in Fate's *eternal fetters bound*
Mechanic Nature *goes* her endless round, &c. &c.

In all this mist and darkness which he flings around him, I am certain that it is impossible for Mr. Knight to look through this preparation of the poetical sky for the metaphysical deluge which ensues, when he is to

" Trace out the slender *social links that bind*
" In *order*'s chain, the *chaos* of mankind, &c. &c."

Ohe jam satis—But then I am told there are so many pretty and intelligible passages (I grant it, Horum *simplicitas* miserabilis!) in this and *t'other* poem (I must mean the Landscape;) and the ladies say it is so charming to wish to be buried *under an oak*, and so romantic. See p. 153. I wish from my soul that all the democracy and infidelity in the kingdom were buried under the great guardian oak of England, and the spirit of Mr. Knight confined in the stem of it. He might cry out as lustily as Polydorus, and all the conjurers of the Dilettanti might assist at the disinchantment if they pleased.

N. B. I am

Then tir'd of truth, like COXE, to fable stray,
And vie with Croxall in my notes on Gay. (r) 60

I could

I am infinitely indebted to Mr. Richard Payne Knight for the honour he has been pleased to confer on my note in the First Dialogue of this Poem on the Pursuits of Literature; see P. 17, &c. of *his* Preface to *his* Progress of Civil Society.

" If Mr. Knight's bed be a bed of tortures, he has made it for " himself." (a) I did *not* name him, as the author of the Essay ON THE WORSHIP OF PRIAPUS, but he has *now* named himself. I am glad however that he has some sense of shame left, by endeavouring to explain away one of the most unbecoming and indecent treatises which ever disgraced the pen of a man who would be thought a scholar and a philosopher; and I persevere in that opinion, and could be tempted to copy even my former note. (b) Mr. K. had better have kept to his *Principia*, A, B, Γ, Δ, κτλ. See his Greek alphabet. I hope he will do better in future, and spare me more trouble; for I am as tired of him as he can be of me.

As Mr. Knight is a Member of Parliament, I must fairly tell him, that if he is appointed Chairman of any polite poetical Committee, and any more " *reports* PROGRESS, and asks leave " to sit again," the motion will be *negatived by the whole house.* (1796.)

(r) " Vitreo bibit ille Priapo." Juv. Sat. 2. v. 95. See Mr. Knight's Essay on the Worship of Priapus, and my note on it in the First Dialogue of this Poem.

(a) I quote JUNIUS in English, as I would Tacitus or Livy in Latin. I consider him as a legitimate English classic.

(b) See the First Dialogue of the P. of L.—I have been told that FIVE GUINEAS is the price of The Essay on Priapus, if a copy is at any time to be sold!

I could, like Seward, if for scraps you call,
Turn public bagman, (*s*) train'd in Walpole's stall;

Or

(*q*) Soon after Mr. Gibbon had published the second and third volumes of his Roman History, the late Duke of Cumberland accidentally met him, and intending to pay him a great compliment, said; "How do you do, Mr. Gibbon? I see you are "always *at it*, the old way, *scribble, scribble, scribble.*"—There are various judges of historical writing, from Quintilian to the *late* Duke of Cumberland.

Dr. GILLIES wrote the History of Greece, &c. in a manner quite different from Mr. Gibbon; but, according to Pliny's good-humoured observation; "Historia quoquo modo scripta "delectat." (1796.)

(*qq*) The epithets in the verse are designed to characterize *the writings* of Dr. Gillies. There is some learning, great diligence, attention, and application; but no marks of genius or of strength in his compositions. Sed tamen in pretio. And I wish them to be so, as the Doctor is a man of good intentions, a passable scholar, an indefatigable reader, and of most respectable character. I speak of nothing but his writings. (1796.)

(*r*) Fables by John Gay, *illustrated with notes* by WILLIAM COXE, M. A. F. R. S. F. S. A. Rector of Bemerton, Prebendary of Sarum, Domestic Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Member of the Imperial Œconomical Society of St. Petersburg, and of the Royal Society of Sciences at Copenhagen, Chaplain to H. G. the Duke of Marlborough; &c. &c. &c.!!! (1796.) What will Mr. Coxe write next? To be sure Addison did gravely comment on Chevy Chace. I am not inclined to make any other comparison. (1796.)

(*s*) See (for they are very entertaining, but very dear) Mr. Seward's Anecdotes of distinguished Persons, &c. in four volumes.

Or to Cythæron, from the Treasury, move,
And, like Sir James Bland Burgess, (*t*) murmur love;
Or with Fitzpatrick, mark the space between
A tainted strumpet and a spotless Queen; (*tt*)
Could

volumes. I prefer Mr. Seward to every compiler of anecdotes, except the Hon. Mr. Horace Walpole, now Lord Orford. *A visiting library* is very convenient and pleasant to one's friends. (1796.)—I hope Mr. S. may hereafter present the public with similar works, but in single volumes.

(*t*) I allude to Sir James Bland Burgess's Poem, entitled, "The Birth and Triumph of Love!" accompanied by the prettiest little designs of the Amoretti alati by one of the fairest, most ingenious, and most illustrious hands (*a*) in the kingdom. Sir James, late Under Secretary of State, is very properly, (as all Under Secretaries of State, or Chief Secretaries in the Treasury, should be,) attentive to his character, and is particularly afraid of the smallest Cupid *without a muzzle*. Sir James says, "That boy and that boy's deeds shall not pollute my measure." St. 1. Now when I consider what Virgil and Tasso have said and sung of "that boy and that boy's deeds," it is a little prudish in Sir James Bland Burgess, Baronet and Poet, on such a subject to have such fears. A poet may be a little playful. But Sir James Bland Burgess is right after all; there certainly should be none but the most virtuous persons about Secretaries of State, and in the precincts of the Treasury, though now and then a straggler of another description will be found, notwithstanding the unremitted diligence and undiverted attention of George Rose, Esq. (1796.)

(*tt*) A line taken from the Political Eclogue, intitled "*The Lyars*;" the most finished of all the productions of the Authors

of

(*a*) H. R. H. the Princess Elizabeth.

Could furnish feasts for each Parnassian prig,
A *Florence* goose, *three* ducklings, and *one* (*v*) pig;
With Spartan Pye (*x*) lull England to repose,

Or

of the Rolliad. Public report has assigned this classical but too free composition to the keen, sarcastic pen of General Fitzpatrick. "Such is the Bard whose distich *some* commend," &c. I may be mistaken as to the Author, but I have selected this eclogue to reprobate the licentious spirit which pervades the whole of it. The Art of Political Lying indeed was not invented by Lord North, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, General Fitzpatrick, or any modern Statesman. It is an ancient and approved art by John Bull.

(*v*) A Florence goose, &c.—See a publication, entitled, "An "Ode to an Eton Boy, *Three* Sonnets, and *One* Epigram:" by William Parsons, Esq. This gentleman is the fairest of all Mr. Gray's Critics: he even allows the superiority of his genius, and gives *his own* verses in Mr. Gray's measure. The *obliquity* of the principles and of the understanding is sometimes unaccountable.

(*x*) *Spartan* Pye.—Mr. Pye, the present poet Laureat, with the best intentions at this momentous period, if not with the very best poetry, translated the verses of Tyrtæus the Spartan. They were designed to produce animation throughout the kingdom, and among the Militia in particular. Several of the *Reviewing* Generals (I do not mean the Monthly or Critical) were much impressed with their *weight* and importance, and at a board of General Officers, an experiment was agreed upon, which unfortunately failed. They were read aloud at Warley Common, and at Barham Downs by the Adjutants, at the head of five different regiments, at each camp, and much was

expected,

Or frighten children with Lenora's (*y*) woes: 70
I could—

OCTAVIUS.

Do what?—where will your vaunting reach?
Is this a prelude to your parting speech?

AUTHOR.

expected. But before they were half finished, all the front ranks, and as many of the others as were within hearing or verse shot, dropped their arms suddenly, and were *all found fast asleep*! Marquis Townshend, who never approved of the scheme, said with his usual pleasantry, that the first of all poets observed, "that Sleep is the brother of Death." (1796.)

Certain kinds of *poetry* and writing (to which I have been too much accustomed) may be added to the number of the Υπνω Αγωγα, or Soporifics, which great medical writers affirm to be, accustomed noises, motions, &c. &c. in short the πᾶσι τα ξυνηθεα. The acute physician ARETÆUS thus speaks;—Υπνω αγωγα ἁπασι τα ξυνηθεα. Ναυτικὼ μεν ἡ εν ακατω κατακλισις, και εν θαλασσῃ περιφορα, και αιγιαλων ηχος, και κυματων κτυπος, ανεμων τε ῥομβος—κτλ.(*a*) The whole passage is uncommonly eloquent and sensible; and my medical readers will thank me for pointing it out. Aretæus, is perhaps, the first descriptive painter in his art. Such accomplished scholars as the venerable Dr. Heberden, Dr. Glynn, Sir George Baker, Dr. Turton, Dr. Milman, Dr. Littlehales, Dr. Vivian, and a few others, (*Apolline nomina digna chero*) will confirm my opinion.

(*a*) Aretæi De Morbis Acutis. cap. 1. p. 75. edit. Boerhaave, 1731.

AUTHOR.

Spare, spare; till time subdues my hapless rage
With blast autumnal, or the damp of age.
What poet will refuse to drink, or sing,
Since Helicon is now an Irish spring?
All thirst alike; which made Sam Johnson think,
That no man visits, where he cannot drink. (yy)
Why should I faint, when all with patience hear,
And Laureat Pye *sings* more than twice a year? (yyy)

OCTAVIUS.

(y) A tale from the German, translated by the Laureat, H. J. Pye, Esq. by J. T. Stanly, Esq M. P. &c. &c. &c. &c. a sort of Blue-Beard story for the nursery. I am ashamed to think that the public curiosity (I will not say, taste) should have been occupied with such Diablerie Tudesque. (1796.)

I should however be unwilling not to do justice to the elegant and fascinating pencil of Lady Di. Beauclerc who has honoured and decorated the subject; but the painter and the musician are often employed in illustrating silly subjects and silly words. Still it will be most true, mutatis mutandis, of both these divine arts;

Il cantar, che nell' anima si sente!
Il più ne sente l' alma, il men l'orecchio. (1796.)

(yy) Dr. Johnson's character of the Irish hospitality, in one of his letters, or among the Boswelliana, I forget which. It is not wholly inapplicable to some of our own countrymen.—"Few young men visit, where they cannot drink." It is a pity.

OCTAVIUS.

Truce with the Laureat.

AUTHOR.

'Tis but what I think;
For once I hop'd to see the title sink,
While piety and virtue grac'd the throne,
And genius in lamented Warton shone:
Aye, while Britannia cries from shore to shore,
AUGUSTUS reigns; MÆCENAS IS NO MORE!

Pitt views alike, from Holwood's sullen brow,
(As near-observing (z) friendship dares avow)

The

(yty) "They scarce can bear their Laureat *twice a year.*" So said Pope. In these times we can bear our harmless fluttering birth day odes, better than the French Dithyrambics in the orgies of democracy.—Mr. Pye is a man of learning, and some little fancy; but I wish his poetry had more force.

(z) I must own, that unless the Province of encouraging Letters, which should belong to the great, is administered with wisdom and discretion, it is more desirable that there were no encouragement at all.

In

The fount of Pindus or Bœotia's bog,

With

In confirmation however of my opinion of the Minister, I refer the reader to a pamphlet published in 1795, entitled, "Friendly Remarks on Mr. Pitt's Administration, by a Near "Observer." It is written by a good scholar, a man of fortune, of an upright mind, of an independent spirit, and the principles of a gentleman. It has been ascribed to M. Montagu, Esq. late M. P. and it is, I believe, acknowledged by him. He boldly tells the Minister of his fault, namely an improvident and *systematic contempt and neglect of all ability and literary talents.* "They had no poet, and they died."

I would by no means apply to Mr. Pitt what Spenser said of the Lord Treasurer BURLEIGH, once the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, because it would neither be true, nor just;

> Oh let not HIM, of whom the Muse is *scorn'd*,
> Alive, nor dead, be of the Muse adorn'd! (*a*)

But the Muse of satire may, with more respect and delicacy, win an easier way to the region of his sensibility, in the words of a Roman poet;

> FELIX CURARUM! *cui non Heliconia cordi*
> *Serta, nec imbelles Parnassi e vertice laurus;*
> Sed viget ingenium, et magnos accinctus in usus,
> Fert animus quascunque vices!

These are the virtues of a minister in times of change, and of general convulsion.

History indeed may say of Mr. Pitt in the words of Tacitus, "INGENIUM ILLUSTRE altioribus studiis juvenis admodum "dedit

(*a*) Spenser's "Ruins of Time."

With nothing of Mæcenas, but his frog. (*a*) 90

OCTAVIUS.

Mere spleen (*b*): Pitt sure is liberal, though by stealth.

AUTHOR.

" dedit; non, ut plerique, ut nomine magnifico segne otium " velaret, *sed quo firmior adversus fortuita*, REMPUBLICAM CAPES- " SERET."(*b*) I might proceed and describe him as "Opum (*c*) " contemptor, recti pervicax, constans adversus metus;" but I cannot pursue him through the integral character of Helvidius Priscus, because I conceive POWER, and not FAME, to be the principle of this mighty Minister of Great Britain.

(*a*) In the time of Augustus, during the administration of Mæcenas, that Minister's seal, bearing the figure of A FROG, was annexed to all *money-bills*. I mention this anecdote as curious, and perhaps not generally known. It is recorded in Pliny's Natural History, Book 37. ch. 1. " *Mæcenatis* RANA, " *ob collationem pecuniarum*, in magno terrore erat." I also refer the reader to the Duke of Marlborough's Gems, vol. 2. engraved privately

(*b*) Hist. 4. Sect. 5.

(*c*) Though Mr. P. *despises money*, yet I wish he would give *more attention to public œconomy* than he has hitherto done. He is deserving of much censure in this respect. He seems to have forgotten what Mr. Burke once thundered in the ears of one of his predecessors, (Lord North) in the H. of C. " *Magnum est* " VECTIGAL *Parsimonia*." (1797.)

AUTHOR.

Yes, and he spares a nation's inborn wealth;

Another

privately, and to the elegant Latin descriptions of them by the Rev. Dr. Cole, late Fellow of King's College in Cambridge.

Nothing is so like as one Minister to another in this respect; but it is difficult to refrain from remarking, that *Frogs* were one of the plagues of Egypt.

(*b*) Octavius is wrong. I am neither a personal nor a political enemy to Mr. PITT.

I think Mr. PITT a powerful and efficient Minister, eminently adorned with natural gifts and endowments, and solemnly marked out and elected to his great office. He has talents to conduct, to persuade, and to *command*. He is a scholar; *I know* him to be such, and a ripe and good one. The low passion of avarice has no root in his mind; but the sin, by which the angels fell, rages in him without measure and without control. To tell a Minister, that pride was not made *for Him* or for any man, because he has nothing which he has not received, would be to argue a gross ignorance of our fallen nature. He has no servility in him. Firm, constant, and unbending, he has the principles of a man, who knows and feels what is demanded of him by his country. He comes into the House of Commons, not to bow, but to do the business of the state, and he does it. There is not a subject presented to him, even casually, in which his ability is not conspicuous. He treats it as if it had been the

subject

Another Adam (*c*) in œconomy,

For

subject of his continued (*a*) meditation. *In the conduct of the French war*, he, his colleagues, and his allies have been *all found wanting*; but in the principle just, if not steady.

I will add, that in respect to *personal individual gratification*, I regard Mr. Pitt as THE MOST FORTUNATE MAN upon record. Called by the circumstances of the times beyond human control, and by events not in the wildest range of expectation, he was placed, almost without his seeking it, in the highest public station. He passed at once to the innermost of the temple, without treading the vestibule. In the bloom and vigour of his faculties, (for he bore the blossom and the fruit at once) and in the prime of life, when every thing can charm, that which can charm the most, POWER, was voluntarily offered to him, confirmed, continued, and established by his King and by his country. His faults, his follies, and his blemishes, (for he has all) might be *easily* removed, but I think he will not remove them. He felt at once, as many men have done before him, the highest ability in himself; and he found, what is denied to most men of genius, a full and *adequate* exertion of it in high office.

My hope and earnest prayer is, that the termination of his political labours, and the result of this just and tremendous war with the Republic of France, may be finally to establish "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace."

Is this the language of an enemy? I respect, nay, I would defend him: I wish him a long continuance in office: but I *never* can entertain a PERSONAL *regard or affection for* MR. PITT. (1796.)

(*a*) In this respect Mr. Pitt always reminded me of Themistocles, as recorded by the great historian. "Οικεια ξυνεσει, φυσεως "μεν δυναμει, μελετης δε βραχυτητι, κρατιστος δη ὑτος "αυτοσχεδιαζειν τα δεοντα." Thucyd. Lib. 1. Sect. 138.

For all, but Burke, (*d*) escape his searching eye.
Stiff from old Turgot, (*e*) and his rigid school,
He never deviates from this wholesome rule;

" Left

(*c*) Adam Smith, the great writer on wealth and finance, from whom Mr. Pitt learned his art.

(*d*) This is not mentioned as a censure on Mr. Pitt for his liberality, for I think the whole of his pension merited by Mr. Burke, though I wish it had never been accepted.

On this subject, I may say, that in " Mr. Burke's Letter on the " Duke of Bedford's Attack on Him in the House of Lords," I perceive genius, ability, dignity, imagination, and sights more than youthful poets ever dreamed, and sometimes the philosophy of Plato, and the wit of Lucian. But what I esteem most of all, I hear again the *warning voice* of ONE *who saw the apocalypse*, and FIRST cried aloud in England, and to all the inhabitants of Europe.

I cannot describe the whole composition better than in the words of that Poet, who would have been proud to record the workmanship of EDMUND BURKE. Brontes, Steropes, and Pyracmon, it will be allowed, have all had their share in the fabrication of this *informatum fulmen*.

" Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
" Addiderant, rutili tres ignis et alitis austri;
" Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque metumque
" Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras." (*a*) (1796.)

(*e*) Mr. Turgot, ci devant Controller General of French Finance: the founder of the modern *Oeconomic* School.

Modern State Oeconomy often seems to consist in spending or squandering the greatest possible sums in the least possible time.

(*a*) Virg. Æn. 8. v. 429.

" Left to themselves all find their level price,
" Potatoes, verses, turnips, greek, and rice."

OCTAVIUS.

Strange times indeed to banter on finance;
Pray, if you call him frugal, think of France;

AUTHOR.

Well, I'll be brief; with France he *must* contend;
There I will own, and feel myself his friend,
And sing with Burke's or Maro's borrow'd fire,
" Arms and the man," till anarchy (*f*) expire.

Sedition's

(*f*) In the just and inevitable, but most fatal and most tremendous war in which we are engaged, and in which all Europe has bled, and yet bleeds in every vein and artery, the first object we look for is, *a stability of peace*. But no stability can as yet be found in all the convulsive labours of the sanguinary nation. That modern Gallic *Julia* has done nothing but conceive one mis-shapen lump after another, in the fœculency of her political

Sedition's crew is bound; the gloomy band
In chains of penal silence musing stand,
Or doom'd in classic (*g*) impotence to rave
Their ceaseless round, within the smouldring cave,
The

womb; conception upon conception, abortion upon abortion: and what can we say,

" Cum tot abortivis fœcundam Julia vulvam
" Solveret, et patruo similes effunderet offas." (*a*)

We must, I fear, yet wait a season; (May 1796) and whatever we have paid, or must still pay, must be considered as the αντιλυτρον, the great price of delivery and redemption from slavery, revolution, French anarchy, and the disruption of social order; when the earth is bursting asunder, and hell yawning from beneath; or in language, which Edmund Burke alone could reproduce in English,

Αναῤῥηγνυμενης εκ βαθρων γης, αυτε τε γυμνωμενε Ταρταρε:

And what wonder? It is Longinus who speaks of Homer. (*b*) (1796.)

(*g*) Since the passing of the Bills (in 1795) against treason, seditious meetings, assemblies, lectures, harangues, &c. John Thelwall read during the Lent season, 1796, what he termed *Classical* Lectures; and most kindly and affectionately pointed out *the defects* of all the ancient governments of Greece, Rome, &

Old

(*a*) Juv. Sat. 2. v. 32.

(*b*) Long. de Sübl. Sect. 9.

The dark Vulcanian chamber, whence they strove
To forge and hurl the bolts of Stygian Jove.

OCTAVIUS.

Nay, if you thus proceed, I'll read the bill,
In Hatsell's (*h*)clerkly tone, clear, loud, and shrill,
And

Old France, &c. &c. and *the causes* of rebellion, insurrection, regeneration of governments, terrorism, massacres, and revolutionary murder; without *the least hint* or application to England and its constitution. Shewing *how* the Gracchi were great men, and so by implication, the Bedfords, the Lauderdales, &c. I must own, I fear nothing from such lectures. (1796.)

(*h*) John Hatsell, Esq. the very learned, polite, and respectable Clerk of the House of Commons. 1796. This accomplished gentleman has lately resigned his office, with that propriety and discernment of time, and circumstance, and of the "ætatis insidiæ," which have uniformly distinguished his very useful and honourable life in public office. *Quando ullum invenient parem!*

THE ILLUSTRIOUS SPEAKER OF THE H. OF C. *the Rt. Hon.* HENRY ADDINGTON, (neither inferior nor second to *any* statesman in that House in temperate eloquence, accuracy of knowledge, and soundness of understanding,) announced Mr. Hatsell's intended resignation in a manner which did honour to the sincerity of his friendship, and to his sense of the loss of so able a servant of the public. The House was unanimous in their applause. Mr. Pitt seconded the Speaker, and pronounced

And Jekyll's (*i*) comment too.

AUTHOR.

Pray, heav'n forbear:

Come then, I'll breathe at large etherеal air,

Far

also his testimony. But it is sufficient to say, Mr. PITT spoke, when that Rt. Hon. Minister thinks proper to assume the language of commendation.

Mr. Hatsell has given a most judicious work (*b*) to the public, which all senators will do well to consult frequently. Mr. H. will excuse me for *adapting* to him *in this respect* a few words from Quintilian. "Monumenta rerum posteris quærentibus "tradidit. Frequentabunt ejus domum optimi juvenes, et veram "viam, velut *ex oraculo*, petent. Hos ille formabit ut vetus "gubernator, littora et portus, et quid secundis flatibus, quid "adversis, ratis poscat, docebit, et communi ductus officio et "amore quodam operis." Quintil. Lib. 12. c. xi. s. 1.

Mr. Hatsell will not suspect the hand which has paid this tribute to his character and his merits. (August 1797.)

(*i*) There is rather too much of pertness and self sufficiency in Mr. Joseph Jekyll's remarks; and I do not apprehend that his witticisms will ever shake a minister like the Rt. Hon. William Pitt.

Magno discrimine *Causam*
Protegere affectas? te consule, dic tibi, quis sis,
Orator vehemens, an Curtius, an Matho: buccæ
Noscenda est *mensura* tuæ,

Juv. Sat. xi. v. 33.

(*b*) Precedents of Proceedings in the H. of C. with observations, 4 volumes 4to.

Far from the bar, the senate, and the court,
And in Avonian fields with Steevens sport,
(Whom late, from Hampstead journeying (*k*) to his
Aurora oft for Cephalus (*l*) mistook, [book,
What time he brush'd her dews with hasty pace,
To meet (*m*) the Printer's dev'let face to face:)
With dogs (*n*) **black letter'd** in the Stratford Course,
Mouth-match'd like bells, yet of unequal force, (*nn*)
For

(*k*) He used to leave his Tusculum, the seat of Steevens and of wisdom, at Hampstead, between four and five o'clock every morning, to revise the proof sheets of the last edition of Shakspeare, 1793, in 15 vol. 8vo. at his friend Reed's chambers. I heard of nothing else at the time. (1796.)

(*l*) "Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam."
Sappho to Phaon.

I will own, I was always apprehensive for the safety and classic purity of *the Attic boy*, so very soon in the morning, on Primrose hill, "earth's freshest softest lap;" but notwithstanding these early freaks, *the youth* is still safe, as I hear. (1796.)

(*m*) "To meet—*the Sun* upon the upland lawn."
Gray's Elegy

(*n*) See the First Dialogue of the Pursuits of Literature.

(*nn*) "My love shall hear the music of my hounds,
"And gallant chiding; match'd mouth like bells,
"Each under each," &c.
Midsummer Night's Dream.

For well I mark'd them all (*o*) with curious heed.

OCTAVIUS.

(*o*) I termed the commentators on Shakspeare out of mere pleasantry, "black-letter dogs."

But *if* among these scholars, or in *any* other *description of the learned*, there should be found A MAN, who, with the grace of exterior accomplishment, or the fulsome semblance of it; with the gifts of fortune, and the rank of a gentleman; with a strong devotion to literature without remission, and almost without example; with acuteness of mind and extensive classical erudition; who, I say, should so far forget himself, as to practise arts which would disgrace the meanest retainer to learning:—*If* SUCH A MAN should be found, with fair professions and obliging attentions, simular of friendship, but at the bottom false, hollow, designing, and malicious; who jealous of every little advancement or lucky discovery, *even of a professional artist*, should strive to depress the efforts of struggling laborious merit, or to blast the rival ingenuity of his learned contemporaries; who should inflict a wound with more than Parthian dexterity, and yet be studious of frequenting the company of men of character to countenance his own; and finally, who should collect and scatter around him the *virus lunare*, the vaporous drops that hang in any region of infection, that the objects of their influence might feel the blast of the enchanter, and know not whence it came:—*If*, I say, SUCH A MAN should be found, I shall not name him, and it is not for him to lay bare his own conscience by a foolish, appropriating indiscretion.

I have only sketched out at present such a character *in prose*; and all I shall say further is, may He, *if* SUCH A MAN exist, strive to wipe out such actions by more than literary contrition; and deeply feel and know that he has lived, throughout the course of a life not inconsiderable in its duration, under a fatal error, and a wretched abuse of time, learning, talents, and accomplishments.

This

OCTAVIUS.

Not all: you pass'd the grave laborious (*p*) Reed,
Friend to most traders in researches quaint,
Layman or priest, the sinner or the saint;
Farmer he loves, and Steevens will receive:
Though not *Mie* (*pp*) *Masterre* (*q*) Ireland by your leave.

He

This character is left *on record*, like any of La Bruyere's, *without even the shadow of a name*. It shall ever remain *unappropriated by me*. (1796.)

If any person should ask why such a character was drawn, I reply in the words of Pope:

"Ask you the provocation that I had?
"The strong antipathy of good TO BAD."

(*p*) Isaac Reed, Esq. editor of Dodsley's old plays, lately republished; a gentleman of learning, information, and ingenuity, and greatly respected. I mention him with very particular pleasure. (1796.)

(*pp*) Alluding to the uniform and constant *reduplication* of the *old* spelling of every word in Mr. Ireland's *new* volume by Shakspeare. Mast*erre* for mast*er*, *bye* for *by*, broth*rre* for broth*er*, &c. &c. (1796.)

(*q*) The possessor and editor of the MSS. asserted to be Shakspeare's; from whose *officina* in Norfolk-street, issued the tragedy

He laughs to see our new Salmoneus stand,
His mimic thunder rattling o'er the Strand,
On fiery coursers from Olympia's plain,
Tossing the torch, in sov'reign splendor vain,
Command the world's prostration from afar,
"SHAKSPEARE and JOVE" grav'd on the burning car
In letter'd radiance?

AUTHOR.

Soft a while; 'tis wrong:
Can strains like these to manuscripts belong?
To notes, bonds, deeds, receipts, fac-similes,
And all that lawyers feign for proper fees?
Monks and attorneys may engage Malone:
Annius, (r) or Ireland, (s) 'tis to me all one.

Give

tragedy of Vortigern, claiming to be the composition of Shakspeare, acted in March, 1796, at Drury-lane Theatre, and received in such a *flattering* manner. (a)

(r) Annius was a monk of Viterbo in the 15th century, and celebrated for many forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions.

(a) i. e. *d—mn'd* by Box, Pit, and Gallery.

Give me the soul that breathes in Shakspeare's page,
Strength from within, the unresisted rage,
The thought that stretch'd beyond creation's bound,
And in the flaming walls no barrier found,
The pen he dipt in mind; (*ss*)—I'll hush to rest
The little tumults of a critic's breast.

What though no Vatican unbars the door,
No Palatine to Ireland yields it's store,
Treasures he has, and many a prouder tome
Than kings to Granta gave, or Bodley's dome.
Pages, on which the eye of Shakspeare (*t*) por'd,
The notes he made, the readings he restor'd,

The

inscriptions. See his *Seventeen Books* of Antiquities. It may be proper to observe, that mere vanity was his motive; he never solicited any *subscription* for *his* ancients.

(*s*) See all the farrago, of which Mr. Ireland possesses *the originals*, numerous beyond belief; I will not attempt to describe them. (1796.)

(*ss*) Της Φυσεως γραμματευς ην, τον καλαμον αποβρεχων εις Νυ. Suidas de Vet. Auct.

(*t*) Mr. Ireland asserts that he has *the very library of Shakspeare*, with his signature, his notes, and remarks, &c. in the margin of the books, all in *his own hand-writing*.

The very gibes he scribbled, and the joke
That from the laughing bard on margins broke.

But where's the dark array, the vesture plain,
With many a mould'ring venerable stain?
All fled: a wonder opens to our view;
The shield is scower'd, and the books are new; (x)
In her own hues great Nature best is seen:
So Ireland spoke; and made the black—*One Green.*

Eternal verdure bloom in Shakspeare's grove! 161
Where led by light from heav'n, he oft would rove
In solitude and sacred silence blest;
And in the musings of his mighty breast,

All

(x) Mr. Ireland has not thought proper to preserve the books *of Shakspeare's Library* in their original and curious old black binding, (as could have been wished); but, like the nurse employed by Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus, he has scowered them well, and made them *all new*; and with singular felicity has *re-bound them* ALL *in* GREEN *morocco!!!*

I have written this whole passage in the Poem and the Notes, *to perpetuate the memory* of this extraordinary event in literary history, which seems to be passing into oblivion. I cannot think that any subject relating to Shakspeare should be wholly disregarded. (1796.)

All as he scann'd the volume of the past,
O'er Greece and Rome one wishful glance would cast;
Mourn not, pleas'd Nature cried, their sounds unknown,
My universal language is your own.

OCTAVIUS.

Enough for me great Shakspeare's words to hear,
Though but in common with the vulgar ear,
Without one note, or horn-book in my head,
Ritson's coarse trash, or lumber of the dead.
Can flippant wit, and book-learn'd confidence,
Alone give right to science, taste and sense?
Is modest worth by idle boasting shewn?
Then, nor till then, will I approve Malone: (*y*)

See

(*y*) See Mr. Malone's Enquiry into the authenticity of Mr. Ireland's Shakspeare MSS. &c. which he calls (not improperly) a Vindication of Shakspeare. The subject is indeed rather *overlaid* by the learned critic, but there is much sagacity and ingenuity in the treatment of it, and I think it is satisfactory and proves the point. Still Mr. Malone is too confident and presumptuous, and not always attenti to that politeness of character, which at least all amateur critics should maintain.

I think

See on the critic, " in his pride of place,"

Laborious

I think Mr. Ireland will now hardly say of these manuscripts and *original* plays of Shakspeare,

Nunc non è manibus illis,
Nunc non è tumulo *fortunatâque* favillâ,
Nascentur violæ ? *

No, Mr. Ireland, neither violets nor guineas.—" Go to bed, " Basil ; good night, go to bed." (See the Spanish Barber.)

I have just read two pamphlets on this subject, the first by Mr. Ireland's son, and the second by Mr. Ireland himself. The shameless effrontery of the boy, in avowing himself the author of these manuscripts, is only equalled by the tender solicitude of the father for *their* credit and authenticity. Mr. Ireland senior originally rested the whole with his son who, as he constantly affirmed, gave the collection to him, plays, receipts, drawings, deeds, " white, black, and grey, and all the trumpery;" but declined naming the person from whom he received them. Mr. Ireland senior *now* presents us with the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Parr, Sir Isaac Heard, Mr. Pinkerton, Mr. Laureat Pye, Mr. Boswell, &c. who all signed a paper (very *wisely* to be sure) that they were *convinced* of the authenticity of the papers. What can that prove ?

The boy's tale is simple; he absolutely asserts that he forged the whole collection, and gave the papers to his father, to please at once and to deceive him, and the world. A very dutiful and very modest lad! Do we believe the boy? If we do, the business is at end The Father again and again asserts, that *he* is ignorant of the person or the place from whence they came, and refers

* Pers. Sat. 1. v. 38.

Laborious Chalmers drops his leaden mace. (*yy*)

In

refers to his son's information. *Now* he disbelieves his own son, and defends the authenticity of the papers. *Utrum Horum?*

In short, *between them both*, Father and Son, there appears to me, what the Greeks call a Στοργη, a sort of natural parental affection for these manuscripts, which is very strange, and which I cannot explain, but which quite satisfies me as to the nature of their *originality*. Mr. Malone's learning and politeness have not much to do with the business *as a matter of fact*; and the whole question now turns upon this momentous point: "whether Mr. Ireland or Mr. Malone is THE GREATEST SCHOLAR? (*a*)" This is what the logicians call the Reductio ad Absurdum; and there the question may sleep, and Shakspeare too. (Jan. 5, 1797.)

(*yy*) See "The Apology for the Believers in—(Mr. Ireland's) Shakspeare Papers."

"So forc'd from wind-guns lead itself can fly,
"And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky."(*b*)

Mr. Chalmers is a well informed, very useful, and well-meaning writer, but too "laborious, heavy and busy" in his works. It was but a waste of erudition to throw it away on this composition. He always has my thanks for his political information; but I wish he had more spirit and a more animated manner; for he is a gentleman of great learning and respectability, when employed in his *proper* department.

(*a*) See Mr. Ireland's farewell pamphlet on Mr. Malone's *Scholarship*. (July 5, 1797.)

(*b*) Dunciad.

In the wild squabbles of a wordy war,
Let rabid (z) Porson tell, or griesly Parr, (a)
Coombe, Travis, Ireland, or whate'er the name,
The breeding of mere critics is the same:
From royal Phalaris let your views extend
To Bristol's wizard stripling, and his end.

Hear Catcott (b) cry, in chearless life's decline,
Thus Rowley once, and Chatterton were mine.

He

(z) Mr. Professor Porson's Letters to Archdeacon Travis are conspicuous for their erudition, acuteness, accuracy, virulence, bitterness, and invective.

(a) I allude to Dr. Parr's Controversy with Dr. Coombe about Horace. It seems Dr. Parr was angry that he did not assist the little critical man-midwife at the labour, "rite *maturos* "aperire partus." Dr. Parr is more fond of a Cæsarian operation in criticism. See more in a future note to the Third Dialogue of this Poem.

(b) When I *first* published the first part of this poem (in 1794) I had only casually glanced on the subject of Rowley. See P. of L. Part. I. but since that time having had some leisure and more curiosity, I have perused many of the learned treatises upon it. I never wish to have any thing to do with the decision of such a controversy as this, which is even now scarcely at rest; but having the feelings of a gentleman, I was struck, as I was reading, with the cruel treatment of poor Mr. Catcott of Bristol, the sneers *upon the pewterer*, and the illiberal reflections

He saw *his* Bard, by Milles's pond'rous length (*bb*)
O'erlaid, revive in splendor, fame, and strength,
For Bryant (*c*) came; the Muses all return,
And light their lamps at Rowley's fruitful urn; 190
While

reflections on a plain, curious, honest, and inoffensive man, without whose zeal and solicitude, (I speak from the printed accounts) these singular poems would never have appeared. He seemed to say with justice,

Oro, miserere laborum
Tantorum, miserere animi non digna ferentis. *

(*bb*) The edition of Rowley's Poems by the Rev. Dr. Milles.

(*c*) No man of literature can pass by the name of Mr. BRYANT without gratitude and reverence. He is a gentleman of attainments peculiar to himself, and of classical erudition without an equal in Europe. His whole life has been spent in laborious researches, and the most curious investigations. He has a youthful fancy, and a playful wit: with the mind, and occasionally with the pen, of a poet; and with an ease and simplicity of style aiming only at perspicuity, and, as I think, attaining it. He has contended in various fields of controversy with various success; but always with a zeal for truth and a soberness of enquiry.

In speaking of Mr. Bryant, I have no necessity, as I too often have, to qualify my commendations. He has lived to see his eightieth winter (and may he yet long live) with the esteem of the wise and good; in honourable retirement from the cares of life; with a gentleness of manners, and a readiness and willingness of literary communication

* Virg. Æn. 2. v. 1.

While Cam receiv'd the Bard with all his train,
Though Isis turn'd her current in disdain.

The Boy whom once patrician pens adorn'd,
First meanly flatter'd, (*cc*) then as meanly scorn'd,
Drooping he (*dd*) rais'd, and lent his little aid,
The gleanings of a hard and humble trade.
Innoxious man: yet what may truth avail!
Blameless his life, and simple as his tale;

Each

seldom found. He is admired and sought after by the young who are entering on a course of study; and revered, and often followed, by those who have completed it. Above all, he has gone forth in the strength imparted unto him, in defence of the holy law made and given by GOD; he has put on the panoply from above, and having enlarged his mind and sanctified his studies, he may expect with humble confidence the consummation of his reward.

NOMEN IN EXEMPLUM SERO SERVABIMUS ÆVO! (1796.)

(*cc*) Alluding to the letters written by the Hon. Horace Walpole (now Lord Orford) to Thomas Chatterton, printed in some magazines or newspapers. I remember to have seen them, but I cannot point out at present the time or date of them. I think they were written from Strawberry Hill, but I am not sure. (1796.)

(*dd*) i. e. Mr. Catcott.

Each rude enquirer's sneering taunt he feels,
Contempt or insult dogs him at his heels;
No kind support subscribing fondness pours,
For him no wealth descends in fost'ring show'rs;
Yet be this truth to future times reveal'd,
" The wound a Varro gave, IAPIS heal'd." (*a*)

Go now, for moths, and rolls, and parchments search;
Ransack the chest, the closet, or the church;
Brave all the joint associates of A. S.
The jest insipid, and the idle guess;
Bind, copy, comment, manuscript and print,
Take from good-natur'd friends some useful hint;
From Bewick's (*d*) magic wood throw borrow'd rays
O'er many a page in gorgeous Bulmer's blaze;
Alas,

(*a*) See Bishop Atterbury's comment on *the* DILECTUS IAPIS of Virgil.—I shall add, ΙΑΤΡΙΚΩΤΑΤΟΣ, φιλοδωρος και αδωροδοκητος, φιλοπτωχος, γενναιος, νεων διορθωτης, ὁσιος, δικαιος, ευσεβης, ΕΙΣ ΑΚΡΟΝ ΤΗΣ ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑΣ ελληλακως.

(*d*) Mr. Bewick, the great restorer of the lost art of engraving upon wood. I need only mention his figures of the quadrupeds, and his plates to Bulmer's edition of Goldsmith's

Alas, for thee! nor profit hope, nor fame;
Contempt your lot, and solitary shame.

Go rather, and indulge DRAMATIC rage;
All love a public or a private stage:
Our nobles now, *as players*, will be seen,
A Duke's chaste daughter, or a Margravine;
Fled are the soft reserve and nicer sense,
Those primal guards of love and innocence;
Unzon'd the nymphs, like Highland Charlotte clad.

AUTHOR.

Why not *all* bare? less shame's in being mad. (*e*)

OCTAVIUS.

poems. Mr. Bulmer is the ingenious printer of the magnificent edition of Shakspeare by Messrs. John and Josiah Boydell, and Mr. George Nicoll: A WORK which, having been uniformly conducted on the most liberal principles, and intended for the honour of the country, should be patronised by the British nation.

(*e*) The *dress* of the present period has warranted the caricatures of the day, particularly one, which is called "The "dress of ladies as it will be." I write in A. D. 1796; Juvenal, who wrote about the year Ninety Six, said on a similar

OCTAVIUS.

Soft; and o'er female failings lightly pass.
Oh! may Aglaia (*f*) lead them to their glass,
Connubial glories rising o'er their head,
As life's domestic happier stage they tread;
There may they look, well pleas'd themselves to find
The guardians, comforts, teachers of mankind!

AUTHOR.

I listen with delight: that strain again;
I'll bless the sex.

OCTAVIUS.

a similar subject, "Nudus agas; minus est insania turpis." Sat. 2. v. 71. But strange to say, he was speaking of the dress of the *men*.

(*f*) Aglaia is the name of one of the Graces; she dictated to Mr. Pope the following lines:

Let not *each beauty* EVERY WHERE be spied,
Where half the skill is *decently* to hide.*

The ladies should remember that the imagination is a busy power.

* Moral Epistles: Ep. 4. v. 53.

OCTAVIUS.

Now pass to titled men.

Mark, as Thalia calls with graceful air,
The soft patrician of St. James's square; (*g*)
Her *nuptial* (*h*) voice at Blenheim Marlb'rough heard,
While lyric Carlisle purrs (*i*) o'er love transferr'd.
Nay

(*g*) His Grace the Duke of Leeds, a good scholar, one of the most polite and very best bred men in the kingdom, and a great patron of the drama and its concerns. (1796.)

(*h*) A Private Theatre often proves a convenient chapel of ease to *Hymen*.

Families of rank, distinction, and fortune, will at last be *convinced*, what is the natural and inevitable conclusion of boys and girls making love to one another upon any stage, public or private, particularly *in a private theatre*. If it terminates *in marriage*, the Fathers and Mothers should not be surprised or angry. If the end of it, is intrigue; if the girls are debauched, and the boys come into life with the manners and morals of Players, the parents may be sorry; but it is their own work.

(*i*) *Purrs.*—Dr. Johnson says, "to *purr* is to *murmur* as a cat "or leopard *in pleasure*." I have heard that Lord Carlisle ("Quel d'amor travagliato SACRIPANTE,") is writing an opera entitled, "Angelica e MEDORO." Angelica is supposed to be rather *advanced in life*; and I think her *grand-daughter* is brought on the stage.—Συνετοισι. (1796.)—The Opera, as it is conjectured,

Nay Thurlow once, ('tis said) could sing or swear,
Like *Polypheme*, " I cannot cannot bear;" (*k*)
For ah! presumptuous *Acis* (*kk*) wrests the prize,
And

jectured, is to be dedicated to the RIGHT HONOURABLE *Lady Jersey*, in memory and in imitation of the gallant and accomplished Medoro, as recorded by Ariosto:

" Della *Comodità* che quì *m'è data*,
Iq povero Medor &c.

Ariosto adds, of the noble Earl, or Count,

" Era scritto in *Arabico*, che IL CONTE
Intendea *così ben come Latino*."

O. F. Cant. 23. s. 108.

If my romantic memory does not deceive me, Sacripante was *jilted* by Angelica. See Ariosto. But subjects of the highest importance are pressing on me so fast, that I am obliged to dismiss Lord Carlisle, Lady Jersey, &c. &c. and all the *youths* Who are dying for places or for love, in the words of the poet,

Nè sono a Ferraù, nè à *Sacripante*,
(O sia CARLIGLIO) *per donar più prima*;
Da lor mi leva *il Principe d'Anglante*, &c.

O. F. Cant. 12. s. 96.

(*k*) " Torture, fury, rage, despair,
" I cannot, cannot, bear."

Air (by Polypheme) in the Serenata of Acis and Galatea.

(*kk*) Presumptuous Acis. (i. e. Mr. Pitt.)—I allude to a circumstance not generally known; but which, as I have never seen any public notice of it, these lines are meant to record.

And ravishes (*l*) *the nymph* before his eyes:

Such

About *two* years ago the Serenata* of ACIS AND GALATEA (with some violation, I believe, of the fable and not a little of the harmony and of the melody) was performed in Downing Street to a private company. The part of *Acis* by Mr. PITT, *Polypheme* by LORD THURLOW, and *Galatea*, by LORD LOUGHBOROUGH. *Mezzi Sopрani*, LORD KENYON and PEPPER ARDEN, with a sort of *Messa Bassa** by EDMUND BURKE; the other *vocal* parts by a select Committee of both Houses *à due cori*. I was not present at the entertainment myself, but was informed, that Mr. Pitt, in the execution *of the difficult passages*, did not sufficiently attend to his *appoggiaturas*, which indeed he seldom does; that the *baritono* of Lord Thurlow was quite Polyphemish,

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* Mr. PITT patronizes musical performances on the principle of the gods according to Plato; but with Apollo, Dionysus is not forgotten. "Οι Θεοι οικτειραντες ανθρωπων (some MS. insert "πολιτικων) επιπονον πεφυκος γενος, τας Μουσας και Απολλωνα "και Διονυσον ξυνεορτας τε και εδοσαν." Plat. de Legibus, l. 2.‡ In Mr. Pitt's *musical* ministry, the famous terms of the Εκλυσις and the Εκβολη of Bacchius and Aristides are familiar and much used by this great modern artist. The Ψαλμος Αντιφθογγος (see Athenæus, l. 14. p. 635.) between Mr. Pitt and Lord Thurlow was much admired by the Cabinet about the year 1794.

‡ Plat. Op. Ed. Serrani, tom 2. p. 653.

* All the Catholics know (and we have *enough* of them to tell us, as the Marquis and Marchioness of Buckingham know to their own and their company's cost) that the *Messa Bassa* is a mass whispered by the priest during a musical performance. (1796.)

Such feats his honour little Pepper (*m*) saw,
In all the pride of music and of law.

AUTHOR.

If truth and joke, though pleasingly combine,
What credit will attend the motley line?
Where is your trust?

OCTAVIUS.

Polyphemish, and fully sustained; but that it was impossible *to do justice* to Lord Loughborough's *diminuendo*, when—*he died away in the arms of* Acis. (1796.)

N. B. Bishop Hurd would say this note is allegorical, or *Eleusinian:* the late Mr. Gibbon and Lord Sheffield would as stoutly deny it. For my own part I think there is much eloquent music in these *metaphors*, which *record the political conversion of* Lord Loughborough to Mr. Pitt's party.—*Ah! le Grand Opera!!!* (1796.)

(*l*) The Nymph, i. e. Galatea, i. e. Lord Loughborough. This was more than a *Sabine* feat in my opinion. Who's afraid? not Mr. Pitt.

(*m*) Little Pepper, i. e. Sir Richard Pepper Arden, Kt. Master of the Rolls. His *legal* abilities have certainly been under rated, but I have done ample justice to his *musical* powers.

OCTAVIUS.

To this discerning land
I trust, and laugh: there are who understand.
If from state farces, when the House is up,
Some seek the green room, and with Kemble sup, (*mm*)
(For who on *modest* merit shuts the door?)
Leeds says, so gentle Lælius did before;
Lælius, in whom each graceful act could please,
In wisdom mild, and dignified in ease,
With Terence oft the public cares would shun.

AUTHOR.

Terence and Kemble?—the dispute is done.
I ever mark'd (deem not the thought severe)
What bounds divide the actor from the peer:
Confound them, I'll believe a saint, a rogue;
Andrews writes farce, a Duke the epilogue;

Burke

(*mm*) 1796.

Burke may the right of property invade;
Steevens contract the Commentator's trade;
To Erskine Kenyon seem a classic wit;
Or Paine apologize for holy writ;
THE DRAMATIST (*n*) himself and fame belie,
And leave the stage for truth and honesty;
St. Helens quit his diplomatic pomp;
Siddons be comic; Jordan sink the Romp;
Ireland prove Shakspeare; Bentley be Malone;
Thelwall dread preaching, or high treason, Stone;
Who hates not Merry, Jerningham may love;
And Gifford Della Crusca's self approve.

OCTAVIUS.

Merry and Crusca!—Gifford's right: beware;
The very ground is his and Bavian air.

AUTHOR.

(*n*) See a Poem entitled, "The Political Dramatist of the "House of Commons in 1795: a Satire, 2d Ed. with a Post-"script containing Remarks on the Declaration of the Whig-"Club on the 23d of January 1796." This Poem is recommended to the public on those *public* principles, which I consider as of the highest importance to these kingdoms.

AUTHOR.

No: I'll not seek the tracks his arrows fire
With light that marks, but marks not to expire;
The climes he roams, where'er his footsteps sped,
I pass with caution, or but lightly tread,
Or pleas'd with flow'rs his fancy best can strew,
I sit, and think I read my Pope anew. (o)

Yet grant the stage is *noble*; I believe
Greek is plebeian, with Lord (p) Belgrave's leave;
Though

(o) The author of the Baviad and the Mæviad. Mr. Gifford is the most *correct* poetical writer I have read, since the days of Pope. Upon the whole I give the preference to the Baviad, after much consideration, though both the Poems may be studied with pleasure and advantage. (1796.)

(p) Lord Belgrave; a learned and accomplished young nobleman of the present time. At his first entrance into the House of Commons in all the honest enthusiasm of his heart, in academic freshness and classic vigour, he quoted a passage from Demosthenes *in Greek*. This subjected him to the idle and impotent

Though now some high imperial critics chafe,
To think not Æschylus himself is safe. (q)
Go to his text: revise, digest, compare,
With Porson's shrewdness, or with Valknaer's care:
Say, is the learned page once out of sight?
Some Scotch Greek swindling printer (r) steals your right.

But

impotent ridicule of *the Dramatist of the House of Commons*, whose *schoolboy* memory on that occasion happened to be more accurate. Lord Belgrave had done no more than I have often heard from Mr. Fox himself, who loves and understands Greek. As to the long and illustrious train of our young nobility and gentry, distinguished for their loyal conduct and attachment to their country, I will say with some spirit and animation;

Dii patrii, quorum semper sub numine *Troja* est,
Non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis,
Cum tales animos Juvenum, et tam certa tulistis
Pectora!* (1796.)

(q) "They swear, not Addison himself is safe." Pope.

(r) I allude to a transaction which seems to be unwarrantable. Mr. Porson, the Greek Professor at Cambridge, lent his manuscript corrections and conjectures on the text of Æschylus, to a friend in Scotland; for he once had, and I hope still has, an intention of publishing that tragedian, though it may now be suspended. His corrected text fell into the hands of

* Virg. Æn. 9. v. 247.

But mark! the sea-birds sound the note of doom,
And venom'd insects (*s*) cluster round the tomb;
The Grecian billows foam along the strand,
In angry murmurs deaf'ning all the land;
Ranging for vengeance from his native shore,
ARCHILOCHUS is rous'd, to sleep no more.

of the Scotch printer Fowlis, and without the Professor's leave, or even knowledge, he published a magnificent edition of Æschylus from it, without notes. I believe my statement is tolerably correct. I am sure I would not misrepresent any fact whatever, nor have I ever done so *intentionally*; and I would retract any mistake with the utmost willingness. I hope however, that Mr. Porson will not be discouraged, but continue his labours on the Greek Lexicon of *Photius*, as the learned world are in eager expectation of a work so long, and hitherto so vainly desired.

But, in my opinion, the lovers of literature would be infinitely more obliged to him, or to any other illustrious critic, for a new edition of the *Greek Bibliotheca of Photius*, which abounds with the most curious and valuable Excerpta of Writers, whose integral works are lost for ever. At present it is troublesome even to read the remains of the laborious erudition of the Patriarch of Byzantium. (1796.)

(*s*) The tomb of Archilochus was placed on the sea shore, (I think in the island of Paros,) and the poets feigned that in the cavities of the stone, worn away by the waves, a swarm of wasps was concealed, ready to avenge the least insult that could be offered to it.

THE END OF THE SECOND DIALOGUE.

THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

Εκλαγξαν δ' αρ' οϊστοι απ' ωμων χωομενοιο,
Αυτω κινηθεντος· ὁ δ' ηϊε Νυκτι εοικως.
Εζετ' επειτ' απανευθε νεων, μετα δ' ιον ἑηκε,
Δεινη δε κλαγγη γενετ' αργυρεοιο βιοιο.
Ουρηας μεν πρωτον επωχετο, και ΚΥΝΑΣ αργους·
Αυταρ επειτ' ΑΥΤΟΙΣΙ βελος εχεπευκες αφιεις
Βαλλ'· αιει δε πυραι νεκυων καιοντο θαμειαι.

Hom. Il. 1.

THE PREFACE

TO THE THIRD DIALOGUE(a)

OF

THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

Ταυτα πανθ' ὑπερ Ὑμων, ὑπερ της Αληθειας, ὑπερ της ὑμετερας Πολιτειας, και των Νομων, και της Σωτηριας, και της Ευσεβειας, και της Δοξης, και της Ελευθεριας, ὑπερ των κοινῃ πασι Συμφεροντων, ΑΚΡΙΒΟΛΟΓΟΥΜΑΙ ΚΑΙ ΔΙΕΞΕΡΧΟΜΑΙ. (b)

Licet omnibus, licet etiam mihi, dignitatem Patriæ tueri; potestas modo veniendi in publicum sit, DICENDI PERICULUM NON RECUSO. (c)

I PRESENT the Third Part of this Poem to the public, at the same time that I offer the Second, though I had intended to delay it; but some subjects are of an importance serious and urgent, not to be deferred. Where-

(a) First printed in May 1796.

(b) Demosthenes. (c) Cicero. Philipp. 1.

ever the freedom of the press exists, (and WITH US may that freedom be perpetual!) I must assert this truth, as an axiom; that,

LITERATURE, *well, or ill conducted,* IS THE GREAT ENGINE, *by which all* civilized *states must ultimately be supported or overthrown.*

It is not enough to say, a book is bulky or voluminous, and therefore can have no effect upon the mass of the people, because that opinion is not true. Such a book can not only be abridged and dispersed abroad, but a man like Thomas Paine, with a rude, wicked and daring manner of thinking, and with vulgar but impressive language, may blend the substance of the opinions with his own, and in a short popular tract make them familiar and intelligible to every apprehension. Thus are men *fooled* out of their understanding, *fooled* out of their security, and *fooled* out of their happiness: and when they have lost every blessing *beyond recovery*, they look round at each other in a stupid despair, clashing their chains and unable to shake them off, and ask, "*How* has all this been brought "about?"

I am not an enemy to the liberty of discussion, and the toleration of opinions; I am for NO literary proscription. But I think it is plainly our *interest*, as well as our duty, (*while we yet may*) to strive to support THAT CONSTITUTION IN CHURCH AND STATE, which has hitherto been able to build US up, and to give US an inheritance, or rather the pre-eminence, among all those who have been strengthened by policy, or sanctified by revelation. What I would

I would contend for also, is this; that among all who are worthy to be called scholars: on legislators, criticism, observation, and watchfulness are peculiarly necessary; that men may hear of their common danger, and be admonished to put a few plain questions to themselves; "WHAT are we going to resign or give up, "and *why?* WHAT are we going to adopt, and *wherefore?* I repeat it, NOW, in this our day, while the bitterness of *political death* is passing upon almost every other nation in Europe.

When we are opening the *avenues* to *Political* Reform, and to the consequent inevitable dissolution of our own government, is it possible that we can for a moment forget the tremendous Republic? Over every state, and island, and promontory in Europe she sits tyrant or arbitress.

Απαυγασαι 'ΟΙΟΣ ΕΦΕΔΡΟΣ
Ουρεος εξ ὑπατης σκοπιης ἐχει, ὁς κε σε ῥειᾳ
ΒΥΣΣΟΘΕΝ εξερυσειε! (c)

From every other state, but England, the sceptre has fallen by the arms, or the principles, or the treachery of France. What she can effect by war and invasion, that she most readily and most willingly accomplishes; but she has other means, not less terrible, nor less certain. The subterranean wind of this fierce democracy has force enough to overthrow, or to transport, hills and rocks *torn from Pelorus,*

(c) Callim; Hymn: ad Delum. v. 125.

Pelorus, and by this explosion they too often have perished. In the agony of these reflections language will labour, and the images of nature and all her elements in conflict and convulsion will present themselves. (*d*)

When

(*d*) The following pages, written in the year 1798, may not improperly be inserted here, on this great national subject.

"Such AN UNION is *now* demanded of the minds, the talents, "and fortunes, of the souls and bodies, of all the inhabitants of "Great Britain, as never before entered into the hearts of "Englishmen to conceive. We *must* be preserved from the "tyranny and power of France, from all her principles, and "from all her arms, open or concealed, mental, moral, or poli- "tical. I have pride and satisfaction in seeing, and feeling "that we are all *so* convinced. We know we must die, or "defend ourselves from THE MONSTROUS REPUBLIC!

"Instat terribilis vivis; morientibus hæres;
"Nulla quies: oritur prædâ cessante libido;
"Divitibusque dies, et nox metuenda maritis;
"Emicat ad nutum stricto mucrone minister!

"If we consider it from the commencement, it has threatened, "devoted, and given over all it's victims to desolation, wretched- "ness, plunder, and final death. BLOOD is the cement of the "Republic of France.

"Some victims have bled for principle, others for example, "some for funeral pomp, and some for a civic feast: blood "must flow. Each Faction has delivered over it's predecessors "to death. The Priests of Reason hold their rites in the field "of Mars. First indeed, they soothe awhile their savageness "with song and festival; but these are the preludes of san-

"guinary

When indeed I consider this great, powerful, and yet opulent kingdom, with all its bearings and dependencies, I know

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" guinary cruelty; the stops and pauses of their war-symphonies. " With their laurel and cypress branches bound together and " dipped in blood, they advance to the altar, and perform their " abhorred lustration. The Manes of all that is brave, and all " that is ferocious, are invoked in their democratic incantations " to Reason and her Republic.

" Sævis opus est, et fortibus umbris;
" *Ipsa facit manes;* HOMINUM MORS OMNIS IN USU EST.

" On the blood of their murdered Monarch they have sworn " hatred to tyranny; and they have established a Directory.(*) " On the blood of innocence and virginity they have sworn to " restore and to protect the female dignity; and they have " annihilated the bond of marriage, and the charities of consan- " guinity. On the blood of their Generals streaming on the " scaffold, and on the blood of armies partially devoted by " other Generals in the day of battle, they have sworn to give " honour, and *encouragement* to the Defenders of the Republic. " Such are their decrees; such are their oaths registered in " blood.

All is contradiction with them, yet all is in action. " Principles of the moment, principles of reflection, principles " of desolation, principles of safety, all have had their hour; " all have risen and fallen. Banishment and deportation have " now superseded the axe of the guillotine, and the sabre of " ruffian massacre. How long?—All changes with them; all, " but the fixed lust of plunder, and aggrandisement, and the " rooted hatred to Christian Religion. To every government, " and to every establishment in Europe they apply but one " axiom, " WHATEVER IS, IS WRONG!" "

" Whoever

* Now A CONSULATE, (1800.) Next a —; then a — &c. &c.

I know not which to reprobate most, the folly or the wickedness

"Whoever strives to resist such an adversary, upon prin-
"ciple and reflection, with eloquence, or wisdom, or learning,
"in the robes of state, or in the vestments of religion or of law,
"with arms in his grasp, or with well-directed opulence, by
"counsel, by precept, or by example, must be numbered
"among THE FRIENDS OF MAN.

"I am most serious in my words, and earnest in my thoughts.
"I have been instructed by these great events, to consider all
"actions as of some weight, and that nothing is *now* to be
"neglected, as wholly unimportant. If the efforts of the united
"genius, learning, poetry, and eloquence of a country can be
"directed with strength and discretion, in their proper and
"natural courses, we may yet have confidence. Enterprises of
"*great pith and moment* will succeed, and a righteous security
"may be established.

"Consider for a moment what is the hope of bad men.
"The Orator of Athens has declared, that their hope of
"safety is placed IN THE EXCESS OF THEIR WICKEDNESS,
"AND INIQUITY ALONE*." The haunts, and caves, and
"tenements, and sculking huts of sophistry, anarchy, rebel-
"lion, democracy, and Jacobinism, will at length be fully
"revealed, and *finally* levelled and ruined. When the fountains
"of hallowed fire are once opened, and flowing with liquid
"purity in the silence of the night, the objects which darkness
"would conceal, are not only discovered, but destroyed.

"The force of France is indeed formidable; but HER
"PRINCIPLES, wherever they take root, and grow, and bear,
"are *alone* invincible. If we think otherwise, I fear, we deceive
"ourselves, and the truth is not *with* us. France invites every
"European

* Εν τη της πονηριας ὑπερβολη την ελπιδα της σωτηριας εχει. Demosthenes Orat. 1. Contra Aristogiton, pag. 483. Ed. Benedicti Gr. 1570.

wickedness of its internal enemies, and of the desperate French

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" European government to suicide. Her High Priest† told " her long ago, that no Government could perish but by it's " own hand, and by it's consent to die. The Government of " Great Britain has given no such consent. Her King, her " Nobles, her Commons, her Soldiers, her Sailors, her Senators, " her Statesmen, her Lawyers, her Artists, her Merchants, her " Citizens, her Peasants, ALL maintain and declare with *one* voice, " and with arms in their hands, " GREAT BRITAIN HAS GIVEN " NO CONSENT TO DIE." She has not lifted up her arms against " herself: she is willing and desirous to live. She has humbled " herself before GOD the Judge of all, through the Great Mediator " of humanity. She knows her strength, and has felt her infir- " mity; she is earnest for her preservation from her foes within " and without; and having done all, and still committing herself, " and her cause, TO HIM who judgeth righteously, she hopes " yet to stand.

" Whether the end of all things may be at hand; and what " the decrees of Eternal Power, Wisdom, Justice, and Goodness " may intend in the last resort, we acknowledge to be inscru- " table. But we trust, it cannot be deemed an unwarrantable " presumption to suggest or to affirm, that, if the attributes of " God are true; if man is *his* creature, and governed by *his* " laws; the opposers of this overbearing, desolating, impious, " and UNIVERSAL Tyranny must be justified BEFORE HIM! " As to us, the inhabitants of Great Britain, if we would exist " at all, we must be preserved AS WE ARE. Our Constitution " is not lost; and the ramparts we have raised around it, will " maintain it entire. Our liberties are supported equally " against arbitrary power, and against the engines of licentious- " ness and democracy. UPON US the destiny of Europe, and

 " perhaps

† Voltaire.

French faction in the heart of it's metropolis. When I think on these things, and at the same time reflect, that the eyes of a whole nation were *originally* opened by ONE MAN, and the systems of internal destruction and of irreversible misery, which awaited *us*, were displayed and confounded by HIS powers, I pardon and forget his eccentricities, and even his partiality for the Romish faith and its professors, and the heat and violence which too frequently and too fatally attend upon the uncontrolled Genius of EDMUND BURKE. Sometimes indeed, (it is when my heart burns within me) I pour out my thoughts by myself in contemplation of MY COUNTRY, which I love with ardour unabated, and of *its* GREAT CITIZEN, whom I approach with reverence, in the words of the poet:

Quæ cum magna modis multis miranda videtur
Gentibus humanis Regio, visendaque fertur,
Rebus opima bonis, multâ munita virûm vi,
NIL *tamen* HOC *habuisse* VIRO PRÆCLARIUS *in se*,
Nec sanctum magis et mirum carumque *videtur*. (e) -

But

" perhaps of the whole civilized world, ultimately depends; it
" seems placed in our hands, a fearful and an awful charge.

" *Omnia Fata laborant*,
" *Si quidquam mutare velis*; UNOQUE SUB ICTU
" STAT GENUS HUMANUM!"*

(e) " Animo *vidit*, ingenio *complexus est*, eloquentiâ *illumina-*
" *vit*." These are the words of Paterculus concerning Cicero. How natural to transfer them to EDMUND BURKE! (1796.)

The

* *Prefatory Epistle to the Translation of the Passages cited in the P. of L. p.* 61.

But still on such a subject, of such a man, and at such a time, I would speak with precision, and admire with circumspection. Let us call to mind for a moment the few years just past, and the transactions, the traces of which are felt and visible. I would pass over them rapidly, but I could wish the view to be impressive.

We have been delivered from a state of much *internal* terror and impending anarchy, and from the confusion of a new political chaos, where all was brute and disorderly. Our constitution, our liberties, and our *rights*, (I fear not to name the word, we have and enjoy them all, RIGHTS public and private) all these have been preserved and confirmed.

Every rank in society, the peasant, the lawyer, the mechanic, the farmer, the tradesman, the private gentleman, have all felt, and acknowledged, and obeyed the paramount call of their country. Peace is within our walls, and it is their work. In the higher orders of the state, and in the Sovereign, we have seen a gracious behaviour, a common interest, an equal exertion, and a regular, defined, limited power. Of such a conduct security is the natural production; it blossoms into fruit. But with this though man may be happy, he will not always, nor indeed long, be satisfied. He will reach at perfection absolute and unqualified, forgetting, that *theoretical perfection* in government *and practical oppression* are closely allied. He will be more than man, and he becomes less.

In

The words also of one of the Fathers of the Church were verified by the zeal, writings, speeches, and exertions of this great and illustrious man.

Αρχει ΕΙΣ Ανθρωπος ζηλω πεπυρωμενος ΟΛΟΚΛΗΡΟΝ διορθωσασθαι Δημον. Chrysost. Ανδρ. α.

In the years seventeen hundred and eighty eight and eighty nine, the visionary prospect from the shore of France opened on the eyes of our modern Reformers. England looked upon these Reformers, and the government neglected them. Societies, in the very face of an insulted legislature, boldly multiplied, and magnified, and consolidated each other. All grew up in silence. There was no public apprehension among the well-affected. no distrust. We laughed at metaphysical distinctions, and idle terms of scholastic art, and revolutionary dinners, and republican toasts. It was an hour of general and of unaccountable indifference. The great chain of posts, and a species of *telegraphic* communication had been established unperceived.

The English revolution in 1688 was held up to seeming approbation and reverence, but in reality to secret or rather to open contempt; and the Revolution in France 1788, was the Revolution which they intended to realize and to celebrate. The Reformers strove to buy golden opinions of their fellow citizens, and to wear them in their newest gloss. The external decoration deceived the eye. The painted sepulchre was prepared and whited without, the vault and receptacle of all our ancient liberties, and rights, and securities, and properties, and common comforts. Still we beheld all this, but went our way, and forgot what manner of men these Reformers were.

At this very hour, when the public mind was darkened that it could not discern, when in every quarter of the heaven appeared vapour, and mist, and cloud, and exhalation;

La piova maladetta, fredda, e greve,
(Regola e qualità strana era, e nuova)

Grandine

Grandine grossa, e acqua tinta, e neve,
Per l'aer tenebroso si riversa! (a)

At this very hour the morning horizon began suddenly to redden. It was the dawn. Then indeed, "First in his "east the glorious lamp was seen, Regent of Day!" This luminary was EDMUND BURKE. Light broke upon them all. The features of misrule and malignity, of tyranny and of oppression, the fabled spectres and hostile powers figured by poets and orators, were realized in the spirits of turbulence, dissatisfaction, sedition, rebellion, and democracy; but they were seen to be dispersed. The rays of the orb were direct, collected, and concentrated: they had power to illuminate and to consume. But the course of this orb, though marked, was short: it is set, never to return. (b)

Ευδεις!—αλλ' ϑ Σειο λελασμενοι εσμεν, Αχιλλευ!
Ου μεν Σϑ ζωοντος ακηδεες, ϑδε θανοντος. (c)

I must proceed,—I confess, that I am not such a desperate lover of what is brought to me for abstract political truth, as never to make an enquiry into the characters of the proposers of it, their personal views, and the men and measures with which they are connected. I feel myself a member of regulated society, and I would maintain an established order. I acknowledge myself a subject of a mild and equitable government, (though under a most severe temporary pressure) and I would preserve that goverment which gives US ALL protection. And when

(a) Dante Inf. C. 6. From what other Poet, ancient or modern, could I draw forth such expressions?

(b) (August 1797.) (c) Hom. Il. 23. v. 69.

when I adopt the great rule, that "we should love our "neighbour as ourselves," I have not yet made such advances in the theory of political justice, and in the new wisdom, as coolly to assert, that "this maxim, though "possessing considerable merit as a popular principle, is "not strictly modelled with philosophical *precision*." (*a*)

I have not yet learned to treat the Revelation of GOD, nor the institutions of my country, with contumely. I have no romantic ideas of virtues without motives, and of actions without regulations. I believe it to be a matter of general safety, that crimes should be *discerned*, as well as repressed, by legal sanctions; and that the nature of justice, and of injustice, should be declared, taught and enforced, by law, by religion, and by education. Experience has instructed me, and reason and reflection have confirmed me in the belief, that Conscience may be erroneous; that it is a monitor which needs advice, and a guide which often calls for superior direction. I look upon justice as the foundation (*b*) and the support, but not *as the whole* of human

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(*a*) See an Enquiry into Political Justice, by William Godwin. 2d edit. 8vo. vol. 1. p. 127.

(*b*) Δικα πολιων ασφαλες ΒΑΘΡΟΝ. (Pindar.) But who calls a *foundation*, a building?—The whole passage of the poet has such strength and grace, when applied to Great Britain, that I will present it to our Grecian patriots. "Οικον ἁμερον "αστοις, ξενοισι δε θεραποντα, γνωσομαι ταν ολβιαν Κορινθον, "προθυρον Ποτειδανος, αγλαοκηρον. Εν τᾶ γαρ Ευνομια ναιει, "κασιγνηται τε, Δικα πολιων ασφαλες ξαθρον, και ὁμοτροπος "Ειρανα, ταμιαι ανδρασι πλουτου, χρυσεαι παιδες ευβουλου Θεμιτος, "αλεξειν ὕβριν, κορου ματερα θρασυμυθον. Εν δε Μοισ' ἀδυπνοος, "εν δ' Αρης νεων ὁπλιαις αιχμᾶισιν φυδρων. Pind. Olymp. O. 13.

human duty; and I cannot, in insulting language, resolve the sum and substance of all government and civil society into "Laws proclaimed by Heralds, and expounded by "Curates." (c).

Yet do I not speak *professionally*: I have no *personal* interference in the church, the law, or the state. But I speak again and again, with earnestness and with sincerity, from the mingled affections of regard, fear, and hope *for us*, (and I trust, we are the great majority) who *yet* remain firm, constant, and unshaken by such writers as these. I speak to all who have the courage, and learning, and ability to repress them, not by force, (God forbid!) but by reasoning, and by appeals to the understanding, and the social relations of their fellow creatures. I speak to all who can rescue them from the cold unfeeling tyranny of modern metaphysics, as exhibited in the new systems of government and manners, (religion they have none); and from nonsense which must at last be found impracticable, when every estate and condition of man has been overthrown for their pleasure and experiment; that these new arbiters, or creators, of human destiny may introduce a government without principles, laws without mercy, and morality without a motive.

The main point of rest to every empire is the principle on which voluntary and habitual obedience is paid to established authority. Half a century is insufficient for *any new power or constitution* to find it's level. It is indeed

(c) See Godwin on Justice as above, vol. 2. p. 99.

Hæc ego non credam Venusinâ digna lucernâ?
Hæc Ego non agitem?

Juv. Sat. 1. v. 51.

indeed matter of great patience, as well as of the deepest concern, to reasonable men, to observe what is *still* carrying on in this country in defiance of every evil which has been felt, and will long continue to be felt, from the introduction of new principles among other nations. For the sentence of final destruction seems to be now executing on the various governments of Europe.

" Yes, I must weep for you, ye rival vales,
" Arno and Andalùsia! but for thee
" More largely, and with filial tears must weep,
" O Albion, O my country! *Must thou join,*
" *In vain dissever'd from the rest?*"

I trust not in vain. (*d*) Still *the last dispensation of mercy*

is

(*d*) Historical facts of ancient times are wholly inadequate to the illustration of the present great events; but some passages are not unworthy of attention. In the 256th year of Rome, when the Latins declared for Tarquin, the *Conscript Fathers* were not terrified, though all their *Allies*, the Rutuli, the Volsci, and other powers deserted them. *The Senate* was still bold, though Rome had rebellious subjects in the heart of the metropolis, and the State and Constitution were preserved.

There were men indeed who, like the Tookes and Thelwalls of our days, taught the people, " μη φιλοχωρειν εν πολει μηδενος " αυτοις αγαθη μεταδιδοσθη," and enforced all the popular arguments of revolt and sedition. I refer to the fifth Book of the Roman Antiquities of Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Sect. 63, which is curious and instructive. But one sentence of this neglected Historian is so singularly applicable to our own immediate circumstances (August 1797) that it may not be improper to insert it. It is from the 62d Section of the 5th Book. " Ουδεν δε Ρωμαιοι ταπεινωθεντες, (ο παθειν εικος ην τους μεγαντα

" πολεμον

is offered TO THIS ISLAND: and it is only to be deserved and continued to us by firmness, temperance, and piety, and by perseverance in the constitution, sacred and civil, *which now is*; without daring to attempt any *present* innovation in theory or in practice.

It is indeed by looking calmly, not as slaves or bigots, but as wise men, upon those imperfections, which human institutions never can prevent, nor wholly remove, that we may *yet* hope, under providence, to preserve for ourselves and for our posterity the blessings of cultivated society, in this awful and general convulsion of Europe. They are best secured to us by our present form of government and laws, which are just in their principle, temperate in their effects, impartial in their application, and merciful in their execution, and have the sanction of time, of wisdom, and of experience.

In whatever shape FRENCH PHILOSOPHY may approach, however recommended, or dignified, or disguised, by scholars, or by ignorant and seditious men, in Greek, in Latin, in French, or in English, I would resist and repell it. Whenever the machine appears before the walls, I shall never regard it as the gift of Minerva, but call aloud to try the temper and the substance of it, *ferro Argolicas fædare latebras*, to distrust the present, and to reject the offer. Let the enemy be dragged forth to light and shewn *as he is*, and

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" πολεμον αναιρουμενους, και ΠΛΣΑΣ ΑΠΕΓΝΩΚΟΤΑΣ
" ΣΥΜΜΑΧΙΚΑΣ ΕΛΠΙΔΑΣ,) αλλα ταις οικειαις δυναμεσι
" πιστευσαντες μοναις, πολλω προτεροι προς τον Αγωνα
" εγινοντο, ὡς δια την αναγκην ανδρες αγαθοι παρα τυς κινδυνυς
" εσομενοι, και εαν κατα νῦν πραξωσι, ταις ιδιαις αρεταις
" κατορθωσαντες τον πολεμον, ὐδενι κοινωσαμενοι της δοξης."
Dion. Halicarn. Rom. Hist. L. 5. S. 60.

and I will yet trust that the kingdom and the citadel may stand.

The THIRD PART of this poem opens with a playful subject, and it is treated as such. But as the poem advances, I must (to use a prophet's expression) "shew my dark "speech upon the harp;" and must, now and then perchance, strike the strings somewhat *loudly*, and descend into a more severe and a more solemn harmony. But what I esteem to be necessary, that I will declare; and what I feel it to be my duty to represent, that I will have the boldness to publish. Through the whole course of my life, in every trying circumstance, and in every wayward event, public and private, I have held fast the concise and strong admonition of the poet,

TU NE CEDE MALIS; *sed contra audentior ito,*
Quam tua te Fortuna sinet.

My learning and researches, such as they are, I submit to scholars; my opinions, my labour, and my services, in the integrity of affection, I offer to MY COUNTRY; my errors and defects I leave to public reprehension, in a respectful silence. Whether men will hear, or whether they will not hear, is not strictly my personal concern; but my intention *no man taketh from me.*

THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE THIRD. (a)

Ματαιολογων φημα προσεπτατο Ελλαδα μυσοπωλων, σοφας επιφθονον τεχνας ονειδος. (b)

OCTAVIUS.

WHAT then, shall none remain, to whom belongs
The care of Attic bards, and Dorian songs? (c)
Shall England boast no more, in order'd clans,
Her owls from Athens, and her Delian swans?

Is

(a) First printed in May, 1796.

(b) Athenæi Deipnosophist: L. 14. p. 617. Ed. Casaub.

(c) The subject of Greek Literature is resumed. See the conclusion of the Second Dialogue.

Is no memorial left of ancient fame,
No dirge funereal, nor *one Grecian game?*

AUTHOR.

There is: lo, learned Clerks in sable stole,
Graceful in years, pant eager for the goal! (*a*)
Old Norb'ry (*b*) starts, and with the *seventh-form* (*c*) boys
In weeds of Greek the church-yard's peace annoys,
With classic Weston, (*cc*) Charley Coote, and Tew, (*d*)
In dismal dance about the mournful yew.

But

(*a*) I allude to the rage for translating Gray's Elegy into Greek verse, by so many combatants for the prize, of whom more in the following notes.

(*b*) The Reverend Doctor Norbury, late one of the assistants and now one of the fellows (*or old boys*) at Eton, published the first Greek translation of the Elegy.

(*c*) In Eton School there are but six forms for the boys.—These Reverend Divines, it seems, have only taken *one step* since they left school.

(*cc*) The Rev. Stephen Weston, a man of much ingenuity, of great classical knowledge, and skill in various languages.

But first in notes Sicilian (*e*) plac'd on high,
Bates sounds the soft preluding symphony;

And'

(*d*) Monsieur PELTIER (Editor of the Tableau de Paris, &c.) favoured me with the following record and extract, which I give in his own French terms, as they are very significant and forcible.

" PLACE DE LA TRADUCTION.

" JEAN NORBURY, Docteur en Theologie, Chanoine et " Associè à Eton. *Agè* soixante et huit ans.

" ETIENNE WESTON, Bachelier en Thèologie, Abbè, " Voyageur, Versificateur, *ci devant* Recteur. *Agè* cinquante ans.

" CHARLES COOTE, * Docteur en Thèologie, Doien Irlan- " dois. *Agè* cinquante et deux ans, selon le régistre.

" EDOUARD TEW, Bachelier en Thèologie, Chanoine et " Associé à Eton. *Agè* cinquante et sept ans.

" GUILLOTINÉS *à la Grecque*, 25 *Floreal Quintidi*, 1796.

" *Extrait du Registre de la Guillotine Literaire.*"

N. B. " *Ils sont montés sur l' échaffaut avec assez de courage*; *à* " *dix-heures et un quart du matin leurs têtes sont tombés.*"

Extrait du Rapport fait AU CONSEIL DES ANCIENS, par l'Executeur de la haute justice litéraire.

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* P. S. J'ai reçue une lettre trés obligeante de la part de Monsieur Peltier, dont j'ai la plus haute consideration, qui m'a informé, qu'il y a une petite méprise dans le Registre au sujet de Monsieur le DOCTEUR COOTE, Traducteur celebre. Qu'il n'etoit pas Doien Irlandois, & par consèquent grand thèologien, mais Docteur en Droit Civil en Angleterre, *trés instruit dans la grammaire Grecque.* Monsieur Peltier avec le zele le plus edifiant

And in sad cadence, as the bands condense,
The curfew tolls the knell of *parting Sense.*

Nares

(*e*) Notes Sicilian.—JOAH BATES, ESQ. as an old Etonian, and once Fellow and Tutor of King's College, Cambridge, was so obliging as to offer himself as *Musical Conductor* on the occasion. Some persons may think, that the "notes *Sicilian*" allude to the Αρχετε Σικελικαι τω πενθεος, αρχετε Μωσαι:* but they are no musicians, if they think so. Mr. Bates's judgment naturally led him to adopt the *Siciliana* for this famous solemnity, as it is a movement slower and more marked than the *Giga*. While the *Siciliana* was playing, the combatants, before they entered the lists, approached the Critic's throne moving in a sort of measured step.

The Rev. MR. NARES, (editor of the British Critic, and in my estimation, and I believe in that of every Member of Lincoln's Inn, a gentleman of worth, learning and ability, and to whom not the slightest disrespect is here intended) was appointed the judge or Βραβευς on the occasion, and beheld them without emotion, though the sight was luxuriant in the extreme.

O'er their warm cheeks, and rising bosoms move
The bloom of *young* desire, and purple light of love!

---

edifiant pour la verité, et avec beaucoup d'onction, m'a prié de corriger le registre et la poésie là dessus; et m'a informé, que Monsieur NARES Auteur trés aimable en son genre, et editeur de l'ouvrage periodique, *(The British Critic)* la voulût aussi avec beaucoup d'empressement. Malheureusement c'est impossible; et j'ai repondû tres franchement: "Mon cher Pel-"tier, quand une fois la tête doctorale est tombée; eh! que "faire?" (*Nov.* 1797.)

* Moschi Epit. in Bion. v. 1.

Nares (*f*) holds the prize, and stops the Doric din,
Elmsley (*g*) without, and Rivington within;
The volumes are arrang'd in order meet,
And all their ears *erect* these accents greet:
" Hail,

Had the combatants been political personages, I would have described the whole game, and the characters; and their speeches in the poem. But I learned early from Cervantes the necessity of limitation and propriety in fiction; though this indeed is a mere record of *a matter of fact*.

(*f*) I always admired the solemn irony, with which the Reviewers in *The British Critic* treated this *Græcian game* among the old boys. It appeared to me as if I saw their exercises *looked over* at Eton by Dr. Davies, who said, " Norbury, you " have done *pretty well*;"—" Tew, you had a few faults, but *a* " *little more spirit* than Norbury;"—" Weston, you have trans- " lated with some elegance, but you have *no authority for your* " *genitive absolute*."—" *Master* Coote, I think you have one " false quantity, but it is a doubtful syllable, and I shall *pass* " *it this time*." It is something odd, that a Westminster man, (I mean Mr. Nares,) should be the Judge of these old Eton boys.

(*g*) Elmsley* and Rivington, two London booksellers, one famed for shrewdness, and the other for orthodoxy; very proper

* I know not why I should withhold the *Testimonia Doctorum* to Mr. Elmsley. To begin;—" Mr. *Elmsley*, whose zeal for " his Author can never be sufficiently commended," &c.—

" Hail, my fond masters of the Grecian lyre!
" Hear a Reviewer's verse yourselves inspire:
" These books are yours, (oh, heed my *tuneful* voice)
" Take 'em, or (*i*) damn 'em, as best suits your choice;
" For

proper assessors TO THE CRITIC. Mr. Elmsley was stationed *at the door* to keep the peace among the combatants, who were rather noisy and troublesome from their number. Afterwards Mr. Elmsley took his seat with THE CRITIC. The place of the meeting was the celebrated Musical Room in Hanover Square. See a subsequent note.

(*i*) *Damn'em.*—" This (word) is to be understood in a *very* " *sober and decent* sense." See Bishop Warburton's note on one of the concluding lines of Pope's Story of Sir Balaam, Moral Ep.

See Mr. Bryant's Letter to Mr. Richardson at the end. Hear likewise Mr. Gibbon: " Je trouve dans le Libraire *Elmsley*, un " Conseiller *sage*, *instruit*, *et discret*." Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Deyverdun. Letters, vol. 2. 4to. p. 596. Again: " I was " *proud and happy*, if I could prevail on *Elmsley*, to enliven the " dulness of the evening." Ib. p. 653.

Booksellers of reputation have been always mentioned with respect; the Sosii by Horace, and Trypho by Quintilian: Mr. Tonson is recorded by a man of talents,* Mr. Becket by Sterne, Mr. Elmsley by Mr. Bryant and Mr. Gibbon, and finally by his humble servant, the Author of the Pursuits of Literature.

* George Steevens, Esq. editor of Shakspeare, in his Preface to the Poet's works.

" For some are new, some foolish, and some old,
" Some pert in calf, and some *in sheets* are bold.

" Twelve British Critics, new or little read;
" Horsley's chaste sermon, (*k*) and his copper head;
" Letters

Ep. 3. v. 401. Pope's Works, edit. Warb. 8vo. vol. 3. p. 269: " *The devil* and the king divide the prize;" *which line* the bishop with the utmost gravity declares to be " a satire only on *such* " ministers of state, which history informs us have been found, " who aided *the devil* in his temptations, in order to, &c. &c." See the remainder of the note. This it is to be a commentator on a mere badinage!!!

There certainly are books which may make a Reviewer or a Divine swear a little; and I readily excuse Mr. Nares (as I do Mr. Grubb in the farce) for being a little *hasty* in his expressions.

Longinus (who gives *excellent* directions, in his treatise on the sublime, for swearing to the best advantage) observes, " Εστιν ὁ το ὀμοσαν τινα ΟΜΟΣΑΙ μεγα, το δε πῶς, και πως, " και ἐφ' ὧν καιρων, και τινος ἑνεκα." De Subl. S. 16. The substance of which may be this; " *Swearing* considered in " itself, and without reference to the matter and the manner, " is by no means an accomplishment, or a source of the sublime, " and should *never* be introduced, but in the proper place and " occasion, and then only upon the most urgent motives and " for the strongest reasons." From all which it appears, that discipline and instruction in this *art* are necessary, before a man can swear as a gentleman, a scholar, an orator, or a man of fashion. Therefore, no man should ever swear *at random* in conversation. See the Rev. Dr. onginus's Sermon, as above, in toto; to which the Rev. Mr. Nares certainly paid due attention.

" Letters from Alciphron (*l*) to cool love's flame,
" And prove Greek whores and English just the same;
" The

(*k*) See his Sermon before the Magdalens, (in 4to) on April 22, 1795. I wish the Bishop had put an appendix (as the fashion is) to explain a little of it, though in some places it is *very intelligible*.—For instance, in the following passage, page 6. " Numberless and *ravishing* are the *beauties* which the *mortal* " EYE beholds, in the *various* works of creation and of art. " *Elegant* and of *endless variety* the entertainments which are " *provided* for the EAR; *whether* it delight to listen to the *sober* " narratives of history, *or* the *wild* fictions of romance; *whether* " it hearken to the *grave* lessons of the moralist, to the *abstruse* " demonstrations of science, the *round* periods of eloquence, the " *sprightly flourishes* of rhetoric, the *smooth* numbers and *bold* " flights of poetry, or catch the *enchanting* sounds of harmony; " *that* poetry, which *sings* of (something); *that* harmony which " *fans* (one thing) and *wafts* (another) &c. &c." And as if the Bishop had not been *plain enough*, he begins again; " *Infinite* is " the multitude of *pleasurable* forms which" do, as before observed.

The reader will allow, he never before met with so much recondite truth, diversified with such beautiful and discriminating epithets. The Bishop might as well have said: " What " a charming place LONDON is! what *varieties* and *entertain-* " *ments* are provided for the *eye* and *ear*. *First*, there's the House " of Lords, then, Westminster Abbey, then the Opera House " and the Play-house. There is Doctor Gillies who provides " *sober history*, and Mrs. Smith, *wild romance*; there is Mr. Pitt " with his *round* eloquence, and Mr. Erskine absolutely *fainting* " in *sprightly flourishes*; there are Scotchmen teaching *grave*

 " morality

" The Hymns, that Taylor, (*m*) England's gentile
priest,
" Sung spousal at fair Psyche's marriage feast; 32

" The

" morality and Greek; Dr. Hutton with *abstruse* demonstra-
" tions *how* all things made themselves; there is Mr. Jerning-
" ham with his *smooth* numbers, and Doctor Tasker with his
" *bold* flights; Madame Banti at the Opera, and the little
" children at the Foundling: there are, &c. &c. &c."

All this might do well enough at a polite devotional lounge, at some fashionable warm chapel from a popular preacher; but I am really ashamed that BISHOP HORSLEY should condescend to write, and pronounce ex cathedra, such trivial school-boy declamation *about nothing at all*, and then *publish it*. Men in high station and of high talents (like Bishop Horsley) should be careful, *very* careful, how they lessen themselves by their own words and works; and if Bishop Horsley *goes on* in this style, and as he has done in several of his *later productions*, whatever his politics may be, he certainly never will incur the danger of The Second Philippic.

(*l*) Alciphron's Epistles; in which are described the domestic manners, *the Courtezans* and the Parasites of Greece; translated from the Greek.

(*m*) Thomas Taylor, translator of Plotinus, parts of Plato, the fable of Cupid and Psyche from Apuleius, Hymns, &c. the would-be restorer of unintelligible mysticism and superstitious pagan nonsense. All that Iamblichus revealed to Ædesius.

Mr.

" The alphabet in Greek by R. P. Knight; (*n*)
" Some rules for *men* to think and study right;
" An Eton Foolscap, with the game of goose
" Printed by Pote, types large, and cover loose;
" An Education Sermon, rather long,
" By Doctor Parr, all in the vulgar tongue;
" Last, Horsley's master-piece, (*nn*) and merry plans,
" *To accent* right *the goods* of courtezans.

" Nor

Mr. Taylor, in conjunction with Dr. Darwin, might solve the following problem: " WHETHER *a Platonic idea, hovering to the* " *right on the orifice of chaos, might drive away the squadrons* " *of* democratical *atoms?*" Rabelais, at the end of book 5. *Questions Philosophiques.* For my own part I am not disposed to go any further, as Lycophron, Cassand. v. 14, expresses it, Λοξων ες διεξοδους επων.

(*n*) An analytical Essay on the *Greek Alphabet*, by R. P. Knight—P. may stand for *Payne* or *Priapus* Knight, in allusion to his Essay on the Worship of Priapus.

(*nn*) See a Treatise on the Prosodies of the Greek and Latin Languages, dedicated to Lord Thurlow by (Bishop Horsley). I allude to *the Bishop's pleasant comment*, p. 47, so universally admired, on the Attic Law, Εταιρα χρυσια ει φοροιη, δημοσια εστω. My gallantry forbids me *to use any accents at all* upon *these ladies*, especially since *the Bishop* has shewn me, how *dangerous* it is to meddle

" Nor books alone attend the CONQUEROR *Bard*,
" Him shall await a more sublime reward:
" Not the coarse joy a Grecian once could feel,
" Apples (*o*) for sauce, or parsley for his veal,
" Or

meddle with them. In this short passage there are four personages virtually concerned; Alexander *Aphrodisiensis*, Aristotle, Venus, and Bishop (*a*) Horsley!!!! I assure his Lordship, I have as great an affection, as human infirmity can allow, for an Oxyton, a Paroxyton, or even a Pro-par-oxyton! Ladies never before knew the *political* importance of an accent.

While I am upon this Episcopal and Cyprian subject, I may observe that Proclus has a singular remark in his Chrestomathia, as preserved by Photius; Μηδε τα Κυπρια ΠΡΟΠΑΡΟΞΥΤΟΝΩΣ επιγραφεσθαι τα ποιηματα." (*b*)

(*o*) Apples, &c.—There is *now* an affectation *in modern young gentlemen*, as soon as they have left school or college, particularly in young lawyers and boy-members of parliament, of *forgetting their Greek*, if they ever knew any. I shall therefore without ceremony remind them of the ancient rewards in the Grecian games,

(*a*) I shall express my opinion of Bishop Horsley, *as a writer*, in the words of Erasmus; " *Ex libris* deprehendi hominem esse " ardentis ingenii, variæ lectionis, et multæ memoriæ, alicubi " tamen majore copia quam delectu, ac dictione *tumultuosa* " *magis quam composita*." Erasm. Ep. 1248.

(*b*) Biblioth. pag. 984. ed. 1653.

" Or beverage drawn from spruce, or mountain pines,
" With oil from Pisa's olive, when he dines;
" No ode to praise the binding of his books: (*p*)
" No print from Sheffield of historic cooks,
" Of beauteous Gibbon's fair proportion'd shape, (*q*)
" An old baboon, or fœtus of an ape;
" No

games, which consisted of some *apples* consecrated to Apollo in the Pythian, of a chaplet of *parsley* in the Nemæan, of an *olive* garland in the Olympic games, and of a wreath of *pine*-leaves in the Isthmian solemnity.

(*p*) I am sure Pindar very seldom had so good a subject for his deep mouth. Mr. White of Fleet-street, and Mr. Edwards of Pall-mall, booksellers, would furnish me with much better materials for an ode than Pindar's, in their florid descriptions (so animating to purchasers) of gorgeous binding, little Dr. Gosset's *milk-white vellum*, and all it's insignia.

(*q*) See in the title page to the posthumous Works of Edward Gibbon, Esq. in 2 vol. 4to. published by Lord Sheffield, an engraving of The Historian of the Roman Empire, which his lordship declares to be " as complete a likeness of Mr. " Gibbon, as to person, face, and manner, as can be *conceived*." !!! I have no doubt of Lord S.'s friendship for Mr. Gibbon, but why hang up his friend in effigy to the ridicule of the present age and of all posterity? " Figuram animi magis quam *corporis*

" com-

" No robe, that waves in many a Tuscan fold;
" No lawn, that wraps a bishop from the cold;
" But fine broad cloth, in choicest fashion wrought,
" By modern hands to full perfection brought;

" 'Tis

" complectantur,"* said Tacitus; and could Mr. Gibbon have seen this print, he certainly would have wished such a *simulatorum vultûs* as this, to be *imbecillum et mortale*, or in plain English, to see the impressions burned and the plate broken.

I just remind all collectors of prints, that there are to be had not only the heads of Dr. Gillies, and other historic cooks, of Dr. Denman the man-midwife, of Mr. William Coxe, traveller and friend to half the crowned heads in Europe, *with his age* at the bottom of the print, and of other great personages; but there are still left some choice proof impressions of the striking *head and likeness* of Mr. *John Farley*, PRINCIPAL COOK at the London Tavern, to be purchased separate from his great culinary work, being all that were left unsubscribed for by the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, by the East India and Bank Directors, and by Mr. Pitt and the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House. But I cannot ascertain *the age* of Mr. John Farley, which is a matter of the last importance, and for which I am truly sorry. The Homeric jucundity from Martial should have been the motto to our modern Mistyllus;

" Si tibi *Mistyllus* COCUS, Æmiliane, vocatur?
" Dicetur quare non *T'arat'alla*† mihi? Mart. Ep. l. 1.

The

* Tacit. Vit. Agric. Sect. 46.

† Μιστυλλον τ'αρα τ'αλλα, κτλ. Hom. Il. *passim.*

"'Tis His,—" to wear four Sundays in the Park (*q*)
"The best black suit of Doctor Courtney's Clerk!"(*r*)

NARES

The reader of taste in print-collecting will thank me for reminding him of Mr. John Farley's *head*, whose works are more *relished* than any traveller's or historian's that I know.

(*q*) Or in Kensington Gardens, if he pleases.

(*r*) I informed my readers in a former note, that the scene of action was the celebrated *Musical Room in Hanover Square*. I must now add, that the room was decorated on the occasion with appropriate scenery, laid out in *belts* and *clumps* of funereal trees, to represent a church-yard with the belfry, the yew tree, not forgetting *the owl*, with distant views of groups of labourers, and cattle returning home by moonlight, highly picturesque. This was the scene of the famed solemnity, where Mr. NARES, with his assessors Messrs. Elmsley and Rivington booksellers, and the combatants, the Doctors Norbury, Coote, &c. assembled.

Dr. COURTNEY, then Bishop of * Bristol, now of Exeter, and Rector of St. George's Hanover square, was very kind on the occasion, as the decision was made in his parish; and with *the consent* of the Parish Clerk, made a liberal and voluntary offer of "THE SUNDAY SUIT†" furnished

* Doctor Courtney was then on the eve of a translation to Exeter. (Jan. 12, 1797.)—I also wish the Bishop health to wear *his own best black suit*, as well as another old *Eton* acquaintance, Bishop Cornwall, his successor.

† They who are acquainted with the dignity and magnificent deportment of Dr. Courtney's *present* CLERK of St. George's Church,

NARES rising paus'd; then gave (the contest done,)
To Weston, Taylor's Hymns, and Alciphron,
And Rochester's (*s*) address to lemans (*ss*) loose;
To Tew, Parr's sermon, and the game of goose;
To Coote, the foolscap, as the best relief
A Dean could hope; last to the hoary Chief
He fill'd a cup; then plac'd on NORB'RY's back
The Sunday suit (*t*) of customary black! (*tt*)

The

furnished at the expence of the parish, and which, I understand, is worn by the Clerk during divine service in the morning only on that day, and is *very* becoming. After the morning service the parish clerk appears in his ordinary dress, as a common man. Such was the Eccesiastical suit of armour made by the episcopal taylor, and hung up as THE CONQUEROR'S prize (not pleno jure, but usufructuario,) for the Æneas of the Sunday.

(*s*) Not Lord Rochester, but my good Lord Bishop of Rochester, Bishop Horsley's Address or Sermon to the Magdalens, mentioned above; not forgetting his Lordship's Greek prosody for Lord Thurlow and the ladies.

(*ss*) Leman is the old word for a lover, or a mistress."

Church, Hanover Square, when in his *full* canonical Sunday dress, will best know how to estimate, *the prize* offered to these Grecian combatants by Mr. Nares. Too happy! if, in such a garment, THE VICTOR might be *mistaken* FOR THIS GREAT MAN. (1796.)

The gabbling ceas'd: with fix'd and serious look
GRAY glanc'd from high, and own'd his rival, Cook.(v)

OCTAVIUS.

(t) All my Eton friends well know Dr. Norbury's celebrated black wardrobe, and the Suits which appear in the order of the Pythagoric *rotation* from the chest or ark.

" Supera ut convexa *revisant*,
" Rursus et incipiant *in corpora velle reverti!*"

With what propriety did the Reverend Mr. Nares make and pronounce this famous decree! (1796)

(tt) I must transcribe the concluding sentence of the Review of these celebrated translations, in the BRITISH CRITIC for March 1795. p. 245. I give the Critic the fullest credit for the conduct of this solemn irony, and confess that I can conceive nothing superior in this species of wit, namely, that of looking gravely in men's faces and telling them how foolish they are.

The British Critic thus concludes: " We wish to " avoid any invidious distinction, any undue preference. But " were we absolutely called on to decide, we should from the " purest and most unbiassed motives (see Il. 23. v. 615) fill " the golden cup with the most exquisite οινος εξαιτος, and not " considering it as left without a claimant, by the fall of any " Eumelus, we should *respectfully place it* in the hands of THE " ETONIAN NESTOR;

" Τῇ νυν, και σοι τουτο, ΓΕΡΟΝ, κειμηλιον εστω."

(v) I select this extraordinary genius, poet, critic, scholar, and orator, WILLIAM COOK, M. A. late Fellow of King's College, and Greek Professor in the University of Cambridge. " I knew him well, Horatio," melioribus olim auspiciis. I select him

OCTAVIUS.

Contract your smile, and quit this playful (*x*) search;

These

him, as well for the singular and original excellency of his performance, (though there are some oversights and even verbal faults in it) as for the manner in which he published it. There was a spare leaf or two at the end of his very sensible edition of Aristotle's Poetics, and *there* he printed it; not in the pompous manner, and with dedications to Lord Chancellors and I know not whom, as some of *these Old Boys* have done. "I must own that in many passages, Nature, Gray, and Cook seem to contend for the mastery; but above all in that great stanza;

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
"And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
"Await alike the inevitable hour;
"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

GRAY.

Α χαρις ευγενεων, χαρις η βασιληϊδος αρχας,
Δωρα τυχας, χρυσας Αφροδιτας· καλα τα δωρα
Πανθ' αμα ταυτα τεθνακε, και ηνθεν μορσιμον αμαρ.
Ηρωων κλε' ολωλε, και ωχετο (*a*) ξυνον ες Αδαν. COOK.

Bion

(*a*) Some persons object to the *o* being made short before the ξ. It may be so. I defend no faults, in any man's work. I leave Dr. Davies and Mr. Stephen Weston, *the Hero of the Genitive absolute*, to substitute κοινον if they please.

"The rule is *absolute*," Lord Kenyon cries;
"Brisk from *his genitive* let Stephen rise."

These are the lay amusements of the church

Mere

Bion or Moschus never exceeded these lines: I think, they never equalled them. I write this Note, I will confess it, with all the friendly fondness which an Etonian could express.

Hoc JUVENEM EGREGIUM PRÆSTANTI MUNERE DONO. (*b*)

(*x*) This subject from v. 1. to v. 63. of this part of my poem, is perhaps in itself a very trifling one. The names of some of the parties are obscure and of little note, and the concerns of *Reviewers* should in general be confined to their own *little blue books*. But this example is of deepest consequence; that MEN, who aspire to be thought scholars, should be warned, even to all posterity, how they conduct their learning, and expend their time; and be taught from this ridiculous instance (which I have selected) to value themselves on such attainments alone, as are truly valuable. Ὅτε γεγονα ΑΝΗΡ, κατηργηκα τα τη Νηπιῳ.

It cannot surely be conceived, that the slightest animadversion is *here* intended to be made on the exercises, in the Greek and Latin languages, whether translations or originals, in the public or private schools, or in the Universities of this kingdom. The author of the P. of L. is of opinion, that the utility or rather the absolute necessity of them is so great and so indispensable, that they cannot be too much commended, and too much encouraged. I will also say, that notwithstanding the accurate and unrelenting severity of Dr. Charles Burney's most learned and acute criticism on Mr. GLASSE's GREEK TRANSLATIONS of Milton's Sampson Agonistes and Mason's Caractacus, I still continue to admire the poetical and animated spirit, so conspicuous in that very ingenious Gentleman's bold and laudable attempt at an early period of life.

There

(*b*) Vir. Æn. 4. v. 361.

Mere cobweb labours of their learned thought;
Though sometimes TEACHERS must themselves be taught
To weigh their office, raise their pow'rful breath,
Nor leave the world to darkness and to death. 72

Short

There were some mistakes; how could it be otherwise? Plura nitent. The composition entitled Θεηλατος Σοφια, by the late Dr. Cook, Provost of King's College, published when he was almost a boy, has peculiar merit.

I will add here, that if any *young* man of genius, classical learning, and poetical ardour, would present the world with a Greek translation of AKENSIDE's "*Hymn to the Naiads*," and submit it to the correction of an experienced Greek scholar before publication; he might establish a learned and honourable reputation for himself, and add another composition worthy of Homer or Callimachus.

"*Sic liceat* magnas Graiorum implere catervas!"

Compositions in Greek or Latin handed about in private circles of friends are indeed useless, but free from much reprehension, though at best rather idle in men of a certain age. But when MEN, dignified by their years and their sacred profession, *the youngest* having passed his *fiftieth*, and *the eldest* entering his *sixty eighth* year, appear as rival candidates for public fame from *the translation* of some excellent English verses *into their own Greek*; what can we say?

"Tunc cum *ad canitiem*, tunc, tunc, ignoscere—NOLO."
(1796.) Persius,

Short be their folly: let example tell
Their life, their morals pure, and all is well.

But should proud churchmen vie in sumptuous halls,
In wines and soups, Carthusian Bacchanals,
Nor think th' unwieldy superflux to shake,
Where curates starve, and helpless orphans quake;
Wav'ring I ask, in this dark scene beneath,
Why lightnings scathe yon desolated heath? (*y*)

And

(*y*) The unbounded luxury and extravagance of the French and Italian Ecclesiatics should be a warning to the priests and ministers of *all* Christian altars, however dignified or distinguished, of whatever church or of whatever persuasion. Mankind will know, and value them *by their fruits*. "For NOW "*is the axe laid to the root of* THE TREES, *and* EVERY TREE "*which bringeth not forth good fruit will* (most assuredly) *be hewn* "*down.*"

This is the warning voice which should be heard, and heard *aloud* in assemblies frequent and full, in all churches and in all cathedrals; but chief in those twin-sisters of learning, the Universities of England, Oxford and Cambridge, which can be supported *on those principles alone*, on which they were founded, and *by which* they have flourished.—*While* YOUR *place may yet be found*, I will honour and will hail you both,

"Mothers

And hark the voice has thunder'd: and the word,
Borne on the blast, a trembling world has heard
In consummation dread! the bonds of Rome
Are burst, and Babylon's prophetic doom,
With more than mortal ruin headlong cast,
Proclaims the measure full: she groans her last!
From climes where Piety no more was found,
Where Superstition wither'd all around,
The rights of nature barr'd, by Heav'n resign'd
To vile affections, in corruption blind;
While, in the terrors of the world beneath,
Permitted fiends of darkness round them breathe;
BRITAIN securely fix'd, invites from high
With charity's sedate unalter'd eye,

The

" Mothers of arts
" And eloquence, native to famous wits,
" Or hospitable in YOUR sweet recess,
" City or suburban, studious walks and shades!*

But chief with pious gratitude, and with filial reverence, *Salve*, MAGNA PARENS! (1796.)

* Milt. P. Reg. b. 4. v. 240.

The *sacred*, exil'd, melancholy band,
Passing from death and France, revere the land,
Where streams of inexhausted bounty pour,
And CHRIST still reigns, and bigots are no more. (z)

AUTHOR.

Blest be the voice of mercy, and the hand
Stretch'd o'er affliction's wounds with healing bland,
In holiest sympathy! our best of man
Gave us to tears, ere misery began.

Yet pause: "for mere (zz) Good-nature (a) is a
"fool,"
Now slave to party, and now faction's tool;
Attend

(z) I allude to the grand emigration of French priests and others to England, at the late Revolution in France. (1796.)

(zz) We must remember, that the very frame and spirit of the laws, ordinances, and constitution of England *are in the most direct opposition to the Roman Catholic religion*, and all it's doctrines, practices, opinions, superstitions, and tyranny. I am astonished that we can forget their history and effects: I know what has been done in other countries. The only hospitable and unsuspecting

Attend, nor heedless slight a poet's name:
Poet and prophet once were deem'd the same.

Say, are these fertile streams thus largely spread,
A *filial* tribute o'er a *mother bed?*
Say, are these streams (think, while avails the thought)
To Rome through Gallic channels subtly brought? (*aa*)

ROME

pecting asylum for their priests and professors has been, and *is*, in England. On their expulsion from the continent, and their reception in this kingdom, under powerful protection and systematic influence, a warning voice may be heard, not without effect. This is the *sole* reason of all which I am about to offer on this subject. It is not an anathema, but a warning in the spirit of mercy, moderation, and the most reflecting policy.

We may depend upon it, wherever the Roman Catholic Religion is introduced, or permitted, or fostered, or pitied, or encouraged, the words of the poet will be found eminently true:

Spiritus intus alit, TOTAMQUE INFUSA PER ARTUS
MENS AGITAT MOLEM, ET MAGNO SE CORPORE MISCET.

(*a*) "Virtue *(for mere good-nature is a fool)*
"Is sense and spirit with humanity:
"Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin,
"Virtue and sense are one."

Dr. Armstrong, Art of Health, B. 4. a Poem which can never be sufficiently praised, read, and recommended.

(*aa*) This is one of the most important points in *the present* situation of England and of Europe, in regard to national policy. I propose these questions.

1. How.

ROME touches, tastes, and takes; and nothing loth:
But have *we* virtues? yes, of *pagan* growth. (*a*) 112
Ask, where ROME's church is founded? on a steep,
Which heresy's wild winds in vain may sweep;

Alone

1. *How far*, are the ministers of the public treasure of any protestant kingdom justified in issuing large sums of money, for the express purpose of *maintaining* emigrant *Roman Catholic Priests*, AS A BODY?

2. If they are justified in issuing *any* sums, *in what manner and under what control* should this public money be expended and distributed?

3. Whether *in England at this time*, there are not some peculiar and paramount considerations, which call for *wisdom and prudence* to regulate, and restrain the first natural and honourable impetuosity of *mercy and humanity*, to the end that THE CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND, IN HER CHURCH AND STATE, be preserved inviolate from open attacks, or from insidious attempts?

These questions are proposed for the public security, with sobriety, seriousness, and charity to *all*, as of common importance.

Dixerat Anchises; natumque unàque Sibyllam
Conventus trahit in medios, turbamque sonantem;
Et tumulum capit, unde omnes longo ordine possit
Adversos legere, et venientum discere vultus!

(1796.)

(*a*) It is well known that rigid Catholics hold, that the virtues of heretics, or protestants, are to be considered in the light of pagan virtues. I think the bishop of St. Pol de Leon would agree to this opinion. (1796.)

Alone where sinners may have rest secure;
One *only* undefil'd, one *only* pure.
Blame you her cumbrous pomp, her iron rod,
Or trumpery relics of her saints half-shod?
Lo *Confessors*, in every hamlet found,
With sacred sisters walk their cloister'd round:
There, read the list (*b*): and calm the fate expect,
When crafty, meddling, thankless priests direct.

Think

(*b*) See "THE LAITY'S DIRECTORY *for* 1796," (printed for J. P. Coghlan, Duke street, Grosvenor square) to which is added, "THE COLOURS OF THE CHURCH;" words rather ominous. It is a pamphlet at the low price of *sixpence*, which I recommend to public notice, and to which I refer the reader.

It is a matter of some surprise and concern, to read the list of the almost incredible number of little books and tracts at the *smallest* prices, published and to be published, calculated *for the general dissemination of* POPERY *in these realms*. But it is a matter of very great concern indeed to see the fatal display of all the existing and rising Romish seminaries, Romish boarding houses, and Romish schools for youth; the plenary indulgences (for one another;) and the settlement of *Nuns Professed* in monasteries erected in this kingdom, Clares, Benedictines, Sepulcharins, Austins, and Dominicanesses. Then, in this very same pamphlet, as if by a strange fatality, and in the blunder of papal metaphor, they advertise even their *drugs*. The very medicine, it seems, is papal. Behold their "Laxative *sulphurated* "pills,"

Think you, their hate unquench'd can e'er expire?
The torch not tipt with sleeping sulph'rous fire?
Their doctrines round a careless land are blown;
They blast the cottage, and would sap the throne.
What? are my words too warm?—I love my King,
My Country, and my God! the sounds shall ring
Ceaseless,

"pills," once *exhibited* in *another* form in these realms. "The "medicated Snuff," a Cephalic of many virtues, prepared from the original receipt found in the Jesuit's Library; "The Jesuit's "nervous pill,—The Jesuit's Balsamic cordial." In short, "decernunt quodcunque volunt DE CORPORE NOSTRO;" body and soul, fortune and state.

I understand them but too well. They know their hour, THEIR PROTECTORS OF NOBLE RANK, their opportunity, their advantages, and *their revenue from the state.* They advance by approaches, not desultory, but regular. The papal genius never sleeps, no, not for a moment; but directs, and animates, and acts, uniformly and constantly, at home and abroad, in cities, in towns, in villages; it takes aid from stupidity and from ability, from above and from beneath. Their bishops, as yet, are but titular, but depend upon it,

Per solis radios, TARPEIAQUE FULMINA jurant,
Quidquid habent telorum armamentaria cæli.*

Depend upon it, I say, *they swear*; but what the oath is, I shall not take upon me to describe; though it may be well understood, and for ought I know, it is already registered.

I have

* Juv. Sat. 13. v. 78.

Ceaseless, till Pitt (with all his host awake)
IN OUR GREAT CAUSE a Nation's inquest take. 130
Look

I have compassion for the unfortunate; I have charity for plundered exiles; I have pity, and would give relief to the wretched and the suffering; I have veneration for the truly pious of every persuasion in the Christian faith. "There is "ONE Lord!" But I have, and it is an Englishman's duty to have, a watchful eye upon the insinuating or domineering spirit of the Romish church. I have no opinion of the sincerity of *their* attachment to *us*, or of *their* gratitude for *our* favours. I insist upon it, they regard THEMSELVES as the *original and rightful inheritors of* OUR *land.*

I call upon the guardians of our Church and State to be watchful, and to regard with attention the proceedings of ALL THE EMIGRANTS. If they refuse to hear, I wish most fervently, that Great Britain may never, in the anguish of an inconsiderate spirit, say of these numerous emigrant priests, and of all the rest sacred or profane;

Ejectos littore, egenos
Excepi, et regni DEMENS *in parte locavi!*

I send THIS NOTE into the world, whatever be it's fate, with the famous papal inscription, but without the spirit, of Sixtus the Fourth to the Florentine Synod under Lorenzo the Magnificent, "IN FUTURAM REI MEMORIAM!" and the Bishop of St. Pol de Leon, and his Consistory, *resident and acting* in England, may reply to it, if they think proper.—(Written in the year 1796.)

Look from that vale, what tribes the fortress (*c*) fill!
Then frown indignant o'er *the opprobrious Hill.* (*d*)

OCTAVIUS.

(*c*) THE GREAT COLLEGE OF ROMISH PRIESTS, AND THE HEAD QUARTERS OF THE CATHOLIC CAUSE *in the Castle* or *King's House at Winchester*, tenanted by priests emigrant and *non*-emigrant, *publicly maintained at the expence of the state!* *Read* the preceding note.

I am not speaking to those, who are indifferent about all or any religion; but to those, who from their station, political or sacred, should understand the importance of the cause, the interests of Christianity and it's purity, the evidence of history, the nature and the *essential* and *unaltered* spirit of the Romish priesthood, and their subtilty and peculiar arts by persuasion, or by terror over weak consciences.

I am speaking to the governors of Great Britain, to the ministers of the crown, who should guard, and who I trust will guard, *against the revival of the Romish Church* now working in secret; as well as against the more open and more terrible democracy of *some* descriptions of the Dissenters. What is said to us all, is said at this hour to ministers and rulers of states with a more important and a more sacred emphasis, "WATCH, *for ye know not* THE "HOUR *when destruction cometh.*" (1796.)

(*d*) Finally: I propose one plain and significant question to Mr. PITT, or to any great minister of state. It is this:

Is there a single instance in the records of any modern history of Europe, where the governing and directing power of the state ever authorised, patronised, and supported with the public money, under any circumstances whatsoever, A COLLEGE OF PRIESTS, *in the heart of a kingdom*, whose tenets and principles were not only different from the established religion of the country, but were in direct opposition and *avowed* hostility to

it?

OCTAVIUS.

THESE THOUGHTS ARE FOR THE STATE! enough of Rome,
Her Gallic altars, and approaching doom.
But if from themes so grave (*e*) you never roam,
Ask

it? And most particularly, when it was the original and fundamental purpose and constitution of that established Church, to discountenance and extinguish the superstitious doctrines, and the political ecclesiastical tenets of *that College of Priests*, so authorized, patronised, and supported by the public money, AS A BODY?

If this question must be answered, as I apprehend it must, in the negative, I maintain, (and if necessary will maintain more solemnly, if possible, and more at large,) *that* THE COLLEGE OF PRIESTS IN THE KING'S HOUSE AT WINCHESTER SHOULD BE IMMEDIATELY DISPERSED,* and not suffered to stand in that offensive, conspicuous, and opprobrious light in the face of the country.

I am really speaking in mercy to them, and to us all, if I am rightly understood. I would support and preserve them from every want, *privately*, and in *detached* situations; *but I would not suffer the ministry of a Catholic Bishop to direct the expenditure* of that public money so granted, *for mere Catholic purposes*: but with the most perfect toleration of *all* persuasions in religion, the Governors of the State should defend and *exclusively* SUPPORT *their own*. This is prudence, this is policy, this it is to remember

* This was effected in December 1796.

Ask at St. Paul's, is Pretyman (*ee*) at home?

The

ber the beginning and progress of all great events.* (May, 1796.)

(*e*) I am not in the habit of perusing many of the various single sermons which are published; but I cannot resist the opportunity of recommending three, which I think are at this time important, and written with ability and spirit. One, by the Rev. Dr. Vincent, head master of Westminster school, (a gentleman of very considerable erudition, diligence, ability, and most exemplary conduct) preached for the Westminster Dispensary; another by Dr. Watson, bishop of Landaff, for the Westminster Dispensary also, with an Appendix, containing Reflexions on the present state of England and France; the Appendix is of peculiar merit; and a third, "On Gaming," written with great energy, erudition, piety, patriotism, and eloquence, by the Rev. Thomas Rennel, D. D. prebendary of Winchester.

While I am speaking on this subject, I think, it may be curious and pleasing, and perhaps useful to some persons, to see the list of books which WILLIAM WARBURTON, Bishop of Gloucester, recommended in some posthumous MSS. Directions for the study of Theology, and which Bishop Hurd published in the 4to. edition and in the 8vo. supplement to his works. I refer to the tract, and merely give the books in the divisions, and *in the order* in which Warburton placed them, and recommended them to be read.

"Locke

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* Though the French priests were removed, *by order of the Government*, from the King's House at Winchester, at the close of the year 1796, yet I have strong and important reasons for leaving this whole passage, in poetry and prose, text and comment, unaltered *upon record to posterity*.

The Dean might smile, when you with happiest care
Blend

" Locke on the Human Understanding: Quintilian's Institu-
" tions.—Grotius de Jure belli et pacis; Woollaston's Religion
" of Nature; Cumberland on the Law of Nature; Cudworth's
" Intellectual System.—Maimonides Ductor Dubitantium;
" Spencer de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus; Walton's Poly-
" glot Bible; Critici Sacri. Locke's Reasonableness of Chris-
" tianity; Burnet de fide et officiis Christianorum; Grotius's
" Comment on the Gospels; Locke on the Epistles; Joseph
" Mede on the Apocalypse; Episcopii Instituta Christianæ
" Theologiæ; Limborch's Theologia Christiana; Grotius de
" Veritate Religionis Christianæ; Stillingfleet's Origines Sacræ,
" 1st ed. Limborch de Veritate Religionis Christianæ Amica
" Collatio cum Erudito Judæo, i. e. Isaaco Orobio; Chilling-
" worth's Religion of Protestants, a safe way to salvation;
" Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, 4 first books. Taylor's Liberty
" of Prophecying; Stillingfleet's Irenicum; Locke's Letters on
" Toleration; Bayle's Comment on the Words " Compel them
" to come in."—Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History; Collier's
" Church History; Fuller's Church History; Sleidan Commen-
" tarii de statu Religionis et Reipublicæ Carolo Quinto Cæsare
" Commentarii; Burnett's History of the Reformation; Dr.
" Clarke's Sermons; Dr. Barrow's Sermons; Sermons du Pere
" Bourdaloue."

The Second Part of these directions could not be found; but it may surprise some people to hear, that Bishop Warburton's vigorous intellect regarded this plan, *but as an introduction* to the study of Theology. *Hæc limina* VICTOR ALCIDES *subiit!* Through such a vestibule did this High Priest pass INTO THE TEMPLE.

But

Blend Horsley's acid with the cream of Blair;
You'd rise at last.

AUTHOR.

But if the reader is disposed to attend to the humbler suggestions of a very private layman on this subject, I think he would find great advantage in studying and considering the following works *in English*, (which are very few in number,) *and in the order* in which they are arranged. 1. The View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, by Soame Jenyns, Esq. 2. The Evidences of Christianity, in three parts, by W. Paley, D.D. 3. Grotius on the Truth of the Christian Religion, in *any* translation. 4. The Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, by Dr. Samuel Clarke. 5. Mr. Locke's Reasonableness of Christianity, particularly the latter part of the tract. 6. Bishop Hurd's Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies. 7. Lord Lyttleton's Dissertation on the Conversion of St. Paul. and 8. Dr. Butler's Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the constitution and course of nature.

From these few volumes, if they are studied with care and an upright intention, I think it may be said, that They "shall see, to whom HE was not (before) spoken of; and "they that have not (before) heard, shall understand." These volumes are the works of laymen as well as of divines; and if I am not mistaken, I think I perceive the following connection in the short plan which I have offered.

1. MR. JENYNS's VIEW prepares the mind to think worthily of the Religion which is proposed, and demonstrates that there is the highest reason to believe and conclude, that it's origin is from above, and not from man. 2. DR. PALEY's View of the subject displays, confirms, and establishes the *direct* historical evidence and proof, with all the plainness and candour of which it is capable, and independent of the particular tenets of *any* church or sect. 3 and 4. GROTIUS and Dr. CLARKE present to us the faith, doctrine, and evidence in the form of propositions, with ample

and

AUTHOR.

How strangely you mistake;
The dream deceives not, when the man's awake.

Once

and learned illustrations, with force of reasoning, and with logical precision. 5. Mr. LOCKE has been peculiarly happy in representing the consonance of the Christian doctrine to reason properly understood, and it's necessity from the defects of all philosophy however distinguished. 6. Bishop HURD, with the hand of a master, has opened the general View of the subject of prophecy, and freed it from the intricacies of speculation, and shewn it's time, nature, end, and intent. 7. LORD LYTTLETON has discussed the most illustrious instance of the conversion to this religion, in the person of St. Paul, a man of the highest natural talents, and of the profoundest reasoning and erudition; and he has accompanied the whole with remarks of weight and dignity on the general subject of Revelation. 8. And last, to a mind disposed to view with calmness, humility and reverence, the whole system of Providence, as far as it is permitted to man to view "THE WORK WHICH GOD WORKETH FROM "THE BEGINNING TO THE END," Dr. BUTLER has unfolded the Analogy or *relation* of the Course of Nature to Religion, by which all things are found to proceed in harmony from HIM who hath made nothing imperfect. I think this great performance of Butler has peculiar force when it is considered in the conclusion of our religious researches, and not as part of the original proof; or as Lord Bacon expresses himself,

Once in the morn of life, a wizard said;
" He ne'er shall rise by benefice or trade;
" But find, remote from consequence or fame,
" A local something, and a shadowy name;
" Shall brave neglect; in England's cause contend;
" Hopeless himself of virtue, but her friend:
" Through crowds shall mark his solitary way,
" Ardent, though secret, and though serious, gay;
" Erect,

" tanquam portum et sabbathum humanarum contemplationum
" omnium." (a)

I speak merely my own sentiments to those who have not *much* time or leisure for deep study, (but we are all bound to find some time for this subject,) and I speak in submission to scholars better informed than myself.

Reader, whoever thou art, if thou shouldest approve these *introductory* ideas to this great subject, inexhausted as it is and inexhaustible, prepare thyself, thy understanding, and thy affections. " Te quoque dignum finge DEO!"

(*e*) The Rt. Rev. George Pretyman, D. D. Bishop of Lincoln and Dean of St. Paul's; Tutor and Secretary to the Rt. Hon. William Pitt, before he was raised to the Prelacy. He is a man of great learning, discernment, and ability; his writings are, in my opinion, distinguished by singular temper and moderation, by accuracy and a clear perception of the subject he is treating, and by a zeal according to knowledge.

(*a*) De Augm. Scient. L. 3. ap. init.

" Erect, without a pension, to his end
" Unknown, unheard, unhonour'd, shall descend;
" Bow to no minister for golden views,
" His portion, Memory, and best gift, the Muse."

OCTAVIUS.

This of yourself?

AUTHOR.

'Tis so.

OCTAVIUS.

You're turn'd plain fool:
A vain, pert prater, bred in (*f*) Erskine's school;
Talk of yourself?

AUTHOR.

(*f*) The Hon. Thomas Erskine, the celebrated *Barrister*. For a further account of his talents, abilities, legal knowledge, &c. see and ask—*Mr. Erskine* HIMSELF. (See also P. of L. Dial. 4.)

AUTHOR.

Why yes; I would be heard:
Mere talkers now, not writers, are preferr'd.
Look at that paper: (*g*) if you print the speeches,
Pitt seems George Rose, or like Sir Richard preaches,
Nor tone, nor majesty, nor patriot fires;
Methinks the wit of Sheridan expires;
Lost in Dundas the Caledonian twang,
Though Pitt, and Port, and Property he sang;
Print negro speeches, and in reason's spite,
Lo, Wilberforce is black, and Francis, white.
Who wonders at buffoons, or Courtney's joke?
And we scarce slumber, though Sir William spoke;
'Tis Grey and grumbling, Curwen (*h*) all and clatter,
And Dent (*i*) and Dogs, and Pewter (*k*) pot and platter.
Shall

(*g*) Any newspaper or report of the Debates in Parliament.

(*h*) All the changes rung upon feudality, tyranny, and I know not what, when the Game Laws were discussed at the close of the last parliament, April 1796, on the motion of Mr. Curwen.

Shall I not *talk?*—Few politics will *read*, 169
Tho' Lauderdale should sketch his Scottish creed; (*l*)

Though

(*i*) Alluding to the long debates on the *Dog and Bitch* bill, brought into parliament in 1796, by Mr. Dent. The bill is a little allegorical, sometimes unintelligible, and often ludicrous. For instance; I shall not look to Mr. Pitt or Mr. Wilberforce for an explanation of the following clause in it; namely, "Pro-"vided always, that NO PERSON *who shall keep* ANY BITCH, "whelp, &c. shall be charged with *the payment* of the said sum, "*until* SUCH BITCH, &c. *shall be of the age of* ——." * Sect. 2. Certainly the bill is allegorical, and THE KEEPERS of BITCHES, &c. complain, that they had *taxes enough to pay for them* before. Mr. Fox objected to it in the H. of C.; so did Lord William Gordon, and many other respectable and *playful* members; but in the H. of L. the Duke of Queensbury said, "It did not *much* "signify."

If Mr. Pitt means that taxes should be an object of wit, I shall soon expect to hear Mr. Sheridan, in the House, call the District of Downing street, "The Borgo Allegro." (1796.)

(*k*) This is another curious subject brought into the House in April 1796, and shews that Mr. Fox has eloquence of all materials and of all metals. GOLD, for his *pension*; BRASS for his *opinions*; and PEWTER for his *constituents*.

(*l*) See the Earl of Lauderdale's Letters to the Scotch Peers. All his affecting eloquence was thrown away upon them, even

when

* See the Act for granting to His Majesty, certain *duties* on *Bitches*, Whelps, &c. &c. passed May 19, 1796.

Though Abram Jones, (*ll*) and Jasper Wilson preach,
With names uncouth, but not unpolish'd speech.
Few mark *the Journals* of the dubious Moore, (*m*)
We scent the tainted gale from Gallia's shore;
Through England as his Various Views advance,
We smile, but trace the Mannerist of France.

Godwin's

when they understood many of the passages, which they did now and then. (1796.)

(*ll*) Two assumed names of political writers, instead of Cato, Brutus, &c. but it is a foolish custom and should cease. Of Abram Jones I have no conjecture; and Jasper Wilson I believe is still dubious: though *the leaden mace* of the laborious and polite *Apologist* has descended with it's usual grace and weight on the devoted head of the ingenious Dr. Currie.

(*m*) John Moore, M. D. the celebrated author of "Travels "into France, and Italy, of Zeluco, of Edward, or Various "Views of Life and Manners in England, &c. &c. &c." I speak of him only as a *public* author. He is a sensible and entertaining companion; his style is easy, always agreeable and pleasing, his wit is playful, and his pleasantry on physicians is sometimes little inferior to Moliere; "vineta cædit sua." But I dislike the *tendency* of various parts of his writings when he speaks of the French affairs; I mean of the *principles* of the *first* Revolution, which led to the cruelties, misery, and distress, which have been since felt by France and by all Europe. It is impossible that Dr. Moore or any other man of sense, can be an advocate for their present system. I dislike also the perpetual ridicule which Dr. Moore throws upon *hereditary* honour, at a time like the present. (1796.)

Godwin's dry page (*p*) no stateman e'er believ'd,
Though fiction aids, what sophistry conceiv'd;

Genius

(*p*) I have given some attention to Mr. Godwin's work, "ON POLITICAL JUSTICE," (*a*) as conceiving it to be THE CODE of *improved* modern ethics, morality, and legislation. I confess I looked not for the republic of Plato, nor even for the Oceana of Harrington, but for something different from them all. I looked indeed for a superstructure raised on the revolutionary ground of equality, watered with blood from the guillotine; and such I found it. I cannot discuss a work in two large volumes in a note, (though some would dispatch it with a single word) but in general I can speak as much of it, as it deserves, in a short compass; I mean, as it appears to me.

Ad terras comitata cadentem
Jam signet muros ultricis semita flammæ! (*b*)

The first trait of the work is a certain cold-blooded indifference to all the mild, pious, and honourable feelings of our common nature, like all the Philosophers of the new Sect. The next thing observable, is a most affectionate concern and regard for the welfare of mankind, who are to exist *some centuries hence*, when *the endless perfectibility of the human species* (for such is their jargon) shall receive *its completion* upon earth; when the disciples of Dr. Darwin have learned to *manage the winds* and direct their currents at pleasure, and the descendants of Abbé Sieyes have calmed the waves of a stormy people with the essential oil of democracy.

Another trait is, that all political Justice is essentially founded upon injustice; if plunder, robbery, and spoliation of all property

(*a*) First published in 2 vols. 4to; and since in 2 vols. 8vo.
(*b*) Stat. L. xii v. 3.

Genius may droop o'er Falkland's funeral cry;

No

perty *in the outset* may be termed injustice;* though to be sure the latter end of his commonwealth rather forgets the beginning. But I must say, he is not without some kind of apprehension, that the population of states may be too great, under the blessings of an *equal diffusion* of property in the proposed government, for which he provides a remedy; though, for my own part, I think such a government, like Saturn of old, will be reduced to the necessity of eating up its children.

Again: another discovery seems to be, that as hitherto we have had recourse to the agency and interference of the Deity, and his unalterable laws, to account even for the fall of a stone to the ground, the germination of a blade of grass, or the propagation of the meanest insect; we are *now to* discard the superintendence of God in human and terrestrial affairs, and to believe *in no providence but our own*, and to *re-make* ourselves and our faculties. He seems to realize a modern fiction I once read, which supposes an assembly of certain philosophers before the Deity, when some of them are said to whisper in HIS ear, "Between friends, we do not believe "that YOU exist at all."

Further: as to suppose a divine sanction without a divinity would be absurd, *therefore*, every institution such as marriage, which in all civilized nations has been hallowed for the great end for which it was ordained, is to be vilified, ridiculed, argued away, and abolished. The tender sex, deprived of the support, comfort, and protection of their natural guardian, is to be delivered

* i. e. If Mr. Godwin's principles are to be adopted in any country, where property is *now* secured *by the laws*.

No patriot weeps when gifted villains die. 180

Who

delivered over to fancied freedom and wild independance, but in reality to misery and destitution beyond all calculation.

Then by way of corollary, a few vulgar virtues and once honourable affections, as piety to parents, and love to children, *as such*, are to be erased from the breast. Gratitude for kindness, and tears for the unfortunate, are but weakness: there is nothing soothing in compassion, and friendship has no consolation. It would seem, that a well of water, an apple tree, or any thing *productive*, is more valuable than man to man, *abstracted from the mere use* which one man can derive from another. "These are "thy gods, O Israel, and this is the worship to which you are "called!"

Nevertheless I shall still venture to mention, with reverence and humility, THE GREAT MORAL CODE intended for all mankind, once delivered and ratified by HIM, *who knew what was in man*. In that code all is practicable, all virtue is founded in mercy, kindness, benevolence, and comfort, alike to him that gives and him that takes. There man plants; and God, not man, gives the increase. There we find no wild supposition of an interest which cannot be described, as it does not exist; no course of actions is proposed, without a motive direct and reflected. I speak here of perhaps the least part of the Gospel Code, even of that Revelation which was given unto men in a manner at once clear and perspicuous, pure and unmixed, uniform and consistent, persuasive and convincing, powerful and *authoritative*, in the name and in the majesty of HIM WHO is from everlasting to everlasting, THE ALMIGHTY!

But if we regard mere human institutions; if a man wishes to see a *practicable* system of policy and government, founded and confirmed in the experience of ages, let him, if he has been awhile led astray by the meteors of Godwin, walk for a season

in

Who now reads Parr? whose title who shall give?

Doctor

in the steady light which Blackstone has diffused. Let him study the Commentaries on the English Laws, as they exist and uphold all that is valuable, or perhaps attainable, in a rational and civilized nation; and then let him consider the theories of Godwin on political Justice, and contemplate the government which would be raised on his principles. To me there seems to be no more comparison than between light and darkness. What the great Burnet * affirms of the Deist and the Atheist, considered merely as two sects in philosophy, is, I am convinced, not wholly inapplicable to the two political Sects in question. "The hypothesis of *the Deist* reaches from the top to the bottom, "both through the intellectual and material world, with a clear "and distinct light every where; is genuine, comprehensive, "satisfactory; has nothing forced, nothing confused, nothing "precarious. Whereas the hypothesis of *the Atheist* is strained "and broken; dark and uneasy to the mind, *commonly precarious*, "*often incongruous and irrational, and sometimes plainly ridiculous.*"

I can allow Mr. Godwin, and other speculative writers on government to be ingenious. They must in the course of their investigation, now and then throw out a *new* idea, but in general the greatest part of their works consists of very old ideas, which have been discussed again and again. They astonish by paradoxes, and allure the imagination by prospects without a limit; and when they have alternately *heated and confounded* the minds of men, they call them *to the great work*, namely, the subversion

* Burnet's Theory of the earth, b. 2. ch. 10.—See the tenth and eleventh chapters of that great man's work: "On the Author of Nature, and on Natural Providence;"—a master treatise on reason and eloquence. I wish these two chapters were published in a separate pamphlet.

Doctor Sententious hight, or Positive? (s)

From

subversion of, what they call, prejudices, and the overthrow of the government, *which is:*

IN NOSTROS FABRICATA EST MACHINA MUROS.

I can laugh at their metaphysics, and even be amused with their pantomime fancies, *as such*. But when I know that their theories are designed to be brought into action, and when they tell us, that they hate violence, blood-shed, revolution, and misery, and that truth and happiness are their objects; I open my eyes to see, and my ears to hear; and having honestly exerted both faculties, I declare, from private conviction and from public experience, that I oppose the admission of their doctrines, whether recommended by Thomas Paine, or William Godwin. Perhaps indeed, "Hujusmodi "Cives, improbos in rempublicam et seditiosos, a Censore "melius est, quam a Poeta notari." (a)

Yet a moment. Take Mr. Godwin as a *natural* philosopher, and from his doctrines let the reader consider *the state of his understanding*. Let him also consider, *how* such a man is qualified not merely to reform, but first to overthrow and then to rebuild, the whole system of government, morality, and religion in such a kingdom as Great Britain. What opinion can we entertain of a man who seriously thinks that, at some future period, the necessity of *sleep in an animal body may be superseded:*—that *men die merely by their own fault and mismanagement*, but, that the immortality of the organized human body, as it is now formed, might be attained by proper attention and care:—or who thinks "that, hereafter it is by no means clear, that the "most extensive operations may not be within the reach of "*one* man, or to make use of a familiar instance, *that a plough* "*may not be turned into a field, and perform it's office, without the* "*need*

(a) Cicero Fragm. de Republicâ, Lib. 4. ap. Augustin. de Civit. Dei, L. 9. C. 9.

From Greek, or French, or any Roman ground,

In

" *need of superintendence!!!*" and then adds, " It was *in this* " *sense* that the celebrated Franklin conjectured, that Mind " would one day become omnipotent over matter!!! (*a*) Surely we may say with the poet of Epicurus;

Naturäi
Perturbatur ibi totum *sic* corpus, et *omnes*
Commutantur ibi POSITURÆ PRINCIPIORUM. (*b*)

I have referred to the last edition of Mr. Godwin's work, as he has corrected or omitted many passages which were in the 4to edition. If he will but go on with *more last thoughts*, I think he will shortly reduce it to a very little pamphlet. I could make such a collection of *Beauties* (or what Rabelais might call " *Antidoted Conundrums*") from this work, as would dazzle even a modern philosopher, whose " mind is omnipotent over matter," in Mr. Godwin's and Dr. Franklin's sense.

I think these *Beauties* would form an assemblage of the most curious and incongruous ideas ever exhibited, fully sufficient, (as Mr. Godwin expresses it) to " rouse (any man) from " the LETHARGIC OBLIVIOUS POOL, *out of which every finite in-* " *tellect originally rose!*" (*c*) Good heaven! what can Mr. Godwin mean by such ideas, and such words! except he *seriously* believes that *human souls* are dipped in the river of oblivion, or drink of that stream as described by Virgil. Yet even this will not help, or explain Mr. Godwin's words, for he says, that they " ORIGINALLY *rose from the oblivious pool.*"

Into what whirlpools of desolating nonsense are *we* to be hurried, as the sport, the scorn, the ludibria, the puppets of *these New Creators of the moral world?* Alas for man! wherever they

(*a*) Godwin, v 2. p. 494. ed. 8vo. (*b*) Lucret. L. 4. v. 670.
(*c*) Godwin, vol. 2. p. 88. 8vo. ed.

In mazy progress and eternal round,

Quotations

they lead us and themselves, methinks it is deeper and deeper, *confusion worse confounded!*

The further I proceed, the more I learn to distrust swelling men, and swelling words, and swelling ideas, but above all in political subjects, from which most is to be dreaded. Political writers of this class are not to be considered as the speculators of former times.

The lucubrations of Montesquieu and Locke, so unjustly and so foolishly decried of late by some weak, though well-meaning persons, were given as the result of long experience and of continued meditation. The works of these great men were not designed to produce subversion, but *slow* and gradual reformation, as the various states of Europe would admit. The writers of these days, on the contrary, throw out their ideas *at a heat*, and intend they should be brought into *immediate* action. They are not friends "to the world, or the "world's law."

I would earnestly and zealously inculcate it again and again, that whatever may be held forth to us, or disguised, by these philosophers, neither *their* plans, nor *their* reforms, nor *their* systems, can ever be erected or established IN THE KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN, but upon the overthrow of the Christian Religion, and upon the annihilation, or the disturbance of all orders and ranks in society, as they now exist. We may also be fully assured, that this cannot be effected, but through the necessary and unavoidable medium of plunder, confiscation, revolutionary diurnal murders, and the insurrection of the enterprising talents of gifted, bold, and bad men, UPON ALL PROPERTY, *public and private*, upon which all modern Revolutionists rest as their corner stone, and their final hope.

I will add, that to such of my readers as are conversant in those authors of antiquity whose precision, of thought and of language,

Quotations dance, and wonder at their place,
Buzz through his wig, and give the bush more grace:
But on the oath, that modest Tucker (*t*) swore,
Parr wisely ponder'd; and his oath forbore.
He prints a Sermon: (*tt*) Hurd with judging eye
Reads, and rejects with critic dignity:

Words

language, has conferred dignity and stability on those principles by which all that is sacred, or venerable, or useful, or necessary to well-being is maintained, I would offer the words of an ancient Christian Philosopher in the early ages. The uncertainty, and weakness, and futility of *modern and revived* doctrines were never better exposed or expressed.

Ηδη γαρ μοι σκοτος αγνοιας απαντα, και απατη μελαινα, και απειρος πλανη, και ατελης φαντασια, και ακαταληπτος αγνοια. Ταυτα τοινυν διεξηλθον, βουλομενος δειξαι την εν τοις δογμασιν ουσαν αυτων εναντιοτητα, και ως εις απειρον αυτοις και αοριστον προεισιν ή ζητησις των πραγματων, και το τελος αυτων ατεκμαρτον και αχρηστον, εργω μηδενι προδηλω και λογω σαφει βεβαιωμενον.(*a*) (1796.)

If this note is too long, I have no inclination to make any apology for it. My conviction and my fears on this most awful subject, (while it may *yet* avail us to consider it) sometimes overpower me, till I absolutely sink under them. It is written, I hope we all know where, "Γενομενος εν αγωνια "ΕΚΤΕΝΕΣΤΕΡΟΝ προσηυχετο."

(*a*) Hermiæ Διασυρμος (sive Irrisio) των εξω Φιλοσοφων. Pag. 175.—Sub fin; Ed. Paris. Justin. Martyris Op. 1636.

Words upon words! and most against their will,
And honied globules dribble through his quill,
Mawkish, and thick; Earth scarce the tropes supplies,
Heav'n lends her moon and *crouded galaxies*; (v)
Polemic

(s) Though the reader may possibly have a very good idea of a sententious, or a positive Doctor in general; yet my specific allusion is to the theology of the twelfth century, when the Doctors were divided into *Doctores Dogmatici et Positivi*, and the *Doctores Sententiarii*, or expounders of the famous Book of Sentences by Peter Lombard, *Bishop of* Paris.

At present Bishop Gregoire and Bishop Sieyes at PARIS, give their Doctors some famous books of sentences to expound, notis et commentariis perpetuis DOCTORIS GUILLOTINI, who causes great unanimity of sentiment among the Doctors, and arranges their several heads with admirable precision. (1796.)

(t) Josiah Tucker, D. D. late Dean of Gloucester, ὁ πανυ, once took an oath in a pamphlet that he would refuse a bishopric. He was an acute, learned, and most sagacious man.

(tt) The unfortunate Education Sermon, which Bishop Hurd happened to dislike. "Hinc illæ lacrymæ!" This produced the re-publication of Warburton's and Hurd's tracts, with the splendid and astonishing dedication by Dr. Parr. See the First Dialogue of the P. of L. See also Rabelais's great Chapter, "How Gargantua spent his time in *rainy* weather," and the comment by Du Chat.

(v) Dr. Parr's *own* words. See the P. of L. Dialogue 1. and Dr. Parr's *own* Dedication of Warburton's tracts, p. 151, &c. with all the display of beautiful earthly and cœlestial imagery,

Polemic phrenzy and irreverent rage,
And dotard impotence, deform the page.

Let

gery, and all the *melliti verborum globuli*, which were exhibited on the occasion in such admirable confusion, "ut majus sit "*haice contortiones orationis*, quam signorum ortus obitusque, per- "discere." (*a*) Dr. Parr's strange *verbiage* (*b*) reminds me of some persons in *The Wasps* of Aristophanes;

Λυχνους εχοντες, και μινυριζοντες μελη
Αρχαιομελησιδωνεφρυνιχηρατα. (*c*)

Or as Plautus expresses himself in one of his comedies;

"Salva res est, philosophatur quoque jam:
"Quod erat ei nomen?—*Thesaurochrysonicochrysides*." (*d*)

The Doctor can construe *all this*, I believe, and the meaning of it.

Dr.

(*a*) Cic. de Fato, Sect. 8.

(*b*) I have been misunderstood. I hold up none of Dr. Parr's sesquipedalia verba to ridicule; it is his verbiage and phraseology which I reprobate. It would be ridiculous indeed to compare *the Birmingham Doctor* with Dr. Samuel Johnson. I am not his Biographer; it is not his life, but his writings which I criticise.

What has Dr. Parr written? A Sermon or two, rather long; a Latin Preface to Bellendenus, (rather long too,) consisting of a cento of Latin and Greek expressions applied to political subjects; another preface to some English tracts, and two or three English pamphlets about his own private quarrels. And this is the man to be compared with Dr. Samuel Johnson!!! (Added, 1797.) Why am I *forced* into a confirmation of my opinion stronger and stronger?

(*c*) Σφηκες. v. 219. (*d*) Captiv. A. 2. Sc. 2.

Let him but wrangle, and in any shape
Not insignificance itself can 'scape:

Horace

Dr. Parr is so very learned, and has such a deep mouth, that some conjecture he was not born till the end of the eleventh month, like the great Gargantua; or περιπλομενυ ενιαυτου, at the end of a twelve-month, as Homer speaks (*a*) of one of Neptune's children, and for which Aulus Gellius (a favourite author with Dr. Parr) gravely assigns a reason, "Convenisse Neptuno "majestatique ejus, ut longiore tempore satus ex eo grandes- "ceret." (*b*). Επει ουκ αποφωλιοι ενναι Αθανατων!

A few months after the Doctor's birth, he was found, like Gargantua, to be "a fine boy, and *had a burly physiognomy*; he "monochordized with his fingers, and *barytonized* with his tail." Rabel. B. 1. C. 7. This was a presage of the noise the Doctor was to make hereafter; but from the nature of his boyish diet, (for his masters were stiled Tubal Holofernes and Ponocrates Matæologus) it appeared that he was better fed than taught. If the child wanted a bit of bread, or a slice of mutton, or any common vegetable, he was not suffered to have any, till he had cited all the Greek or Latin authors who had mentioned these *natural* substances; Pliny, Athenæus, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyrius, Oppian, Polybius, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Heliodorus, Aristotle, Plato, Aulus Gellius, Ælian, Theophrastus,* and Dioscorides, down to Buffon and Sir John Hill. This habit

the

(*a*) Odys. xi. v. 247. (*b*) Aul. Gell. Lib. 3. C. 16.

(*c*) I recommend, to Dr: Parr the following passage from Theophrastus's History of Plants, which he will understand; Εν ταις αγαθαις χωραις, προς το ΜΗ ΦΥΛΛΟΜΑΝΕΙΝ, επινεμουσι και επιχειρουσι του σιτου. Theophrast. Hist. Plant. Lib. 8. C. 7.

Horace and Coombe (*x*) go forth, a gentle pair,
Splendid and silly, to unequal war;
But while the midwife to Lucina prays,
The Gorgon glares, and blasts the critic's bays.

Parr prints *a Paper*; (*y*) well: in all things equal,
Sense, taste, wit, judgment; but pray read *The Sequel*:

Sequel

the Child never lost in his riper years, to the great edification of his hearers or readers, when he was furnished with pen and ink.

When he was advanced to the Doctorate, *the Child* was still the same, as appeared in his complimentary and satirical preface to Bellendenus, in which, as usual, he discharged all the literary food he ever ate, after the Greek fashion of his masters Tubal Holofernes and Ponocrates Matæologus, and as prescribed by that great and consummate Theologian, "Joanninus de "Barrauco in libro de copiositate reverentiarum," a writer who cannot be sufficiently recommended, and who is *as well known* as "MUSAMBERTIUS in Commonitorio ad Ramirésium "de Prado," quoted by Mr. Porson in the title page of his Letters, to regale Archdeacon Travis.

(*x*) See the ridiculous controversy between Dr. Parr and Dr. Coombe, about a pompous edition of Horace, published to be sure for no purpose that I can discover; which the Doctor Positivus mangled and destroyed in the British Critic without any mercy. See also Dr. Parr's strange Letter to Dr. C. on this occasion, signed "By an Occasional Writer in the British "Critic."

(*y*) Dr. Parr published at Birmingham what he called "A printed Paper;" and after that, "A Sequel to a printed "Paper," a very large pamphlet, de omni scibili, as usual.

I really

Sequel to what? the Doctor only knows;
Morsels of politics, most chosen prose,
Of Nobles, Priestley, Plato, Democrats,
Pitt, Plutaich, Curtis, Burke, and Rous, and Rats;
The scene? 'tis Birmingham, renown'd afar
At once for half pence, and for Doctor Parr.

OCTAVIUS.

Well if none *read* such works, yet all admire—

AUTHOR.

The paper?

OCTAVIUS.

Yes; ten shillings every quire: (*a*)
The

I really think it is impossible to point out any man of learning and ability, (and Dr. Parr has both,) who has *hitherto* wasted his powers and attainments in such a desultory, unmeaning, wild, unconnected, and useless manner, as Dr. PARR. "*In nullum* "*reipublicæ usum* ambitiosâ loquelâ *inclaruit.*"* I have done with him.

(*a*) I allude to and condemn the needlessly expensive manner of publishing most pamphlets, and books at this time. See the Pursuits of Literature, Dial. 1.

If

* Tacit. L. 4. Sect. 20.

The type is Bulmer's, *just like* Boydell's plays:
So Mister Hayley shines in Milton's (*b*) rays.
In one glaz'd glare tracts, sermons, pamphlets vie,
And hot-press'd nonsense claims a dignity.

AUTHOR.

Nonsense or sense, I'll bear in any shape,
In gown, in lawn, in ermine, or in crape:
What's a fine type, where truth exerts her rule?
Science is science, and a fool's a fool.

Yet all shall read, and all that page approve,
When public spirit meets with public love.

Thus

If the present rage of general printing on fine, creamy, wire-wove, hot-pressed paper is not stopped, the injury done to the eye from reading, and the shameful expence of the books, will in no very long time annihilate the desire of reading, and the possibility of purchasing. *No new work whatsoever should be published in this manner*, or Literature will destroy itself.

(*b*) Mr. Hayley wrote a long life, or rather a sort of defence of Milton, as I think, prefixed to Boydell's grand edition of the poet. I like neither the spirit nor the execution of Mr. H.'s work.

Thus late (*c*) where poverty with rapine dwelt,
Rumford's kind genius the Bavarian felt,
Not by romantic charities beguil'd,
But calm in project, and in mercy (*d*) mild.
Where'er his wisdom guided, none withstood,
Content with peace and practicable good;
Round him the labourers throng, the nobles wait,
Friend of the poor, and guardian of the state.

Yet all shall read, (*e*) when bold in strength divine,
Prelatic virtue guards the Christian shrine,
Pleas'd

(*c*) See the Experimental Essays, Political, Economical, and Philosophical, by BENJAMIN Count of RUMFORD, &c. &c. &c. I hope the Directors of the interior Government of this country will have the sense and wisdom to profit from this most valuable and important work, whose truly philosophic and benevolent author must feel a joy and self satisfaction, far superior to any praise which man can bestow.

(*d*) A distinguishing feature in all his plans for the relief of the poor, the idle, the abandoned, and the wretched. The *mode* of conferring mercy, and apparent kindness, is not always mild and merciful. I have too much respect for my readers to enlarge on this virtue. May they all feel experimentally, that the merciful, in the true sense, shall obtain mercy.

(*e*) See the important, convincing, and eloquent Letters addressed to Thomas Paine, author of the Age of Reason, 2d part,

Pleas'd from the pomp of science to descend,
And teach the people, as their hallowed friend;
In gentle warnings to the unsettled breast,
In all it's wand'rings from the realms of rest,
From impious scoffs and ribaldry to turn,
And Reason's Age by reason's light discern;
Refix insulted truth with temper'd zeal,
And feel that joy which Watson best can feel.

True Genius marks alone the path to life,
And Fame invites, and prompts the noble strife,
Her temple's everlasting doors unbarr'd;
Desert is various, various the reward:
No little jealousy, no ill-tim'd sneer,
No envy there is found, or rival fear.

Methinks

by the Rt. Rev. Richard Watson, Bishop of Landaff, stiled, "An Apology for the Bible." Every person wishes, that the Bishop had changed, or would even now change, the word "Apology" to "Defence," or any other; not that the word "apology" is absolutely improper, but because the original meaning of it is obsolete. To write such a book as this is to do a real service to mankind. A cheap edition of it is printed, and it is hoped will be circulated throughout the kingdom.

I think that his "Defence of Revealed Religion" in two short Sermons

Methinks on Babylon fond fancy dreams,
Her vale of willows by the mournful streams,
Where Hebrew lyres hung (*cc*) mute! O'er Sion's hill
Blows the chill blast, and baneful dews distill. (*dd*)
Blest

Sermons is of great merit and of general utility. Bishop Watson should often write, but with the utmost caution, accuracy, and consideration, because his works will always be read.'

I would also particularly recommend the perusal of the Sixth Letter of the Series of Letters which the Bishop addressed to Mr. Gibbon. To young men of fashion and of abilities, originally good, but obscured by libertine life and conversation, it will be peculiarly serviceable; as well as to those who are led astray by some modern pretended discoveries in *natural philosophy*, now a favourite mode of introducing and enforcing scepticism and infidelity.

In this place it is a circumstance worthy of solemn notice, that when Anaxagoras reasoned before PERICLES on the œconomy and order of the universe, and the phænomena of nature, the all-accomplished Athenian was led by the philosopher into a sobriety of thought and a settled devotion. It is thus expressed in the powerful language of Plutarch: "Ο φυσικος "λογος, αντι της φοβερας και φλεγμαινουσης δεισιδαιμονιας, την "ασφαλη μετ' ελπιδων αγαθων ευσεβειαν ενεργαζεται."*

(*cc*) "The banks of the rivers of Babylon were so thickly planted with willow trees, as the learned Bochart informs us, that the country of Babylon was thence called, The Vale of Willows, and on those trees were suspended the lyres of the captive Hebrews neglected and unstrung." See PERSIAN MISCELLANIES, by William Ouseley, Esq.

* Plut. Vit. Pericl. p. 342. vol. 1. ed. Bryan.

Blest be the charm, that sense to virtue binds,
The social sympathy of learned minds,
The common care, the universal cause,
And all that piety to genius draws.

How sweet to hear, on that Parnassian mount,
Mild waters welling from the favour'd fount;
Oh, never may Castalia's streams divide
From Siloa's brook, and Jordan's hallow'd tide.

But

4to. p. 101. abounding with learned, pleasing, and curious information. It is one of those works, which not being adapted to general reading should be patronised and purchased by men of fortune and education.

I beg leave for the same reasons, to recommend the ingenious Mr. MAURICE's History of Hindostan in 4to. and his Indian Antiquities in 8vo. The subject is indeed in the region of fancy and of conjecture, and Mr. M.'s work abounds with both; but such erudition, ingenuity, and unremitting diligence, should not fail of an honourable reward. Sint HIC etiam sua præmia laudi. (See also P. of L. Dial. IV.)

(*dd*) I read, with the greatest concern, the following passage in the very learned, ingenious, and venerable Bishop of Worcester's Preface to the quarto edition of Warburton's Works, concerning Dr. Lowth, one of the greatest men whom our times have produced. Dr. Hurd says; "Bishop LOWTH's reputation, "as a writer, was raised chiefly on his Hebrew Literature, as "displayed in those two works, his Latin Lectures on the Hebrew "poetry, and his English version of the prophet Isaiah. The

"former

But hark, what solemn strains from Arno's vales
Breathe raptures wafted on the Tuscan gales!
LORENZO rears again his awful head,
And feels his ancient glories round him spread;
The Muses starting from their trance revive,
And at their ROSCOE's bidding, wake and live. (e)

THE

" former is well and elegantly composed, but in a vein of criti-
" cism not above the common; the latter, I think, is chiefly
" valuable, as it shews how little may be expected from Dr.
" Kennicott's Work, and from a new translation of the Bible for
" public use." Preface to Warburton's Works, 4to. edit. p. 94.

The necessity of any observation from me is precluded by a very able Letter to Bishop Hurd, occasioned by his Strictures on Archbishop Secker and Bishop Lowth, by a member of the University of Oxford, which I recommend to the reader. It is one of the few pamphlets which should be preserved.

(e) See " The Life of Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magni-
" ficent, by William Roscoe," 2 vol. 4to. I cannot but congratulate the public upon this great and important addition to Classical History, which I regard as a phænomenon in Literature, in every point of view.

It is pleasant to consider a gentleman, not under the auspices of an university, or beneath the shelter of academic bowers, but in the practice of the law and business of great extent, and resident in the remote commercial town of Liverpool, (where nothing is heard of but Guinea ships, slaves, blacks, and merchandise,) investigating and describing the rise and progress of every polite art in Italy at the revival of learning with acuteness, depth,

THE LATIAN GENIUS vindicates his state,
And proudly hails the great Triumvirate, (*f*)
Lords of the lyre, and fathers of the song,
In Fancy's order as they pass along.
There musing deep in philosophic groves,
His Tuscan Academe, (*g*) Lorenzo roves;
While

depth, and precision; with the spirit of the poet, and the solidity of the historian.

For my own part, I have not terms sufficient to express my admiration of his genius and erudition, or my gratitude for the amusement and information I have received. I may add, that *the manner* in which Mr. Roscoe procured, from the libraries at Florence, and many of the various inedited manuscripts with which he has enriched the appendix to his history, was singularly curious; not from a Fellow or Traveller of the Dilettanti, but from a commercial man in the intervals of his employment.

I shall not violate the dignity of the work by slight objections to some modes of expression, or even to a few words, or to some *occasional sentiments* in the Historian *of a Republic*. But I recommend it to our country as a work of unquestionable genius, and of uncommon merit. It adds the name of Roscoe to the very first rank of English classical Historians.

MUSARUM SPONDET CHORUS, ET ROMANUS APOLLO.* (1796.)

(*f*) Dante, Boccacio, and Petrarch.

(*g*) See Mr. Roscoe's account of the institution of the Platonic Academy at Florence, and the Platonic festival, and the effects of it. Vol. i. p. 160, &c. &c.

* Sulpiciæ Sat. v. ult.

While prophets of his great reviving name,
From isles of fragrance and Athenian fame,
Sages and Bards in classic pomp appear!
Bessarion, (*h*) and Philelpho's (*i*) form severe;
Marsilius (*k*) rob'd in olive, Plato's priest;
(*l*) Janus with treasures from the learned East;
And He, who from Eleusis flaming bore
The torch of science to his native shore,

Fam'd

(*h*) Cardinal Bessarion, a learned and eloquent prelate, honoured with the purple by Pope Eugenius the 4th in 1439. For the most ample account of the restoration of Greek literature in Italy, the reader must consult the learned Hodius deGræcis Illustribus, Linguæ Græcæ Literarumque humaniorum Instauratoribus, which may easily be procured; and, if convenient, Tiraboschi's History, which is voluminous. Tiraboschi was the Librarian at Modena.

(*i*) Philelpho. A Professor in various sciences in different parts of Italy, who introduced many curious Greek MSS. into that country; a man of erudition, but turbulent and intractable in his temper. "Ingenium vagum, multiplex, volubile." See also the Academie des Inscriptions, tom 10. p. 691—751.

(*k*) Marsilius Ficinus, the great disciple of Plato, whose doctrines exclusively occupied his attention, or rather devotion, and which appeared in all his conduct and conversation.

(*l*) Janus Lascaris, a man of eloquence and politeness, and of imperial descent. He was a literary missionary of Lorenzo, and

Fam'd Chrysolòras; (*m*) and Landino (*n*) bold,
In studious shades high converse form'd to hold;
Politian, (*nn*) chief of all th' enlighten'd race
In Lydian softness, and Horatian grace;
Michael, (*o*) in full Pierian pow'rs erect,
The sculptor, painter, poet, architect,

Michael

and brought with him from the east a treasure of two hundred manuscripts. See also H dius de Græcis Illustribus, p. 294. for several curious particulars.

(*m*) Emanuel Chrysolòras, stiled by his contemporaries, the Patriarch of Literature, principally the Græcian.

(*n*) Christophero Landino, a Professor of Poetry and Rhetoric in Florence, a writer of spirit and depth of knowledge; and author of a work, once celebrated, called the "Disputationes "Camaldulenses," formed on a plan similar to the Tusculan disputations. The scene is supposed to be a monastery in the wood of Camaldoli. The account of it by Mr. Roscoe is particularly pleasing and judicious. Vol. 1. p. 103, &c.

(*nn*) See Mr. Roscoe's account of that finished and polite scholar and poet, Angelo Politiano. It were an injury to abridge it.

(*o*) Michael Angelo Buonarotti. I wish, however, to refer the reader again to Mr. Roscoe, v. 2. p. 201, &c. who gives animation to any subject, new or old; for I know not how it is, but as it seems *to me*,

HUIC MUSÆ INDULGENT OMNES, HUNC POSCIT APOLLO.*

* Vidæ Art. Poet. l. 1. v. 337.

Michael to Britain dear, so Genius spoke,
When his last praise from parting (*h*) Reynolds broke:
And all whose brows, with ivy grac'd or bays,
Brighten'd their LEO's visionary days.
Names which I long have blest, nor blest in vain!
Oh, were I number'd in their sacred train,
To realms of purest light, where heroes dwell,
Her bolder notes the willing Muse should swell

In

(*h*) In Sir Joshua Reynolds's final address to the Royal Academy, as their President, he concluded an able panegyric on that mighty master, by saying that the last word he wished to pronounce from the Chair was, "MICHAEL ANGELO." It was a word heard by the audience with the deep silence of regret. It absolutely repairs me to talk of these great men: such is the power of departed genius!

Far pleasanter to me is the language of commendation, than the tone of censure. I wish to expatiate freely, when I can, in the groves and retreats of the wise, the virtuous, and the eminent, with philosophers, and statesmen, and poets, and historians, and orators of highest fame. I love the regions of the morning, and the light of the sun;

Οθι τ' Ηως ηριγενειης
Οικια και χορoι εισι, και αντολαι Ηελιοιο. (*a*)

(*a*) Hom. Od. L. 12. v. 3.

In lyric intonation, grave and deep,
Nor dream with folly, nor with dulness sleep;
To Cowper and to Gifford leave the rod,
For songs celestial, and the Delian God:
Then calmly to the secret mount retire,
Bid Satire glance on folly, and expire.

OCTAVIUS.

Give me my Sabine grove, tir'd Horace cried;
For Cumæ thus the great Aquinian sigh'd:
But when wild waves, and wars, and tempests rage,
Ah, who can find the soft Saturnian age?
'Tis your's awhile to frown on classic toys,
Black-Letter Dogs, or hoary seventh-form Boys;
Awhile to war with dunces, fools, and knaves,
Hirelings of state, or opposition slaves,
And all who dare profane THE MUSE's dome:
With idle, random fierceness they may foam,

None

None shall HER column's stately pride deface: 309
The Snake winds harmless round the marble base. (q)

(q) My friend Octavius means by this allusion to observe, that the proper, constant, and undeviating application of time, learning, and talents, must ultimately resist the malignity of criticism, and rise superior to temporary neglect, in any department of literature, of government, or of society.

As I concluded the first Dialogue of this Poem with a sentence from Swift, I wish to recommend another from that great master of life, as obvious perhaps, and as little attended to. The sentence is this; "It is an uncontrolled truth, that NO "MAN EVER MADE AN ILL FIGURE, WHO UNDERSTOOD HIS "OWN TALENTS, NOR A GOOD ONE, WHO MISTOOK THEM."

THE END OF THE THIRD DIALOGUE.

THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE FOURTH AND LAST.

Ουδ' αλαοσκοπιην ειχε χρειων Ενοσιχθων·
Και γαρ ὁ θαυμαζων ἡστο Πτολεμοντε Μαχηντε,
Υψι επ' ακροτατης κορυφης Σαμιη ὑλησσης
Θρηϊκιης· ενθεν γαρ εφαινετο πασα μεν Ιδη,
Φαινετο δε Πριαμοιο πολις, και νηες Αχαιων·
Αυτικα δ' εξ ορεος κατεβησατο παιπαλοεντος.
Τρις μεν ορεξατ' ιων, ΤΟ ΔΕ ΤΕΤΡΑΤΟΝ ἱκετο τεκμωρ
Αιγας, ενθα δε οἱ κλυτα δωματα ΒΕΝΘΕΣΙ ΛΙΜΝΗΣ
Χρυσεα, μαρμαιροντα τετευχαται, αφθιτα αιει.

Hom. Il. 13. v. 10.

THE PREFACE

TO THE

FOURTH AND LAST DIALOGUE (a)

OF

THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

L'OMBRA SUA TORNA CH'ERA DIPARTITA! Dante.

" *Hear his speech, but say thou nought.*"
" But one word more;—"
" *He will not be commanded!*" Macbeth.

AS I have now brought my Poem to the conclusion which I intended, it is proper and, as I think, respectful to offer some considerations to the public, for whose use it was written. No imitation of any writer or of any poem was proposed, unless the adherence to the principles of just composition, and a *general* observation of the finished models of classical literature, be considered as such. In

(a) *First* printed in July 1797.

the Preface to the First Dialogue I said, what I now repeat, that I would not have printed it, but from a full conviction of it's *tendency* to promote the public welfare. My particular ideas on the nature and subject of SATIRE I expressed clearly and fully in the Preface to the Second Dialogue, and under the influence and impression of those sentiments I wrote the work. I have since enlarged on that subject in the Introductory Letter to this Poem. In my Preface to the Third Dialogue, feeling the importance of my subject in it's various branches, I asserted that,

" LITERATURE, *well or ill conducted*, IS THE GREAT " ENGINE *by which* ALL CIVILIZED STATES *must* " *ultimately be supported or overthrown.*"

I am now more and more deeply impressed with this truth, if we consider the nature, variety, and extent of the word Literature.

We are no longer in an age of ignorance; and information is not partially distributed according to the ranks, and orders, and functions, and dignities of social life. All learning has an index, and every science it's abridgment. I am scarcely able to name any man whom I consider as wholly ignorant. We no longer look exclusively for learned authors in the usual place, in the retreats of academic erudition, and in the seats of religion. Our peasantry now read the *Rights of Man* on mountains, and moors, and by the way side; and shepherds make the analogy between their occupation and that of their governors. Happy indeed, had they been taught to make no other comparison. Our *unsexed* female writers now instruct, or confuse, us and themselves in the labyrinth of politics, or turn us wild with Gallic frenzy.

But there is one publication of the time too peculiar, and too important to be passed over in a general reprehension. There is nothing with which it may be compared. A legislator in our own parliament, a member of the House of Commons of Great Britain, an elected guardian and defender of the laws, the religion, and the good manners of the country, has neither scrupled nor blushed to depict, and to publish to the world, the arts of lewd and systematic seduction, and to thrust upon the nation the most open and unqualified blasphemy against the very code and volume of our religion. And all this, with his name, style, and title, prefixed to the novel or romance called "THE MONK." (*b*) And one of our public theatres has allured

(*b*) "THE MONK, a Romance in three volumes by M. LEWIS, "Esq. M. P." printed for Bell, Oxford-street. At first I thought that the name and title of the author were fictitious, and some of the public papers hinted it. But I have been solemnly and repeatedly assured by the Bookseller himself, that it is the writing and publication of M. LEWIS, Esq. Member of Parliament. It is sufficient for me to point out Chap. 7. of Vol. 2. As a composition, the work would have been better, if the offensive and scandalous passages had been omitted, and it is disgraced by a diablerie and nonsense fitted only to frighten children in the nursery.

I believe this SEVENTH CHAPTER of Vol. 2. is indictable at Common Law. Edmund Curl in the first year of George II. was prosecuted by the Attorney General (Sir Philip Yorke, afterwards Lord Hardwicke) for printing two obscene books. The Attorney General set forth the several obscene passages, and concluded, that "it was an offence against the King's peace." The

 defendant

allured the public attention still more to this novel, by a scenic

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defendant was found guilty and set in the pillory. See Str. 788. 1 Barnardist. 29. The indictment (in Mich. Term, 1 G. II.) begins thus: "Edmund Curl, Existens homo iniquus et scelera-"tus, nequiter machinans et intendens bonos mores subditorum "hujus regni corrumpere, et eos ad nequitiam inducere, quendam "obscænum libellum intitulat." &c. &c.—See Sir John Strange's Rep. p. 777. ed. 1782. In two or three days after the point had been solemnly argued, and the judges had given their respective opinions, Sir J. Strange observes, "They gave it *as their unanimous* "*opinion*, that *this was a temporal offence*." And they declared also that if the famous case of the Queen against Read (6 Ann. in B. R.) was to be adjudged (*by them*) they should rule it *otherwise*; i. e. contrary to Lord Ch. J. Holt's opinion. The Judges were Sir Robert (afterwards Lord) Raymond, Fortescue, Reynolds, and Probyn. We know the proceedings against the book, entitled "Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure," by John Cleland.

To the passages of obscenity, (which certainly I shall not copy in this place) Mr. Lewis has added BLASPHEMY AGAINST THE SCRIPTURES; *if* the following passage may be considered as such. "He (the Monk) examined the book which she "(Antonia) had been reading, and had now placed upon the "table. *It was* THE BIBLE. 'How,' said the Prior to him-"self, 'Antonia reads the Bible, and is still so ignorant?' "But upon further inspection, he found that Elvira (the mother "of Antonia) had made exactly the same remark. That *prudent* "mother, while she admired *the beauties* of THE SACRED "WRITINGS, was convinced, that *unrestricted, no reading more* "*improper could be permitted a young woman.* 'Many of the narra-"tives *can* ONLY *tend to excite ideas the worst calculated for a* "*female breast*; every thing is called roundly and plainly by "it's own name; and THE ANNALS OF A BROTHEL WOULD

"SCARCELY

scenic representation of an Episode in it. " O Proceres Censore

" SCARCELY FURNISH A GREATER CHOICE OF INDECENT EX-
" PRESSIONS!! Yet this is the book which young women are
" recommended to study, which is put into the hands of chil-
" dren, able to comprehend little more than those passages *of*
" *which they had better remain ignorant*, and *which but too fre-*
" *quently* INCULCATE *the first rudiments of vice, and give the first*
" *alarm to the still sleeping passions.* 'Of this Elvira was so fully
" convinced, that she would have *preferred* putting into her
" daughter's hands Amadis de Gaul, or the Valiant Champion
" Tirante the White; and *would sooner have authorised her study-*
" *ing the lewd exploits of* Don Galaor, *or the lascivious jokes* of the
" Damzel Plazer de mi vida." (p. 247, 248.)* &c. I state only what is printed; it is for others to read it and to judge. The falshood of this passage is not more gross than it's impiety.

In the case of Thomas Woolston, in the 2d of George II. for blasphemous discourses against our Saviour's miracles; when arrest of judgment was moved; Lord Raymond and the whole Court declared they would not suffer it to be debated, *whether* to write against Christianity *in general* (not concerning controverted points between the learned, but in general) was not an offence punishable in the temporal Courts of Common Law. Woolston was imprisoned one year, and entered into a large recognizance *for his good behaviour during life.* Sir Philip Yorke, afterwards Lord Hardwicke, was Attorney General at the

* I refer to the *third* edition of The Monk; for it must never be forgotten, that *three* editions of this novel have been circulated through the kingdom, without *any* alteration whatsoever, which fear or, as I hope, a better principle has induced Mr. Lewis to make, since this denunciation was first published. (1798.)

Censore opus est, an Haruspice nobis?*" I consider this as a new species of legislative or state-parricide.

What is it to the kingdom at large, or what is it to all those whose office it is to maintain truth, and to instruct the rising abilities and hope of England, that the author of THE MONK is *a very young man?* That forsooth he is a man of genius and fancy? So much the worse. That there are very poetical descriptions of castles and abbies in this novel? So much the worse again, the novel is more alluring on that account. Is this a time to poison the waters

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the time: The case of the King against Annet, when the Hon. Charles Yorke was Attorney General, (3d of Geo. III.) for a blasphemous book entitled "The Free Inquirer, *tending*, "among other points, *to ridicule, traduce, and discredit the* HOLY "SCRIPTURES, is well known to the profession." The punishment was uncommonly severe.

Whether the passages, which I have cited in a *popular* novel, have not *a tendency* to corrupt the minds of the people, and of the younger unsuspecting part of the female sex, by *traducing and discrediting* THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, is a matter of public consideration. "*This book goes all over the kingdom*;" are the words of Judge Reynolds, in the case of E. Curl. What Mr. LEWIS has printed *publicly with his name*, that I state publicly to the British Nation. Few will dissent from the opinion of Lord Raymond and the Court, in the case of Curl above stated, as reported by Strange and Barnardiston to this effect; "Religion "is *part of the common law*, and therefore *whatever is an offence* "against that, is an offence *against* THE COMMON LAW." With this *opinion*, I conclude the note. (1797.)

* Juv. Sat. 2.

waters of our land in their springs and fountains? Are we to add incitement to incitement, and corruption to corruption, till there neither is, nor can be, a return to virtuous action and to regulated life? Who knows *the age* of this author? I presume very few. Who does *not know*, that he is a Member of Parliament? He has told us all so himself.

I pretend not to know, (Sir John Scott knows, and practises too, whatever is honourable, and virtuous, and dignified in learning and professional ability) I pretend not, I say, to know, whether this be an object of parliamentary animadversion. But we can feel that it is an object of moral and of national reprehension, when a Senator openly and daringly violates his first duty (*d*) to his country. There are wounds, and obstructions, and diseases in the political, as well as in the natural, body, for which the removal of the part affected is alone efficacious. At an hour like this, are we to stand in consultation on the remedy, when not only the disease is ascertained, but the very stage of the disease, and its specific symptoms? Are we to spare the sharpest instruments of authority and of censure, when public establishments are gangrened in the life-organs?

I fear,

(*d*) All members of the legislature, Peers or Commoners, should join in sentiment, and in character, with the Athenian orator, and be considered as speaking to their country in these words: "Ημεις, οις ἱερα και ταφοι προγονων ὑπαρχουσιν εν τη "Πατριδι, και διατριβαι, και συνηθειαι μεθ' ὑμων ελευθεροι, και "γαμοι κατα τους νομους, και κηδεσται, και τεκνα, αξιοι της "ὑμετερας πιστεως. κτλ. Æschin; περι Παραπρεσβειας." Sect. 11.

I fear, if our legislators are wholly regardless of *such* writings, and of such principles, *among their own members*, it may be said to them, as the Roman Satirist said to the patricians of the empire, for offences slight indeed, when compared to these;

" At vos, Trojugenæ vobis ignoscitis, et quæ
" Turpia cerdoni Volesos Brutosque decebunt. (*e*)

There is surely something peculiar in these days; something wholly unknown to our ancestors. But men, however dignified in their political station, or gifted with genius and fortune, and accomplishments, may at least be made ashamed, or alarmed, or convicted before the tribunal of public opinion. Before that tribunal, and to the law of reputation, and every binding and powerful sanction by which that law is enforced, is Mr. LEWIS this day called to answer.

I would also, in this place, select a work by a Roman Catholic Divine, for that animadversion it so solemnly demands. I mean the Preface to the Second volume of DR. GEDDES's Translation of the Bible. I really would not trust myself to criticise the Translation itself, after I had read the fifth Chapter of Judges, v. 30. where for the words, " To every man a damsel or two," Dr. Geddes *translates*, by way of a spirited and inviting improvement, " *A Girl*, A COUPLE OF GIRLS, *to each* brave *man!*". I will have nothing to do with THE DOCTOR'S Bravery; but I intend to make a few observations on the *Preface* alone, which is very extraordinary indeed, and by no means in the spirit which the sacred writings recommend,

(*e*) Juv. Sat. 8. v. 181.

recommend. I am always pleased with every serious attempt to elucidate the Scriptures, and am as ready as any man to acknowledge the merit and learning of an industrious and ingenious scholar. But though I differ essentially from Dr. Geddes, I am sure I shall never call him "apostate, "infidel, or heretic" in general terms, as *he knows* some persons will do; (*f*) but I may oppose an opinion to an opinion.

The Cause in which he is engaged is not a trifling cause, nor is it, as we are sometimes told, an object of mere classical criticism. I think there is an unbecoming levity in the Doctor's manner more frequently than I could wish, and he expresses his sentiments in language not easily understood at all times, nor according to the genius and common grammar of the English tongue. But his meaning and opinion is, that "the *Historical* Books of the Old Testa- "ment were not divinely inspired." He tells us (p. 12.) of "a partial and *putative* inspiration," and that the writers had not "a perpetual and *unerring sufflation*." I do not quite understand the terms, as they are too sublime for a plain Englishman, but I *suppose* they are very fine, and I *suppose* their meaning from other sentences in the Preface. He says (p. 3.), that "The Hebrew Historians wrote them "from such *human* documents as they could find, *popular* "*traditions, old songs, and public registers.*" Singular materials truly for divine inspiration! But he says also, "I venture (and it is indeed venturing a great deal) I *venture* "to lay it down *as a certain truth*, that there is no *intrinsic* "evidence of the Jewish Historians being *divinely* inspired; "that there is *nothing* in the style, or arrangement, in the "whole colour or complexion of their compositions, that "speaks

(*f*) Preface, p. 4.

" speaks the guidance of an unerring spirit, but that *on the* " *contrary*, every thing *proclaims* the fallible and failing " writer." (p. 5.) Dr. G. declares also, " After reading " the Hebrew writings, and finding *to his full conviction* " so many intrinsic marks of fallibility, errors, and " inconsistency, not to say *downright absurdity*," (p. 11.) he could not believe their inspiration, even if he were taught it by an angel.

I have thus introduced the reader to the Doctor's most explicit opinion; but I will also present him with his solemn affirmation, and he will easily decide on the propriety, the reasoning, and the consistency of it. " *I value* " *them not the less* (says Dr. Geddes) *becauſe* I deem *them* " *not divinely inspired.*" (P. 12.) If a man can seriously assert, that *the Scriptures inspired by* GOD (upon that supposition being granted) are *not more valuable* than the productions of a mere fallible wretched *creature like man*, in his best estate, I really could not lose my time in argument with that man however learned, or however gifted. He has degraded himself from that rank of literature and of sound understanding, which gives him a title to be answered. Dr. Geddes, as a scholar, should re-consider his character, and as a professed Christian, he should re-examine his principles. I cannot discuss the doctrine of inspiration in this place; it cannot be expected that I should. But the tendency of *all* the proceedings of our scholars and guides in literature, and in the state, and in religion, should be carefully watched. The open blasphemy and low scurrility of Thomas Paine, has been set aside by just argument, and the law of the land has armed itself

itself against it's effect in society.(a) Mr. LEWIS, Member of Parliament, has attacked the Bible, as I have just shewn, in another and in a shorter manner, (b) BLASPHEMOUS as far as it goes, and tending to discredit and traduce its authority. And last Dr. GEDDES, a Translator of the Bible, versed in the original language and in the Hebrew criticism, has *now begun* his attack also on the *historical* parts, which, if they are not part of the *inspired* writings, are not intitled to the name of sacred Scriptures. It is difficult to say, where these attacks will end.

The times indeed are so precarious, and revolt from all authority human and divine so frequent, that the magistrate, the satirist, and the critic have an united office.

If the historical parts of the Bible are given up, another man will arise and object to the poetical parts. These will be allowed to have sublimity and dignity; but it will be asked; *Why* should they be considered as *inspired?* All poetry, we shall be told, is in some sense inspired; Homer and Æschylus and Shakspeare, and why not the Hebrew bards? The moral portion of the Scriptures is evidently full of wisdom and of the soundest sense, and I suppose we

(a) I am glad to bear testimony to the excellence of Mr. Erskine's eloquent declamation in the court of K. B. in the cause, on Newton, Boyle, Locke, and other great men, the defenders of Christianity.—But my *general* opinion of Mr. Erskine's talent for writing and public *political* speaking is very different. Westminster Hall is his theatre. We might almost say: *Tanquam in pistrinum aliquod detrudi et compingi videtur.* (See a future note on this Poem, Dial. 4.)

(b) In "The Monk, a Romance." See above.

we shall soon hear it may be *the work of a philosopher*, and that morality is not matter of inspiration. A fourth writer may first insinuate *with great respect*, and then prove that all *prophecy* is ambiguous; and that the prophecies in the Bible may be conjectural, and therefore no reliance can be had on *their* inspiration. Lastly we may be loosely and indiscriminately told, that the *doctrinal* parts are so much above, as well as contrary (*c*) to, *human* reason, that they could not come *from God*.

Thus might the whole fabric vanish into air, *into thin air*: or to reverse Mr. Gibbon's phrase, thus might "the "triumphant banner of the heathen Capitol be *again* "erected

(*c*) As the subject is so important, and words are so frequently misapplied or misapprehended, it is always of use to remember the words *Faith and Reason*, as contradistinguished to each other. Mr. Locke has defined them with a clearness and a precision which can never be exceeded, and which should never be forgotten, in thought or in conversation. "REASON, as "contradistinguished to *Faith*, I take to be the discovery of "the certainty or probability of such propositions or truths, "which the mind arrives at by deductions made from such ideas, "which it has got by the use of it's natural faculties, namely, "by sensation or reflection.—FAITH, on the other side, is the "assent to any proposition *not* thus made out *by the deductions* "*of reason*, but upon the credit of the proposer, as coming from "GOD, in some extraordinary way of communication. This "way of discovering truths to men we call *Revelation*." Locke's Essay on the H. U. B. 4. C. 18. An attention to this accurate definition would prevent all confusion, and oftentimes very idle or profane jargon, in conversation. Mr. Locke's *whole* chapter on this subject should be generally studied.

"erected on the ruins of the Church of Christ." Still we are to sit silent, still we are to hear with patience the outrageous presumption of man before his merciful Creator! while "The World and it's adorable AUTHOR, his attributes and essense, his power, and rights, and *duty* (I tremble to pronounce the word) be all brought together to be judged—BEFORE US."(*d*) We are to assemble in the Temple with all our princes, and lords, and potentates, and venerable orders, and our high officers, in all the gradations and dignities of our state and hierarchy, till some CHAMPION of anarchy and infidelity be brought forth, as in sport, and placed between the pillars. He may bow himself with all his might, but his strength, I trust, will

(*d*) Dr. Ogden's Sermons, in Dr. Hallifax's edit. vol. 1. p. 2. There was something peculiarly amiable in the kind and disinterested office which the late Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. HALLIFAX, undertook in the vindication of the memory and writings of two great men (quales et quantos viros!) Bishop Butler and Dr. Ogden. It will be an eternal honour to that very acute, learned, and most judicious prelate. Cicero shall speak for this prelate; for no man once better understood the strength and application of his language than Dr. Hallifax, when he filled the professorial chair of Civil Law, as the Ulpian of his day, in the University of Cambridge. "Idoneus meâ quidem sententiâ, præsertim "quum et IPSE *Eum audiverit* et *scribat de mortuo*; ex quo nulla "suspicio est amicitiæ causâ eum esse mentitum."(*a*) What such a writer as Dr. Hallifax has told, who would tell again? I only speak in honour to the memory of a Scholar, whose name, and high attainments in science, should be recorded. Το γαρ γερας εστι θανοντων.

(*a*) Cic. de Clar. Orat. Sect. 15.

will not be from above; he will "*feel* the nature of the "pillars whereupon the house standeth!" I speak this in general; for I hope there is no necessity to apply it to Dr. Geddes, or to any such scholar.

It is not now for the first time that the Canon, and the inspiration, and the authenticity of the Scriptures have been examined: and even their internal evidence has often taught a different lesson. I cannot help offering one suggestion, as it is new to me. If there is a subject in the Bible which has been particularly singled out for profane ridicule, it is that of Jonah being swallowed up in the whale's belly three days and three nights. Yet as if to confound human wisdom, or sagacity, or vanity, and as an eternal lesson to human presumption on the fitness and unfitness of *the subjects* of inspiration, THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD thought proper to choose and to appropriate this event TO HIMSELF (*e*). "*As* Jonah was three days "and three nights in the whale's belly, *so* shall THE SON "OF MAN be three days and three nights in the heart "of the earth!"(*f*)

I solemnly protest, I have no other object in view in whatever I have written, but the good of man in all his best

(*e*) Σημειον Ιωνα του Προφητου! are the very words of Christ. Can words be more explicit? Yet a German professor, J. G. Eichhorn, the successor of the great Michaelis, thinks it justifiable to expel the prophetic book of Jonah from the present canon of the Scripture. See his German Introduction to the Old Testament.

(*f*) St. Matt. c. 12. v. 40.

best interests, complicated as they are, at *this* awful and pressing hour. More is *yet* in our power than we may even imagine; but *all* the orders of the state must unite vigorously and powerfully in their specific functions to preserve it. The priests and ministers of the Lord must also stand between the porch and the altar, and exert themselves " before their eyes begin to wax dim that they may not see, and ere the lamp of God goeth out in the temple of the Lord, WHERE THE ARK OF GOD WAS!"(*b*)

We have reason not only to apprehend the violation and invasion of our public sacred establishments, by our avowed enemies, but we must guard against negligence and desertion in the very posts, where watchfulness and *residence* are more than ever required. I hope we shall see no new experiments in the Hierarchy of England. Little is to be expected, at a period like the present, from the *beauty*, without the vigour and spirit of holiness. An Archbishop or a Bishop in these days, (I speak *generally* without any particular reference) should do something more than shake the honours of his head. In times like these, must nothing but the damps of oblivion, from the brow of a metropolitan, be shed largely on the provincial dulness? I think not. We should see high exertions of the mind in high and hallowed places. Where learning, influence, *discretion*, and authority are united, and in action, much may yet be accomplished.

In the licentiousness of the age, the lowest Minister of the Church has much to discharge. There is encouragement

(*b*) Sam. b. 1. c. 3. v. 3.

ment to do so. I think there is still a general disposition among us, to attend to the words, the writings, and the example of conscientious, and well-instructed Divines, who are an honour and a support to their country. There is also, and there should be now more than ever, an honest indignation against all those who neglect, violate, or prostitute the great office. Surely there is no asperity in observing *generally*, that trifling amusements, improper places, light and frivolous reading, continual field-sports, and the perpetual dissipation of high-viced cities, are not the immediate business of a Clergyman: they absolutely unfit him for his profession.

> Say, if *such* honours bloom around his head,
> Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed
> To raise the hope he feels not, and with zeal
> To combat fears, which e'en the pious feel?

If we proceed to the supreme dignities of the Hierarchy, we shall find there is much of *duty* in the sacred office. Augustine said long ago, (*a*) "Episcopatus non est arti-"ficium transigendæ vitæ." I remember once when I pointed out a sentence on a similar subject from Eusebius to A MAN, who is now an honour to a most important function, his heart seemed to burn within him. I was not surprised. To men of high and consecrated intellects, who are capable of receiving the sublimity of the doctrine, it must appear second to none they ever read or felt, for its hallowed dignity and the splendour of the diction. To such I again present it. (*b*) Much may be yet effected by the

(*a*) Augustin. Epist. 58.

the sacred Consistory for the public good, through each gradation of the Ministry.

I am indeed earnest and vehement in my desire and endeavour, that all persons of literature and good sense, and lovers of their country, should be convinced to what end we may at last be conducted, if we are not aware of our danger. When I consider the *future* condition of Europe under the revolutionary tyranny of France, in principles, morals, and government, I muse upon the awful strain of the Florentine poet:

> Si trapassammo per sozza mistura
> Dell 'ombre e della pioggia, à passi lenti,
> Toccando un poco *la vita futura*! (*c*)

The objects of public regret and offence are *now* so numerous and so complicated, that all the milder offices of the Muse have lost their influence and attraction. It is indeed unfortunate that scarce a subject in

(*b*) " Οι δη τονδε μετιοντες τον τροπον, φρονηματι την ψυχην " εις υρανον μετεωηνεγμενοι, δια τινες Θεοι, τον των παντων εφορωσι " Θιον· ὑπερ τη παντος γενῆς ἱερωμενοι τω επι παντων Θεω, ψυχης " διαθεσει κεκαθαρμενης, ορθοις δογμασιν αληθῆς ευσεβειας, και τοις " κατ' αρετην εργοις τε και λογοις, δις το Θειον εξιλεωμενοι, την " ὑπερ σφων αυτων, και των σφισιν ὁμογενων αποτελουσιν " ἱερυργιαν." Euseb. Demonstrat. Evang. lib. 1. sect. 8. When I read such passages as these, and think of the state of the world, and it's transitory glories, it is difficult not to feel the words of Erasmus in one of his Epistles; " Saltem daretur " in sacris literis tranquillè consenescere!"

(*c*) Dante Inf. Cant. 6.

in literature can be interesting without the science and matter of politics, which give a colour to our very thoughts. (*f*) We are borne down with a force not to be resisted.

(*f*) "Quibus *occupatus et obsessus* animus quantulum loci "bonis artibus relinquit!" Dialog. de Oratoribus, C. 29. I cannot resist giving an opinion at *this* time. (July 1797.)

My prime objection to any proposed Ministry of Mr. Fox and his adherents is this: I believe their principles are *too popular* for the good, the safety, or perhaps for the existence, of this country, under it's present constitution. I believe, that their design is to throw such a weight of power into the House of Commons, *by means of a Reform*, as would ultimately mould the two Houses of Parliament not merely into a resemblance, but into the actual form and relative power of the Council of Five Hundred, and the Council of Ancients. I am also of opinion, that the authority and influence of the Crown of Great Britain would be reduced far below that which is lodged at present in the Executive Directory of France. (*a*) I think, the proposed Reforms *lead*, beyond a controversy, *to this issue*.

I conceive, that a great Personage, in the case of a change of Mr. Pitt's Ministry, must be apprehensive, *to whom* he is to be delivered, and *to what* he may be reduced. The *pride* of a statesman's understanding, like Mr. Fox's, in the plenitude of dignity, will overbear all ideas of a balance of power in the orders of the state, and of the safety of the country, upon it's ancient principles. He has declared his opinion; he must not recede. All will be sacrificed *to that pride* in a moment of phrenzy.

The examples of every state, nation, and city, subdued by French arms, French principles, and French treachery, are to be weighed well, as an awful warning *in this* kingdom, which may *yet* be preserved. The *encroachments* of *such* a statesman, as Mr. Fox, (paramount as he is in ability and in *political* eloquence perhaps

(*a*) July 1797.

resisted, when our very existence, as a nation, under our ancient,

perhaps beyond any man) are to be watched and resisted by all who think soberly, and are independent of party. Yet, in my opinion, Mr. Fox neither could, nor would, satisfy the raving and tyrannical ideas of Horne Tooke and the French crew. They would make use of him to a certain point, *then* declare him an enemy to his country, and shortly conduct him to the scaffold. "Corpora lenté augescunt, CITO *extinguuntur*." (*a*) The security of property, public and private, is shaken by the proposed system, and a Revolution (which we never *yet* have known but in mere name) might then be at hand. For what was THE REVOLUTION in 1688, but the preservation and solemn recognition of *the Hereditary Monarchy* of this Realm, and of all its ancient laws and government? These are *the Revolution Principles*, which Britons are called upon to maintain unshaken, unaltered, and unimpaired.

A government which once relaxes, is not easily *recalled* to the vigour of it's ancient principles. We have among us statesmen of determined and of true patriotism, and this final misery may yet be prevented. We have a King, who has courage, virtue, and firmness. Of his Minister, the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, I have given my opinion OFTEN *in another place*; I have not altered my sentiments.

I certainly cannot say of the Chancellor of the Exchequer with the great Satirist under Louis the 14th,

"Que *ma* vûe à COLBERT inspiroit l'allégresse." (*b*)

I speak, and I have spoken, most impartially of MR. PITT. I am neither for a proscription of any political talents, nor for an hereditary claim to the public office of Prime Minister. But if the principles of any statesman are such, as to induce a *real and effectual change* in the government, that statesman should not be admitted to rule. If the ancient and established prin-

 ciples

(*a*) Tacit. Agric. ap. init. (*b*) Boileau, Ep. 10.

cient laws, and constitution, and establishments, has been rendered dubious.

I would

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ciples of the English constitution are maintained, a Prime Minister may conduct public affairs, even with a mediocrity of talents. It is neither Mr. Pitt, nor Lord Lansdown, nor Mr. Fox, nor Mr. Grey, who are necessary to the function. But, by the disastrous consent of the whole nation and it's Parliament, thinking rightly, proposing soundly, and meaning honestly, are nothing *without* SPEAKING WELL.

Let me add a word or two on a subject not quite foreign to this note. The example of a very learned and, in my opinion, of a very virtuous and honourable man, to whom the country is under much obligation, MR. REEVES, will deter any man from volunteer effusions in favour of any Minister. It would not be amiss, to be sure, if Mr. R. or any other writer, would read Aristotle and Quintilian on tropes and metaphors, before he adorns his native language with all the richness of imagery, and exerts the command, which nature gives him, over the figures of speech. *Trunco*, non frondibus, *efficit umbram*. For my own part, when his pamphlet, "The Thoughts on the "English Government," was published, I never felt more indignation than when I saw this gentleman *ungenerously and shamefully* abandoned, and given up by Mr. Pitt in the H. of Commons to the malice of his avowed enemies, and to a criminal prosecution in the Court of King's Bench. He was solemnly acquitted of any libellous intentions; but his language was imprudent: he fell a victim to metaphorical luxuriance and state-botany. (*a*)

It

(*a*) See "Thoughts on the English Government," p. 12 and 13, for Mr. Reeves's Simile of the Constitutional Tree and it's Branches.

I would particularly recommend the serious perusal of the account given by Thucydides of *the democratic sedition* in Corcyra. The reader would be convinced, that the same peculiarities mark all popular seditions and insurrections, the same pretexts, and the same motives. The insurgents declare the friends of the lawful and established government enemies to the popular representation and interest. Some of these insurgents have private enmities to revenge, and others have debts to cancel. Death is the universal solvent. (*ff*) The historian observes, that they held forth either the specious offer of greater *equality of power among the citizens*, or a more temperate form of *aristocracy*, or some state expedient varying with the hour; but each leader in reality had his own private views of ambition,

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It was the deep and important observation of Aristotle; Ευ μεταφορειν εστιν ευ Θεωρειν. See also the tenth chapter of Aristotle's Rhetoric, book 3. which I recommend to all political writers and speakers; De *Urbanis* Metaphoris, or περι των αστειων, και των ευδοκιμουντων. Those great critics, Messrs. Fox and Sheridan, differed however essentially from Aristotle in this point, in their Commentaries read publicly in the H. of C. on this text: Των Μεταφορων ευδοκιμουσι μαλιστα αι κατα αναλογιαν. (*b*) (1797.)

(*ff*) Hear the great Historian: Την μεν αιτιαν επιφεροντες τοις τον Δημον καταλυσιν. Απεθανον τινες ιδιας εχθρας ἑνεκα, και αλλοι χρηματων σφισιν οφειλομενων ὑπο των λαβοντων. L. 3. Sect. 81.

(*b*) Arist. Rhet. L. 3. c. 10. sect. 3.

ambition, or power, or riches, but accommodated his speeches to the prevailing humour of the day. (g)

This, as we all know, has been transacted step by step upon a great and tremendous scale in France. The Italian and Belgian states are following them with headstrong and infuriate revolution. WE HAVE INDEED MORE TO PRESERVE THAN ANY OTHER COUNTRY under heaven; and we may, by wise regulations, hereafter restore even the finances of the state. We must never forget that the stability of our present Constitution is the sole stability of all property, public and private. I speak from awful and trembling conviction, OUR RUIN CAN BE EFFECTED BY POLITICAL REFORM ALONE: and our Enemies at home, and in France, know that I speak the truth. We in Great Britain, who are *yet* in a condition to preserve ourselves, see and read and feel these things. The grant of *one demand* leads necessarily to another, when any material alteration in a state or government is conceded. If the second is refused after the first has been granted, we are then told, that there is a want of consistence in the plan, and that it were more adviseable to have kept the state as it was, than to admit only a partial reform.

We

(g) Hear Thucydides again in his own language. Οι εν ταις πολεσιν προσταντες μετ' ονοματος εκαστοι ευπρεπους, πληθους Ισονομιας πολιτικης, και Αριστοκρατιας σωφρονος προτιμησει τα μεν κοινα λογω θεραπευοντες αθλα εποιουντο, παντι δε τροπω αγωνιζομενοι αλληλων περιγιγνεσθαι· ετολμησαν τε τα δεινοτατα, επεξηεσαντε, τας τιμωριας ετι μειζους, η μεχρι του δικαιου και της πολει ξυμφορα, προτιθεντες, ες δε το εκατεροις πη αιει ηδονην εχον ὁριζοντες, και η μετα ψηφου αδικου καταχνωσεως, η χειρι κτωμενοι το κρατειν, ετοιμοι ησαν την αυτικα φιλονεικιαν επιπλαγαι, L. 3. Sect. 82.

We surely cannot be said to be *duped* and *fooled* by Reformers, without warning from history and from experience. The constitutional statesmen of Great Britain cannot *now* be ignorant of the nature of a Modern Reform in any state of Europe. The greater the difficulty and danger, the greater the fury of the Revolutionists. Pindar was a poet and a statesman; he said, Απροσικτων Ερωτων οξυτεραι μαγιαι.*

A man of a poetical mind either wanders into futurity, or recals the images of other times and of other empires. He can sometimes even descend into the regions of terrific fable, and give to his own country the sentiments and passions of antiquity; he can body forth contending parties which are no more, of the virtuous and the valiant, of the wicked, the desperate, and the frantic. At such an hour as the present, and with the objects which we see and hear and feel, with the exultation of the bad, and the dejection of the good, and the labours of great statesmen to preserve us from *final* misery, can we forbear to contemplate the picture drawn by that poet, whose only Muses were Cæsar, and Brutus, and Cato, and the genius of expiring Rome.†

Tristis FELICIBUS UMBRIS
Vultus erat! vidi Decios, natumque patremque,
Lustrales bellis animas, *flentemque* Camillum.
Abruptis Catilina minax fractisque catenis
Exultat, Mariique truces nudique Cethegi.
Vidi ego lætantes, popularia nomina, Drusos
Legibus immodicos, ausosque ingentia Gracchos.
Æternis chalybum nodis, et *carcere Ditis*
Constrictæ plausere manu. CAMPOSQUE PIORUM
POSCIT TURBA NOCENS! (*gg*)

The

* Nem. Od. 11. † Lucan. Pharsal. L. 6. v. 784.

The present Poem was not composed for a trivial purpose, nor without mature thought. It is the fruit and study of

(*gg*) In the great question of a Reform in Parliament (i. e. in the House of Commons) I certainly do not mean to call the Ministerial ground figuratively the *Campi Piorum*; but I call the Constitution of England, and it's defenders, in or out of Parliament, by that name. Nor would I by any means rank the gentlemen of opposition with the *Turba nocens*. That *turba nocens* are the levellers and the partisans of democracy and revolution. But the licence of poetry we are told is considerable, if assumed with modesty. The question itself has nothing to do with invention, though, as I think, much *fiction* is employed in the support of it. I am of opinion, that in the outset there is a fiction, or a deceit.

We are told, we must recur to the *original* principle of the H. of Commons; the principle, as I suppose, on which it was founded; and that principle is declared to be *popular* in the *modern* sense of that word. In this argument historical truth is not asserted; I would maintain, that it is violated; it is contrary to matter of fact. The very origin of the House itself (the best antiquaries will tell you so) is rather doubtful. The more remote your enquiry, the greater the demonstration of it's *original* weakness, nay (I say it with grief) of it's political insignificance; it was a Council, which grew out of a greater Council. I will not insult my reader with information on the subject; but it is a matter of plain historical knowledge that it's powers, it's functions, it's freedom, and it's consequence have been all *progressive* to a certain period. That period was the Revolution (as it is foolishly and improperly called) in 1688. At that æra the House of Commons, *under the Old Whigs*, *attained* to the consummation of it's glory, and to the fulness of it's dignity. As I here speak of the *original* principle, I have nothing to do with the subsequent corruptions.

I must

of an independent and disinterested life, passed without the

I must own, I do not wish for the famous Roman plate of brass; I am for no unqualified Lex Regia.* Let it rest in the Capitoline Museum, that spleudid effort of Michael Angelo. I abhor abject servility and all it's monuments; and I never wished, I am sure I do not now wish, to see any Senate divest itself of all power. I would not see a Vespasian in any country make and repeal laws, or exercise unlimited authority, without the advice and consent of a well-constituted Senate.

Aspice gentem,
Romanosque *tuos*; poscas genus *inde* Latinum,
Non Byzantinos proceres, Graiosque Quirites!

I venerate the institution of the House of Commons, and would preserve it with my life; but I shall raise up no tree, trunk, or branches, for a fatal simile, like Mr. Reeves. I look for no pasture in the fields of Ministers or of Book-sellers; I would not be turned out by Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan to graze on the verdant lawns of the King's Bench, (once intended for the Chief Justice of Newfoundland); nor would I be reduced to grub and delve in Mr. Pitt's *Straw yard*. I neither recur to Montesquieu nor to Machiavel: I want not to be told by

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* See a Dissertation "de Æuea Tabula Capitolina Romæ "1757." Heineccius and Gravina also published this "Lex "Regia." It may be read at full length in Gruteri Inscript: Antiq. By this Law the Roman Senate, in the most abject stile, *authorised* Vespasian to make and repeal laws, to declare peace and war, and to exercise every act of an absolute sovereign, without waiting for their consent, or even asking their advice. This authority however was not granted to all the Emperors indiscriminately; they *selected* (before Vespasian) Augustus, Tiberius, and Claudius. I leave the reader to his own reflections.

the incumbrance of a profession, or the embarrassment of business.

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by the former, that "*our* system was found in the woods;" nor to hear from Signor Machiavel and Mr. Fox, that "*States* may "*grow out of shape.*"

Such were the words of Machiavel cited by Mr. Fox in the H. of C. on May 26, 1797, in his speech on the Reform of Parliament. The founders of the French Republic, and the *Re*-founders of it (for it has been *founded three times* already) seem *always* to have had Machiavel's Discourses on Livy in their view. He says, that if *any* power or powers, (princes, warriors, or demagogues) take or subdue any city, province, or realm, "*they should make all things new in the state.*" The words are most particular: "Fare *ogni cosa di nuovo* in quello stato, nelle "Città fare nuovi governi con nuovi nomi, con nuova autorità, "con nuovi uomini, fare i poveri ricchi, disfare delle vecchie città, "cambiare gli abitatori da un luogo ad un altro, e in somma, "non lasciare cosa niuna intatta, e che non vi sia nè grado, né "ordine, né stato, né richezza, che chi la tiene non la RICONOSCA "DA TE!"* The French have religiously observed the advice.

We are told in the H. of C. by Mr. Fox, that the authority of Machiavel is great. In my opinion, ALL TYRANNY IS UNIFORM IN IT'S MAXIMS. But the *Signori*, Machiavel and Fox, still tell us, that "States may grow out of shape." For my own part indeed, I would rather find a system in the woods, than in modern France; and I do not look for a new political Dancing-Master, every time there is a twist in the body.

To hear Mr. Fox, as I perpetually do in the House, one would really think he was a rival to Vestris or Didelot. He has been long trying his art, and giving lessons to Mr. Pitt gratis. That Right Honourable Gentleman's gait however still continues as awkward and stiff as usual; he will not bend. A graceful bow is not his

* Machiavel. Discorsi. Lib. 1, Cap. 6.

business. It was not intended merely to raise a smile at folly

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his ambition, and Mr. Fox dances before him every day without the least effect. Mr. Fox, I believe, is of the opinion and principle of Monsieur Marcel, the famous dancing master in Queen Anne's reign, who said, when the Earl of Oxford was made Prime Minister, "He was surprised, and could not tell what "the Queen could see in him, for his own part *he never could* "*make any thing of him.*" To be sure Mr. PITT is every day placed *between* THE DANCING MASTER AND HIS MAN, but he has not yet learned grace from Mr. Fox, nor wit from Mr. Sheridan.

Indeed I have been informed that the three celebrated Dancers and Ballet masters, Messrs. Fox, Sheridan, and Grey, are preparing a new Serious Divertissement, or Pas de Trois, with new scenes, dresses and decorations, called, "LE DIRECTOIRE "EXECUTIF." If it can be *got up* time enough, it will be brought forward this season; but as there is a necessity for a re-inforcement of *the troop* FROM PARIS, it is feared the old dance must continue to the end of this season, June 1797. It is proposed that light should be thrown on the stage in a *quite new* manner; but the Ballet-Masters will suffer no persons to be on the stage, or to view the machinery behind the scenes. Lord Galloway and Lady Mary Duncan have expressed their approbation of this rule, so much for the interest of THE GRAND OPERA; though the noble Earl is contented with *the present Grand Ballet-Master.* (June 1797.)

On a kindred topic I would observe to the classical reader another *singular* circumstance in ancient times; it is from the Roman State. Since we have been all arming at home with alacrity and prudence, and (what is consequent to that) *with effect*, against OUR inveterate and implacable Enemy; and as the militia laws have been extended, it is curious to call to mind the emphatic

folly or conceit; but it was written with indignation against

emphatic clause in the antient Roman law concerning *the exemption* of particular persons from military service, called "DE VACATIONE," as learned Civilians well know. The clause is this: "NISI BELLUM GALLICUM exoriatur;" in which case not even the Priests were exempted. I will illustrate this law from Plutarch and Cicero.

Plutarch has this singular remark in the life of Marcellus: Ου μην αλλα μεγεν ἡ τε χωρα παρειχε φοβον, δια την γειτνιασιν, ὁμορω και προσοικω πολεμω συνοισομενοις, και το παλαιον αξιωμα των Γαλατων· (i. e. the Gauls or French) ὁυς μαλιστα Ρωμαιοι δεισαι δοκουσιν, ἁτε δη και την Πολιν ὑπ' αυτων αποβαλοντες, εξ εκεινου δε θεμενοι Νομον, ατελεις ειναι στρατειας τους Ιερεας, πλην ει μη Γαλατικος παλιν επελθοι Πολεμος. Εδηλου δε και τον φοβον αυτων ἡ τε Παρασκευη· Μυριαδες γαρ εν ὁπλοις ἁμα τοσαυται Ρωμαιων ουτε προτερον ουτε ὑστερον γενεσθαι λεγονται. (*c*)

The other illustration is from Cicero in his oration for Fonteius; (the object of which was to inculcate, "Gallis fidem "non habendam, hominibus levibus, perfidis, et in ipsos Deos "immortales impiis.") The words are these; "Ut oportet, "BELLO GALLICO, ut majorum jura moresque præscribunt, "NEMO EST, Civis Romanus, qui sibi *ulla excusatione* utendum "putet." (*d*)

We have not, and I trust we never shall have, *the same* cause for apprehension from the French as the Romans had from the Gauls. They *never* have taken OUR CITY, and while we are true to ourselves, as we *now* are, I trust they never will or can take it. But the danger is, and ever will be great, *from their vicinity*, δια την γειτνιασιν. The words are from Plutarch; Mr.

(*c*) Plut. Vit. Marcelli, p. 244. vol. 2. edit. Bryan.

(*d*) Orat. pro Fonteio, Sect. 16. Cic. Op. edit. Barbou, vol. 4. p. 393.

against wickedness, against the prostitution of superior talents, and the profane violence of bad men. It was indeed (to use the poet's allusion) poured forth as a libation from the cup of Achilles, consecrated and appropriated:

Ουτε τεω σπενδεσκε θεων, ὁτε μη ΔΙΙ Πατρι.

It is proposed, in it's degree and according to it's subject, for the defence of truth, and with an honest wish to uphold society and the best interests of mankind, but chiefly those of our own country. In it there are no imaginary subjects. I have raised no phantoms of absurdity merely to disperse them; but the words, the works, the sentiments, and often the actions of the authors are before us. It may be known *hereafter* from this poem, how we wrote and thought in this age, and not unfrequently how we conducted ourselves.

Experiar, quid sacra juvent, an falsus Apollo.*

There is one subject† which I have pressed upon the attention of the nation, which in this respect seems to be in a state between slumber and alarm; in the supineness which attends the former, and with that confusion in ideas and measures, which too frequently accompanies terror. Compassion, mercy, self preservation, integrity of principle, christian charity, the uncertainty of the mortal condition, the convulsion of empires and of states, have all

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Mr. Burke has written the commentary. (*d*) Vocem adyti dignam templo! (July 1797.)

* Stat. l. 10.

† See Dial. III. from v. 81 to v. 134, with the notes, *first* published in *May* 1796.

(*d*) Two Letters on the Peace: (ed. Rivington 1796.) p. 113, &c.

all and each variously conspired to direct the measures of our government, with respect to the French Roman Catholic Emigrants, and in particular, to the French Priests. I have stated in different places my opinion on this important subject.

I continue to call aloud upon this country and it's ministers to regard, *with minute circumspection*, THESE MEN AND THEIR CAUSE. (*hh*) The most reprehensible part of Mr. Burke's public conduct has been in this point. Great and venerable as I hold him, in this I praise him not. I can distinguish, as well as he can, those who have forsaken successful wickedness, and followed, what they esteemed, oppressed and exiled virtue. But, as a Body, I maintain that the vigilance of the Roman Catholics is erect, and on the tiptoe of expectation: it is scarcely suspended by slumber.

I speak also on another account. There is such a connection between superstition and atheism, and their allies, cruelty and tyranny, that the wisest and most experienced statesmen and moralists have declared it to be indissoluble. In *their* cause, they would unite with any, even with Jacobin, principles.

Hear Dr. Hussey the titular Bishop of Waterford in Ireland in his late pastoral Letter. (*i*) " THE CATHOLIC " FAITH

(*hh*) July 1797.

(*i*) See " A Pastoral Letter to the Catholic Clergy of Wa- " terford and Lismore in Ireland, by the R. R. Doctor Hussey." London, reprinted by P. Coghlan, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square. 1797. His titular Lordship's idea of " a man of true liberality is this; that he lives in charity, in concord, in amity, with *all others* of *every* religious persuasion; with whom a difference

" FAITH (i. e. the tenets, the doctrines, the superſti-
" tions,

" difference in religious opinion makes *no* difference in " social life, &c. &c, " (p. 6.) Very liberal indeed; this is the text. But his Lordship, singularly enough, has *prefixed* the comment. See the *preceding* page; the words are these: " Remonſtrate (says his Lordship) with any parent, who " will be *so criminal* as to *expose* his offspring to *those places* " *of education* (the Charter Schools, &c. &c. as I suppose) " where *his religious faith and morals* are likely to be per- " verted. *If he will not attend* to *your* remonſtrances, (he is " speaking to the Roman Catholic Clergy) *refuse him* the parti- " cipation of Chriſt's body; *if* he should *still* continue *obstinate*, " DENOUNCE HIM TO THE CHURCH, in order that, according " to Chriſt's commandment, *he be considered as a heathen and a* " *publican.*" p. 5. We know the sense of Christ; and we know *the sense which the* ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH annexes to *these words*. But this is LIBERALITY!!!

Hear his titular Lordship once more. Speaking of the total repeal of the Popery Laws in Ireland, he *warns* those who *oppose* it, in these terms, p. 10. " THE VAST ROCK *is already detached* " *from the mountain's brow*, and *whoever* OPPOSES it's descent " and removal, MUST BE CRUSHED by his own rash endea- " vours."

Is the common sense of England and Ireland drunk? Or if it has slept, will it not now awake? Can any man say, that the *political* spirit of the Roman Catholic religion is extinct, that it is dead, or that it is dying? This titular bishop warns us plainly enough. He has rocks and mountains at command; and the powers of nature, in their gigantic admeasurements, appear at his great bidding. In Ireland it might be of use to discuss this Pastoral Letter in toto. If I were an Irishman, I would do so; but the business in England is *yet* different. Let me add a word or two on the general question.

" tions, the absurdities, the follies, the cruelty, and the
" tyranny,

It may be worth while at *this* period, when *all* establishments are shaking, to consider frequently, that " a Religious Esta-
" blishment, under any form, is not the religion itself, but the
" mode of preserving, inculcating, and continuing the religion." There is a religion which may be and is political, and another which is real. I will give a passage from the admirable Preface to the translation of Xenophon's Cyropædia, written with great compasss of thought and precision of argument, by a gentleman of fortune, family, erudition, and virtue, *the Hon.* MAURICE ASHLEY. I cannot refrain from observing with pleasure, that LORD MALMSBURY *and myself* may have a *natural* partiality for the memory of that accomplished and well instructed gentleman.
" Real Christianity (says he) is none of these changeable esta-
" blishments and human institutions, nor ever can be, *but stands*
" *upon it's own foot.* Whether it be the religion of the multi-
" tude, and national or not national, or whatever be the forms
" of it in national establishments, *it is one and the same in itself,*
" firm and unalterable, and will undoubtedly remain so *to the*
" *end of the world,* whether owned or not owned by any public
" establishment indifferently."(*a*)

I enter not into the expedience, institution, and relative excellence of religious establishments in this place. It is not here the question: if it were, I am not without my sentiments, nor without words to enforce them. I hope indeed we may, and shall, *still* justify the expressions of a great writer: " *We* are
" separated from the errors, and freed from the chains of POPERY,
" *without breaking out into a state of religious anarchy.*" But I give Mr. Ashley's words as a *general* observation to *all* those who esteem

(*a*) Mr. Ashley's Preface, p. 8.

" tyranny, of the Church of Rome, and whatever makes it " to differ from any other *external* establishment of Chris- " tianity) *The Catholic Faith* (says his titular Lordship) " is suitable to *all* climes, and to *all* forms of government, " monarchies or *republics*, aristocracies or DEMOCRACIES." (p. 9.) Right. Does his Lordship speak intelligibly?

That which is true of Christianity *in itself and by itself alone*, independant of *any* establishment whatsoever, that they assert of their own tyrannical superstition. They will shew the arm and the sword of heaven interested and active *for them*. They will tell you whenever they have the power, (or even the probability of attaining that power) that *their* cause alone is from above. They separate *their* spiritual rulers from the temporal governors of the state, and assert the superior dignity and paramount authority of the former; and this they thunder in the ears of an armed soldiery. They tell you, that the opposers of the Roman Catholic cause are sacrilegious in the eye of heaven; and that

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esteem the downfall of *such* an establishment, as *Popery*, to be the downfall of the Christian religion, than which no opinion can be more unfounded. To the Roman Catholic *system* of religion, whether in it's vigour and plenitude of power, or *in it's struggles for revival*, the words of the poet may be applied figuratively, and literally:

> In *sua* templa *furit*, nullâque exire vetante
> Materiâ, magnamque *cadens* magnâmque *revertens*.
> Dat *stragem* latè, SPARSO QUE RECOLLIGIT IGNES.*

* Lucan, L. 1.

that upon them, in a mass, THE GREAT STONE will fall and grind them to powder.

I know the state of Ireland, (*b*) and the declarations of the *titular* bishops in that country. But that subject is not properly mine, though it is intimately connected with it. All I have to do is to shew, (and I think I have shewn it to all who will attend to what I have written,) that "*the Spirit* "*of the Roman, Catholic* (*c*) *System is yet unaltered.*" In England

(*b*) There is something *peculiarly ungrateful* in the conduct of this *titular* Bishop of Waterford. Particular attention has been paid to Dr. Hussey by the administration of Ireland, as Lord Camden knows. But in *this* country I should hardly be understood, if I were to enumerate the particulars *which I know*. I have spoken in terms very moderate indeed of this Pastoral Letter, *under the circumstances* of it's publication. My reprehension has been confined *to the spirit of it*. It will be perceived by *some* persons, that I write Συνετοισι.

Talibus *ex adyto* dictis CUMÆA SIBYLLA
Horrendas canit ambages, antroque remugit
Obscuris vera involvens! (1797.)

(*c*) For the spirit of *system* in the Roman Catholics of the highest abilities and learning, let us refer to the great and eloquent BOSSUET, in his oration on the death of the Duchess of Orleans, on the 21st of August 1670. Speaking of *Henriette d'Angleterre*, he declares that GOD overthrew the monarchy of England under Cromwell, to restore her to the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church; which he calls "Les merveilles que DIEU a faites pour "le salut eternel de Henriette d'Angleterre! POUR LA DONNER "A L'EGLISE, *il a fallu renverser tout un grand Royaume.* Si les "loix de l'Etat s'opposent *á son salu* éternel, *Dieu ebranlera tout* "*l'Etat*

England the French Priests, in a body, have been chased from the King's Castle at Winchester: but our government has yet a sacred fortress or two at Reading and Shene, and in Yorkshire: and it appears that a sum of ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS (*b*) has been issued for the use of the French Emigrants, *sacred and profane*, in the course of the year 1796. This is ratified by the vote of Parliament. On this particular topic I shall say nothing further in this place.

All which I have written on this great subject is in the spirit of mercy, humanity, toleration, and true Christianity, consistent

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" *l'Etat pour l'affranchir de ces loix*!" But he adds a sublime apostrophe, remarkable and awful. " Me permettez vous, O " Seigneur, l'envisager, en tremblant, vos saints et redoutables " conseils! *Est ce que les tems de confusion ne sont par encor accom-* " *plis?*" The successors of the Bishop of Meaux have found indeed that those times were not accomplished.

He then wishes *for the conversion of England* to the Roman Catholic faith, of which the disposition of Charles the Second and his Brother gave him some hope. " Nous souhaitons *principale-* " *ment, que* l'ANGLETERRE, *trop libre dans sa croyance, trop licentieuse* " *dans ses sentimens*, soit *enchainée* comme nous *de ces bienheureux* " *liens* (i. e. de la Foi Catholique) qui empêchent l'orgueil hu- " main de s'egarer dans ses pensées, *en la captivant sous l'autorité* " du Saint Esprit et DE L'EGLISE." I forbear any further remarks. See Recueil des Oraisons Funebres de Bossuet. edit. Paris, 1762. 12mo. p. 91 et 93.

(*b*) On the 21st Dec. 1796, " The House of Commons in a " Committee of Supply, amo g other sums, voted a sum of " 140,000l. for the relief of the suffering clergy and laity of " France."

consistent with the principles of an English Protestant, and with that rational and guarded love to my Country which I am bound, according to my ability, to warn, to vindicate, and to defend.

Such are my serious and solemn meditations, such are the extended views before me, amid the volumes of bards, and sages, and historians, the venerable and instructive records of times which are no more, as I sit apart from the world in silence and in solitude; or the language of the Poet,

Ατερ ἡμενος αλλων
Θειοτατη κορυφη πολυδειραδος Ουλυμποιο.

The subjects of this poem have been from necessity various and numerous, far beyond my original conceptions. But a mighty and majestic river, in its course through a diversity of countries, not only winds and murmurs in the vallies, but contends and foams among rocks, and precipices, and the confluence of torrents: still it's tendency is to the ocean, to which it pays it's last tribute and is finally lost in that immensity.

In Literature the mind resembles such a course; all it's exertions may be turned into one grand and general direction. The mind, if well regulated, remembers from whence it came, and feels that all its powers and faculties are but ministerial. I think it is somewhere expressed in the concise sublimity of Plato, Προς το αἰδιον εβλεπεν. Under the influence and persuasion of this great and master principle, the mind so prepared, whether serious, or gay, or thoughtful, or sprightly, or even fantastic in its humour, is still performing its proper office. Philosophy and criticism cannot reach some subjects, which sap the foundation and support

support of well-being. Playfulness, ridicule, wit, and humour, are the auxiliaries and light-armed forces of truth; and their power, in detachments, is equally felt with the main ſtrength of the body.

There is one description and set of men, to whom more than common reprehension is due; and who cannot be held up too frequently to the public scorn and abhorrence: I mean the modern philosophers of the French system. Mr. Burke has thundered upon them, and his lightning shone through their darkest recesses. "The sudden blaze "far round illumined Hell." This monstrous compound of the vanity and weakness of the intellect, and the fury of the passions in some of them, this "facinus majoris abollæ," should be exposed with the full strength of argument and of reason, and with occasional ridicule, to the English nation in every point of view.

In other philosophers of this system there is a calmness and composure in their mental operations, more savage than the violence of the former. Their subject is the *living* man. Before them he is delivered, bound hand and foot. On him their experiments are to be tried; and when his whole composition, moral and political, is either racked, or disjointed, or the minuter parts of it laid bare to the eye, and the very circulation of the fluids, as it were, shewn in the agonizing subject; this they savagely call, studying and improving human nature by the new light. But I will not proceed on this subject. Great and venerable is the name and influence of the true philosophy: the word may be disgraced for a season, but the love of wisdom must always command respect. When we compare these modern philosophers, who

reject all revelation, with the philosophers of antiquity, and in particular those of the Stoic sect, who were ignorant of it, the difference, to say no more, is indeed striking. What were Socrates, and Plato, and Epictetus, and Cicero, and Antoninus! Before such lights, shining in the darkness and gloom of the heathen firmament,

Conditur omne
Stellarum vulgus, *fugiunt sine nomine Signa.* (d)

As I am speaking of Philosophy, I may be excused if I say a few words concerning that language, in which it's power has been most conspicuous. I see no more pedantry in the knowledge and study of the *Greek* tongue, than of the French or the German. But when I consider that every subject in philosophy, in history, in oratory, and in poetry, whatever can dignify or embellish human society in it's most cultivated state, has found in that language the highest authors; that the principles of composition are better taught, and more fully exemplified in the Greek writers than in any other; and that they are the acknowledged universal legislators in taste, criticism, and just composition, from whom there is no appeal, and who will be found unerring directors; I would with a peculiar emphasis and earnestness request young men of fortune, ability, and polished education, *not* to cast off the study of the Greek writers, when they leave school, or the university. A few hours devoted to this study in every week will preserve and improve their knowledge of it, which will animate the whole mass of their learning, and give colour to their thoughts and precision to their expressions. There is no neceſſity either to cite or to speak Greek; but the constant perusal of the historians, philosophers, orators, and

(d) Manil. Astron. L. 1. v. 479.

and poets will be felt and perceived. In parliament and at the bar it will be most conspicuous. (*a*) They who are wise will secretly attend to this recommendation which must be disinterested, and proceeds from long experience.

In regard to the manner and the plan of *this* Poem on the P. of L. I have something to say, but my respect to the reader prevents me from saying much. It aspires not to the manner or the praise of the DUNCIAD, or to any thing whatsoever in common with that great performance. The *original motive* of it however is, in my opinion, as far superior in importance and dignity, as the power and ability of the author fall short of that poetical excellence, which none hereafter can hope to rival, or perhaps to attain. It's general subject is LITERATURE however exerted

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(*a*) Plutarch describes Marcellus, (the first of that distinguished race) as a warrior of experience and intrepidity, humane and polished in his manners, and a great lover of Greek literature; his words are these: Τη μεν εμπειρια πολεμικος, τη φυσει φιλοπολεμος· τω δε αλλω τροπω σωφρων, φιλανθρωπος, Ελληνικης παιδειας και λογων, αχρι τυ τιμαν και θαυμαζειν τυς κατοςθωντας, εραστης.(*)

As we have now *so many gentlemen of fortune, family, education, and ability*, among the officers of the army, the militia, and in all the Volunteer Corps, (to whom the kingdom is so deeply indebted, and by whose disinterested exertions, generosity, and patriotism our internal and domestic peace is maintained and secured); I wish they may read this note and be induced to employ some of their vacant hours in valuable studies; and, like the great chiefs among the ancients, resume and vindicate the honour of learned military leisure. (1797.)

* Plutarch. Vit. Marcelli. p. 242, v. 2. edit. Bryan.

exerted, whether for the benefit, or for the injury of mankind. It has nothing of the mock epic; it is a dialogue, has something of a dramatic cast, and is an excursus. The subjects follow each other; and, if I am not mistaken, they are neither confounded nor confused.

If there be in the whole composition any passage, any sentence, or any expression, which according to the specific nature of the subject, can justly offend even female delicacy; which, from the manner of it, a gentleman would refuse to write, or a man of virtue to admit into his thoughts; which violates the high, and discriminating, and honourable, and directing principles of human conduct, it is to me matter of serious and of solemn regret. I am not conscious of having admitted any such passage, or sentence, or expression. I have never yet heard *such* an objection to my work; but if it can be pointed out, I will erase it with much concern, and with great indignation. In the sincerity of my judgment I have adopted, and will for ever adopt, the words and spirit of the Theban Poet:

Αινεων αινητα, μομ-
φαν δ' επισπειρων αλιτρος. (*f*)

I should also offer a few words concerning *the manner* of the notes which I have annexed, and which are so frequent and so copious. I wished not, as Boileau expresses it, to prepare tortures for any future Salmasius (*g*); and I know too well my own insignificance to expect any comment on my writings, but from my own pen. I have made no allusions which I did not mean to explain: but I had also something further in my intention. The notes are not

(*f*) Pind. Nem. 8.

(*g*) "Aux Saumaises futurs preparer des tortures."
Boil. Sat. 9. v. 64.

not always merely explanatory; they are (if I have been able to execute my intention) of a structure rather peculiar to themselves. Many of them are of a nature between an essay and an explanatory comment; and they contain much matter in a little compass, suited to the *exigency* of the times. As they take no particular form of composition, they are not matter of criticism in that particular respect. I have expatiated on the casual subject which presented itself; and when ancient, or modern writers expressed the thoughts better than I could myself, I have given them in the original languages.

No man has a greater contempt for the parade of citation (as such) than I have. My design is not to cite words, but to enforce right sentiments in the manner which I think best adapted to the purpose, after much reflection. To most of my readers those languages are familiar; but if any person, not particularly conversant in them, should honour the notes with a perusal, I think the force of the observations may be felt without attending to the Greek or Latin. In all regular compositions I particularly dislike *a mixture of languages*. It is uncouth or inelegant, and sometimes marks a want of power in the writer. In works of any dignity or consequence, it is adviseable, if a passage from any ancient author is cited, to translate that passage in the text, and put the original at the bottom of the page, if necessary. We have in this respect the authority and example of Cicero, Bishop Hurd, and Sir William Jones.

In general, I could say all I wished in the text and comment. Some subjects are indeed so important, that they should be held forth to public light and viewed in every

every point. SATIRE, in this respect, has peculiar force. Vice is not unfrequently repressed, and folly, presumptuous ignorance, and conceit sometimes yield or vanish at the first attack, and like the fabled spirits before the spell of the enchanter,

Primâ vel voce Canentis
Concedunt, CARMEN QUE TIMENT AUDIRE SECUNDUM. (g)

I again declare to the public, that *neither my name, nor my situation in life will ever be revealed.* Conjectures are free and open to the world. Every one is at liberty to fancy cases, and make whatever comparisons he thinks proper; but *suppositions* will never amount to facts, nor wild conjectures have the force of argument. Inquisitive or impertinent writers will indeed *assert* their own conjectures of the author with stupid and unblushing effrontery. I pretend not "to be the sole depository of my own secret;" but where it is confided, there it will be preserved and locked up *for ever.* I have an honourable confidence in the human character, when properly educated and rightly instructed. My secret will for ever be preserved, *I know*, under every change of fortune or of political tenets, while honour, and virtue, and religion, and friendly affection, and erudition, and the principles of a gentleman, have binding force and authority upon minds so cultivated and so dignified. When they fall, I am contented to fall with them.

My poem, and all and each of the notes to it were written without any co-operation whatsoever. I expect the fullest assent and credit to this my solemn assertion: and I expect it, because I speak the truth. I have *not* been assisted by any Doctors

(g) Lucan, l. 6. v. 27.

Doctors in any faculty. If indeed I had written to please a particular man, a minister, a chief in opposition, a party, any set, or any description of men *exclusively*, literary or political, there is not a man of understanding in the country who does not perceive that I should, or rather that I *must*, have written in another style, thought, and argument. Of such motives indeed I profess myself nor ſkilled, nor studious.

My appeal is direct to my Country: I know and feel the situation in which at this moment (*h*) SHE stands. There is now no balance left in Europe: all is preparing to sink under ONE DESOLATING TYRANNY. My opinion however is, that by the mercy of Providence, and by the unremitted attention and labours of our constitutional statesmen, and the united efforts of all that are loyal, brave, opulent, wiſe, learned, powerful, or dignified, WE may yet "be able to stand in THIS EVIL DAY, *and having done* "*all* TO STAND."

Let us stand therefore, as the chosen nation of old, the insulated memorial of true Religion, and the ONLY Asylum of balanced Liberty. I profess myself convinced, and therefore have I written. I entéred into the sanctuary of the Hebrews, and heard the voice of their prophet; "Credidi, propter quod locutus sum." This was the voice which I heard, and it was a voice, as Milton would express it, "thundering out of Sion."

Under this persuasion and conviction, I will say of this work, there is in it but one hand, and one intention. It will be

(*h*) July 1797.

be idle to conjecture concerning the author, and more than foolish to be *very* inquisitive. To my adversaries I have nothing to reply: *I never will reply.* I could with the most perfect charity sing a requiem over their deceased criticisms, if I were master of, what Statius calls, the

" Exequiale sacrum, carmenque *minoribus umbris*
" Utile."(*i*)

Those whom I wished to please, I have pleased. If I have diffused any light, it is from a *single* orb, whether temperate in the horizon, or blazing in the meridian.

Thus much to silly curiosity and frivolous garrulity. But to persons of higher minds, and of more exalted and more generous principles, who have the spirit to understand, and the patience to consider, the nature and the labour of my work, I would address myself in other language and with other arguments. I would declare *to them*, that when I consider the variety and importance and extent of the subjects, I might say that it was written, " though for no other cause, yet for this, that posterity " may know, that we have not loosely, through silence, " permitted things to pass away as in a dream."

I would declare also to *them*, that I delivered it as A LITERARY MANIFESTO *to this kingdom* in a season unpropitious to learning or to poetry, in a day of darkness and of thick gloominess, and in an hour of turbulence, of terror, and of uncertainty. Such persons will be satisfied, if the great cause of mankind, of regulated society, of religion, of government, of science, of true taste, and of good manners, is attempted to be maintained with strength and

(*i*) Stat. Theb. L. 6. v. 123.

and with the application of learning. To them it is a matter of very little or rather of no moment at all by whom it is effected. They have scarce a transitory question to make on the subject. To such understandings I willingly submit my composition, and to them I dedicate the work.

I shall only add, that if they ſhould read *all* the Parts of this Poem on the Purſuits of Literature with candour and with attention, whatever the connection between them, or whatever the method may be, they will most aſſuredly find " that *uniformity* of thought and design, " which will *always* be found in the writings of the *ſame* " person, WHEN HE WRITES WITH SIMPLICITY AND " IN EARNEST."

The End of the Preface to the Fourth Dialogue.

THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE FOURTH AND LAST.*

Ουκ ἡσυχος
Δαφνηφαγων φοιβαζεν εκ λαιμων οπα. (†)

AUTHOR.

OH, for that sabbath's dawn, ere Britain wept,
And France before THE CROSS believ'd and slept!
(Rest to the state, and slumber to the soul!)
Ere yet the brooding storm was heard to roll,
In fancy's ear, o'er many an Alpine rock,
Or Europe trembled at the fated shock;
Ere by his lake GENEVA'S ANGEL stood,
And wav'd his scroll prophetic (*a*) o'er the flood,
With

(*a*) It is remarkable that in *Switzerland* appeared THE THREE PERSONS, whose principles, doctrines, and practice, (*as it seems*

T to

* First printed in July 1797. † Lycophron. Cassand. v. 3

With names (as yet unheard) and symbols drear,
Calvin in front, and Neckar in the rear;

But

to me) have primarily and ultimately effected the great change and downfall of regal and of all lawful power in Europe: Calvin, in religion; Rousseau, in politics; and Neckar by his administration. Calvin and his disciples were never friends to monarchy and episcopacy; but I shall not *here* contend politically or theologically with Bishop Horsley concerning Calvin. A poet's words are better for a poet. I have looked into history; and, as I think, have found them true. Dryden speaks of Calvin thus, and remarkably enough;

> The *last* of all the litter scap'd by chance,
> *And from Geneva first infested* FRANCE. (*a*)

ROUSSEAU, (I speak of him here *only* as a political writer) by the unjustifiable, arbitrary, and cruel proceedings against him, his writings and his person, in France, (where he was a stranger and to whose tribunals he was not amenable) was stimulated to pursue his researches into the origin and expedience of *such* government, and of *such* oppression, which, otherwise, he probably never would have discussed; till he reasoned himself into the desperate doctrine of political equality, and gave to the world his fatal present, "The Social Contract."

Of *this* work the French, since the Revolution, have never once lost sight. With them it is first and last, and midst, and without end, in all their thoughts and public actions. Rousseau is, I believe, the only man to whom they have paid an implicit and *undeviating* reverence; and, without a figure, have worshipped in the Pantheon of their new idolatry, like another Chemos, "the *obscene* dread of Gallia's sons."

Different

(*a*) The Hind and Panther, B. I. v. 172.

But chief Equality's vain priest, Rousseau,
A sage in sorrow nurs'd, and gaunt with woe,
By

Different from these, came NECKAR. With intentions, as I am *still inclined* to think, upright, pure and just, but with a mind impotent and unequal to the great work, and with principles foreign to the nature of the government he was called to regulate, reform, and conduct; a fatal stranger for France. He *oppressed* every subject sacred and civil with too much *verbiage*. He was sanctioned by popular prejudice, and marked by aristocratical hatred; a sort of "Arpinas Volscorum a monte." He came to lay open and disclose (and he did lay them open to the very bottom) the mystery and iniquity of French finance and of French treasuries. But he brought with him to the concerns of a great and tottering empire, (which *perhaps* might have been maintained and *consolidated*) the little mind of a provincial banker, and the vanity inseparable from human nature, when elevated beyond hope or expectation. What was the consequence? for a while indeed,

Hic Cimbros et summa pericula rerum
Excipit, et SOLUS trepidantem *protegit* Urbem.*

But the original leaven in *his* political composition was *popular*; and that leavened the whole lump. We know the rest. The Emigrants from France have never pardoned this minister; and the Romish Priests, in the spirit of their order, pursue him with a hatred and fiery zeal unquenchable and immortal.

His advice, first in the calling together (at all) of the States General, and afterwards in the formation and distribution of them, gave the devoted King to the scaffold, and the monarchy of France to irreversible dissolution. I speak this independently of the grand conspiracy against Christianity, regal power, and social order, which has been so awfully and so convincingly

 disclosed

* Juv. Sat. 8. v. 249.

By persecution train'd and popish zeal,
Ripe with his wrongs, to frame the dire (*b*) appeal;
What time *his work* THE CITIZEN began,
And gave to France the social savage, Man.

Was

disclosed by the eloquent Abbè Barruel*, and Professor Robison; since I *first* wrote the preceding reflections.

For my own part when I contemplate the convulsions of Europe, and the fatal desolation which attends republican principles, *wherever they are introduced*, I cannot but rest with a momentary pleasure on the picture, which Plato, in his *imaginary* republic, (the *only* one I ever could bear) has drawn of a man fatigued with the view of public affairs, and retiring from them in the hope of tranquility. The sentiments are such as the French formerly would have called, Les Delassemens de l'homme sensible. The words are these:

Ταυτα παντα λογισμω λαβων, ἡσυχιαν εχων και τα αυτου πραττων, διον εν χειμωνι κονιορτου και ζαλης ὑπο πνευματος φερομενου ὑπο τειχιον υποστας, ὁρων τους αλλους καταπιμπλαμενους ανομιας, αγαπᾶ ει πη αυτος καθαρος αδικιας τε και ανοσιων εργων, τον τε ενθαδε βιον βιωσεται, και την απαλλαγην αυτου μετα καλης ελπιδος ἱλεως τε και ευμενης απαλλαξεται.**

(*b*) Le Contrat Social, par J. J. Rousseau, CITOYEN de Geneve.

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* See Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire du Jacobinisme, par Mr. L'Abbé Barruel; and " Proofs of a Conspiracy against all the Religions and Governments in Europe, in the secret Meetings of Free Masons, Illuminati, &c. &c. by Professor Robison of Edinburgh. (1797.)

** Plato de Repub. L. 6. p. 496. Op. vol. 2. Edit. Serrani.

Was it for this, in Leo's fost'ring reign
Learning uprose with tempests in her train;
Was every gleam deceitful, every ray
But idle splendor from the orb of day?
Say, were the victims mark'd from earliest time,
The Flamens conscious of a Nation's crime?
Why smoak'd the altars with the new perfume,
If heaven's own fire descends but to consume?
Alas, proud Gallia's fabric to the ground
What arm shall level, or what strength confound!

Oh for that hand, which o'er the walls of Troy (*c*)
His lightning brandish'd *with a furious joy*,

Her

(*c*) It certainly would be *convenient*, (if we can for a moment trifle with such a subject as the present French war) to march to Paris, "and like another (Bryant), fire another Troy." See "a Dissertation concerning the War of Troy, and the Expedition of the Grecians, as described by Homer; shewing, that "no such expedition was undertaken, and that no such city of "Phrygia existed." Published in 1796, but there is no date to the title page. I find it difficult to give an opinion on this ingenious treatise.

Whatever comes from the author of "The Analysis of ancient "Mythology," should be treated with *very* great respect. His character is venerable, and his erudition, as I think, without an equal. Of all subjects, I should have thought this subject was one, on which an enquiry might have been instituted without

Her state, her arms, her fleets, her very name
Gave, as in mock'ry, to poetic fame,

And

out offence; but this has not been the case. The offence has been considered as deep and wide, and the influence of the principle, in some respects, dangerous and alarming. The faith of history has been represented as attacked in its strongest fortress, and even the sacred writings, as matter of historical faith, implicated in the discussion. Some persons have even declared that Mr. Bryant had no right to touch the subject. That nothing can be more contrary to reason than to suppose, that the existence of a city, and a war, of which we have read with delight from our boyish days, should be called in question. That their pleasure is snatched from them; and such a poem, without an historical fact for a basis, cannot be interesting. They allow the amplification of poetry, and it's embellishments, and even the anachronisms of Homer. But Troy did exist, and the Grecians did once besiege it, and Hector, Achilles, Agamemnon, and Diomede, were as real heroes, as the Archduke Charles, Bonaparte, Lord Cornwallis, or Tippoo Saib in modern wars.

I really should smile at many of these objections, if they did not frequently come from persons of consequence and of learning. Most certainly however I will quarrel with no man "about Sir Archy's Great Grandmother." They who are acquainted with the science and subject of *probabilities*, will best decide the question for themselves, and I will not intrude my judgment: it is a question of probability, and not of proof.

Latona and Jupiter may perhaps be said in this contest to regard Mr. Bryant, as they *formerly* did their own offspring, Apollo,

Τίκα φιλον ΠΑΙΖΟΝΤΑ μετ' αθανατοισι Θεοισι. (a)

(a) Hom. Hymn. ad Apoll.

For

And with the fire of Philip's son, unfurl'd
His classic standard o'er a wond'ring world,

Till

For my own part, I am equally pleased with a poem founded on the metamorphosis of Apuleius, or on any modern fiction, if all the essential and integral parts of a poem are preserved; if the characters, manners, and actions are human, and consistent with the supposed situations of the personages. This to me is sufficient; and perhaps poetry, as such, may be a gainer by Mr. Bryant's interpretation. I rather hail the omen in these times of poetical sterility.

But nothing can be further from the dignity of Mr. Bryant's character, than the imputation of having attacked the faith and credibility of ancient, or of any, *history*. It is scarcely entitled to notice. What was Troy? with what part of history is it connected? Is not the Trojan war an insulated solitary fact? If it were done away, is any historical event whatever made to fall with it? When it is stated that *four hundred and thirty* ships (no matter of what size) were employed by the Grecians in the Trojan war in the twelfth century, and only *eighty nine* in the Peloponnesian war in the fifth century before Christ, is this matter of *serious* history? Is not the whole allowed to pass even the bounds of any probability, but that of a poet?

I remember hearing a gentleman state similar questions to these with much earnestness and apparent conviction, but without warmth. He seemed to understand something of the subject; and though I conceived some points were pressed indiscreetly and unnecessarily by Mr. Bryant, I replied that I thought *nearly* as he did, and I said with the most good-natured Εποχη of

Till " Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,

And

of the Academics, " Almost thou persuadest me to be a " Bryantian." I think they who are the strongest in opposition to Mr. Bryant, if they were even Inquisitors *, and could force him to hold a lighted torch in his hand, and make a retractation of his errors, and the amende honorable in the Eglise de Notre Dame de CYBELE Mere de tous les Dieux Païens, would be contented with the Catholic form of words: " Questi erano gli " scherzi d'una penna poetica, non gli sentimenti d'un animo " catolico!"

T.

Yet considering all that I have heard, and *the quarter* from which it came, Curius quid sentit, et ambo Scipiadæ, and the insignificance of the question itself, but as a matter of amusement; though in common with many others, I should have lost much individual gratification and instruction, yet I wish this Dissertation on the war of Troy *had never been written at all*. (1797.)

I will *now* add, on a more enlarged view of this pleasing and classical controversy, which has been carried on with much animation, Mr. BRYANT has fought singly, and step by step, with the most determined and unshrinking bravery against the united attacks

* I am sure Gilbert Wakefield is even *more than an Inquisitor* in all his principles literary, civil, and religious. See his indecent letter to Mr. Bryant on the war of Troy. But above all, see his Letter to Mr. Wilberforce. The Secretary to the Duke of Alva under Philip II. or the Public Accuser of the Revolutionary Tribunal, under Roberspierre, never exhibited such a paper. There is no deceit in Gilbert Wakefield: he is, just what he seems. It is plain to see *what* he expects, and *why* he writes. (1797.)

And curs'd th' access of that celestial thief."(*d*)

Oh, for a Bryant's hand!

OCTAVIUS.

attacks of youth and age, of travelled Dilettanti, and of closet-scholars.

ΓΡΑΝΤΗ τοξοφορον και καρτερον υἱον ετικτεν!

It is beyond the scope of this work for me to trace this fascinating journey, this progress through the delightful land of fairy, or to expatiate among the desolations of time, and these scenes of ancient fame. But surely that scholar is little to be admired or envied, whose enthusiasm does not grow warmer amid the ruins of Ilium, or who can hear without emotion the imaginary murmurs of Scamander and Simois.

But as for THEE, thou illustrious and venerable man, thou unsullied glory and unshaken support of ancient literature and it's hallowed dignity, I must be allowed in this closing address to say, that in whatever researches thou hast been engaged, in thy long and bright career, whether imparting to the world solid instruction, deep erudition, ingenious conjecture, or liberal amusement, every classical power from above has always regarded, and must still regard, THEE, thy labours, and thy splendid talents with complacency, with gratitude, and with pride.

Εγκιθαριζεις

Καλα και ὑψι βιβας· αιγλη δε τε Σ' αμφιφαεινει!
Πως αρα Σ' ὑμνησω παντως ευϋμνον εοντα;
Εὑρηκας θανατοιο τ' ακος, και γηραος ἁλκαρ!
Χαιροις· αυταρ Σειο και αλλης μνησομ' αοιδης.*

(Nov. 1800.)

(*d*) Two lines from Sir Walter Raleigh's Sonnet, prefixed to Spenser's Fairy Queen.

* Homer. Hymn. ad Apollinem.

OCTAVIUS.

Methinks you smile,
And fain would land me on the wand'ring isle,
Where the learn'd drain Acrasia's foaming bowl,
Till *round the Sun* their heads with Gebelin's (*e*) roll;
Nor

(*e*) Gebelin.—If many persons in the learned world have thought Mr. Bryant unadvised in the discussion of the war of Troy in the twelfth century A. C. what must we say to Mr. Court de Gebelin, who has actually endeavoured *to reason us into a belief*, that, *the Founders of the Roman State*, ROMULUS, *and* REMUS, were only allegorical personages, and were in reality representatives of *the Sun*, and worshipped as such. Mr. Gebelin is a man of the most various erudition, and if he were as well known as Mr. Bryant, his attempt would have been noticed. But few people perhaps have had the curiosity to look into nine volumes in 4to. of the "Monde Primitif analysé et comparé avec le Monde "Moderne par M. Court de Gebelin."

It may be entertaining to some persons, if I give a *few* particulars of this singular question. The Fourth Volume of Mr. Gebelin's work consists of the "Historie Religieux du Calendrier, "ou des Fêtes Anciennes." The fifth Chapter of the second Book (Vol. 4.) is the "Histoire des *Gemeaux* Romains, Romulus et "Remus." Mr. G. says, "Les Romains eurent aussi leurs Alle-"gories sur le double Soleil successif de l'année; ils *l'appliquerent* "*à* leur *Remus et Romulus*. Les noms sont allegoriques, et tous "relatifs à l'année." p. 264. Remus, it seems, signified THE

SUN

Nor heed the pause of (*f*) Douglas, Wakefield's rage,
Nor Hallam (*g*) trembling for the sacred page,

Nor

SUN in the winter, and Romulus in the summer! By an easy proof, he says, "Ils en firent la fête des *Le*mures pour *Re*mures, &c." p. 263. In the sixth chapter of the same book, we read: Nous avons *vû* dans le chapitre précédent, que Romulus etoit le soleil; que tout le *prouvoit*.—And what is the proof? Truly this; "Le nom de sa mere, celui de son pere, son frere, la mort "de son frere (Remus), son propre nom," &c. &c. Q. E. D.

Mr. Gebelin has not yet done, nor is Mr. Gebelin yet satisfied. He next converts, by means of his *solar* microscope, Romulus into *Hercules!* But hear his words: "Ce qu' exprimoient à "cet égard les Grecs par l'Apothéose d'*Hercule*, les Romains "l'exprimerent par l'Apotheose de Romulus." But when he speaks of Quirinus, another name of Romulus, the force of art and of *proof* can go no further. Hear him again: "Quirinus "(nom de Romulus) la traduction *litérale* de *Melcarthe*, ou *Meli-* "*certe*, que portoit *Hercule* chez les *Tyriens*, EST UNE AUTRE "PREUVE, *qu'on regardoit* ROMULUS *comme* LE SOLEIL." p. 269!

I cannot help observing that in this same 4th Vol. p. 422. Mr. Gebelin informs us that, "Sur le 18 Février on célébroit la "Fête de Romulus, and at the same time, (rather inauspiciously "to be sure) on célébroit LA FÊTE DES FOUX." I suppose on the celebration of LA FÊTE DES FOUX, cards of invitation were sent round by the Pontifex Maximus to the Antiquaries of those days, and I really think, if Mr. Gebelin had been produced at that time, he would not have been without his card, with a few others, to be distributed *among his friends*.

Indeed these *deliramenta doctrinæ* are sometimes amusing, but in reality they are rather a subject of serious regret from their conse-

quences

Nor Gillies (*h*) *crying*, what shall we peruse?
What is *my* work? mere records of the Muse;
And lo! by Bonaparte's iron pen, (*i*)
The tale of Rome may be Troy's tale again.

AUTHOR.

quences on the public mind. There is no end to the absurdities from this source, when we resolve all ancient persons and events into allegories and Egyptian mysteries; till as we have just seen, ROMULUS AND REMUS, The founders of the Roman Empire, become (according to Monsieur Gebelin's *Order of Firing*, after a grand *Escopetterie*, or volley, *of Serpents and stars)* transformed into ROMAN SUNS; Remus in the Winter, and Romulus in the Summer!—See the *proofs* above.

(*f*) The Rt. Rev. Dr. JOHN DOUGLAS, the present Bishop of Salisbury, (1797.) Author of the Criterion, and of other acute pieces of reasoning, which will be long remembered and admired.

(*g*) Dr. Hallam, the present Dean of Bristol. (1797.)

(*h*) Author of a History of Greece.

(*i*) The tremendous conquests of Bonaparte in Italy and in Germany remind us too much of the words of the Roman Historian; "Si CAPTIVOS aspiceres, Molossi, Thessali, Macedones, Bruttius, Apulius; si POMPAS, aurum, purpuræ, signa, tabulæ, Tarentinæque deliciæ." Flor. Lib. 1. C. 18. (1797.)

AUTHOR.

No; other thoughts my lab'ring soul employ,
That springs anew to long-forgotten joy;
I range in Fancy's consecrated round,
And meet the poet on a poet's ground,
Nor seek historic truth of time and place,
But truth of manners, character, and grace.

The Bards who once the wreaths of glory wore,
Cloath'd in translucent veil their wond'rous lore;
The tales they sung a willing age believ'd,
Charm'd into truth, and without guile deceiv'd.
Where'er they rov'd, young Fancy and the Muse
Wav'd high their mirror of a thousand hues;
They gaz'd, and as in varying guise pourtray'd
Aëreal phantoms hov'ring round them play'd,
Gave to each fleeting form, that shot along,
Existence everlasting as their song;
And as by nature's strength the tablet grew,
Rapture the pencil guided as they drew.

OCTAVIUS.

Nay now you soar indeed; another flight,
And the wing'd courser bears you from my sight:
You're strangely mov'd.

AUTHOR.

The matter is my own;
I never shar'd the profits of the gown,
Nor yet, with Horace and myself at war,
For rhyme and victuals (*b*) left the starving Bar.

I never

(*b*) This was lately done by William Boscawen, Esquire, an Etonian, first a Barrister at Law, now a Commissioner of the Victualling Office, and (by an easy transition) Translator of Horace. *Negatas* artifex sequi *voces*. (Pers. Prol.) In this revision of my work, I have no more space to allot to Mr. Boscawen or his rhymes. It is the fate of some men to describe the history of an art, without making any *progress* in it themselves; to write verses without inspiration, and satirical poems without satire. But what said Boileau?

"Attaquer *Chapelain?* ah! c'est un si bon homme:
"Il est vrai, s'il m'eut crû, qu'il n'eut point fait des vers;
"*Il se tue à rimer.* Que n'écrit il en prose?
"Voilà ce que l'on dit. *Et que dis je autre chose?*"* (1798)

Nothing

* Boileau Sat. 9.

I never lov'd *Dean* Dewlap's vacant looks,
Or purchas'd empty praise from empty books;
I leave at sales the undisputed reign
To milk-white (*i*) Gosset, and learn'd (*k*) Spencer's train.
No German nonsense sways my English heart,
Unus'd at ghosts and rattling bones to start:
I never

Nothing indeed is less acceptable than plain truth to irritable and implacable rhymers; but I must say, that the unresisting imbecility of Mr. Boscawen's translation disarms all particular criticism.

Et quidnam egregium prosternere mænia *parvâ*
Structa lyrâ? *

(*i*) Nota bookseller of reputation in London, Payne, Edwards, White, &c. &c. is unacquainted with Dr. Gosset's "*milk* "*white* vellum books," when he wishes to make an exchange. The Reverend Dr. Gosset is present at all the Booksales in the metropolis, and he certainly is a good scholar, as well as a good judge of the value of books. Doctor Gosset's *priced* catalogues in *his own* hand are said to be in an *uninterrupted* series, *except one*. They are also said to be equal in use and value to "The curious collection, in regular and *undoubted* succession of "*all the Tickets of the Islington Turnpike* from its *first* institution to "the 20th of May inclusive," recorded among *the presents* made to the Antiquarian Society," when Sir Matthew Mite was admitted Fellow, and made his speech on that occasion.†

No

* Statius L. 10.

† Foote's Nabob, Act 2.

I never chose, in various nature strong,
Logic for verse, or history for song;
But at the magic of Torquato's strain,
Disarm'd and captive in Armida's chain,
To Godfrey's pomp Rinaldo still prefer,
Nor care if ranting Wakefield (*kk*) thinks I err. 80

To

No person is *now* obliged to make an inauguration speech, when he is admitted Fellow of the Antiquarian Society. The noble President observed in *one of his speeches* that the custom ceased and determined at Sir Matthew Mite's election, as appeared by *the record*, copied by Mr. Foote and inserted in his Nabob.—Ego si RISI, lividus et mordax videar? The little Doctor, I think, will be the first to smile himself; as he is an ingenious, learned, sensible, and chearful man.

(*k*) The Rt. Hon. Earl Spencer, the munificent, and I may add, the learned, sensible, and very intelligent collector of every valuable work in literature. I record with pleasure his "Palatine Apollo," that *munus Apolline dignum!*

(*kk*) Gilbert Wakefield.—We give up (but with great reluctance) Virgil, Horace, and Lucretius, but we will not give up the Constitution of England sacred or civil, to his torturing hours. "CRITICUS adsuetus urere, secare, inclementer omnis generis libros tractare, apices, syllabas, voces, dictiones confodere, et stylo exigere, non continebit iste ab integro (REIPUBLICÆ NOSTRÆ) statu crudeles ungues? &c. &c. Orat. Petri Burmanni Lugd. Bat. 1720."

To Hurd, not (*l*) Parr, my Muse submits her lays,
Pleas'd with advice, without a lust for praise;
Who marks her errors, him she deems her friend,
Fond to correct, but never to defend.
With patriot aim, and no irreverent rage,
Without one stain of party on the page,
From Grecian springs her force, her art she draws,
Firm in her trust, ennobled in her cause;
Her moral none, the verse some few disdain:
Yet not a note she sounds shall sound in vain,
While Bryant (*m*) in applause with Baker (*n*) joins,
Gifford (*o*) approves, and Storer (*p*) loves the lines:
Though

(*l*) See the account of Dr. Parr's style and writings. P. of L. Dialogue III. &c. with the notes. When the reader has considered the whole, perhaps he may be inclined to say with the comic poet of Athens,

Πτιλον το μεγα ΚΟΜΠΟΛΑΚΤΘΟΥ πεσεν! *

(*m*) Jacob Bryant, Esq. Author of the Analysis of Ancient Mythology, &c. &c. &c.

(*n*) Sir George Baker, Bart. Physician to the King, a Gentleman of deep and extensive classical knowledge. His

 compositions

* Aristoph. Acharn. sub fin.

Though still, a stranger in the sacred clime,
Some say, I love not poetry, but rhyme.

Offspring of other times, ye visions old!
Legends, no more by gentle hands unroll'd,
Magnanimous deceits! where favour'd youth
Finds short repose from formidable truth!
Oh witness if, e'er silent in your praise,
I've pass'd in vice or sloth inglorious days,
But rais'd for you my firm unalter'd voice,
Fancy my guide, and solitude my choice.

Though

compositions are written in the purest Latinity, worthy of an Etonian. His situation in life sufficiently declares his professional talents. (1797.)

(o) William Gifford, Esq. Author of the Baviad and the Mæviad.

(p) Anthony Storer, Esq. a Gentleman of fortune and fashion, talents and accomplishments. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. His attainments in literature are various and considerable; and few men have a nicer skill in the principles of just and legitimate composition than Mr. Storer. *He has read* QUINTILIAN *with effect*, (Mr. Storer will understand me perfectly) and he has drawn his knowledge and judgment from the best writers and critics of antiquity and of modern time. (1797.)

Though *now* (*q*) no Syren voice be heard, no strain
Ascend from Pindus, or Arcadia's plain;
No Graces round th' Olympian throne of Jove
Bid the nine virgins raise the chant of love.
The harp of Taliessin lies unstrung,
Close by the loom, where Death's dread sisters sung;
Unfelt each charm of Odin's magic tree,
With many an uncouth Runic (*s*) phantasy,
The symbol deep, and consecrated rhyme,
Trac'd with due reverence in the northern clime.
Though *now* no temper'd lance, no magic brand,
No Durindana (*t*) waves o'er fabled land;

No

(*q*) I mean by these and several following lines to observe, that the *Pagan* Fable is now exhausted, and the specious miracles of *Gothic* Romance have never of late years produced a poet. Perhaps the latter were more adapted to true poetry than the pagan inventions. Witness the sublimer productions of modern Italy.

(*s*) Mr. Mathias, (the Author of the Essay on the Evidence, &c. on the long-disputed subject of the poems ascribed to Rowley in the 15th century, and which I mentioned in a note to the First Dialogue of the P. of L.) several years ago attempted to excite the curiosity of the public to the remains of northern antiquity, by a lyrical imitation of some Runic fragments. I wish the example had been followed. (1797.)

(*t*) The sword of Orlando.

No nightly-rounding Ariel floats unseen,
Or *flames amazement* o'er the desert green;
No wizards hold, some blasted pine beneath,
Their horrid sabbath on the darken'd heath;
Say, are the days of blest delusion fled?
Must fiction rear no more her languid head?
No more the Muse her long-lost transports know,
Nor trace the fount whence living waters flow?
Awake, ye slumb'ring Rulers of the song!
Each in your solemn orders pass along;
In sacred radiance o'er your mountain old
Yet once again your dignities unfold,
And fill the space; your scepter'd glories claim
And vindicate the great Pierian name.

OCTAVIUS.

Are these a poet's only themes? I fear,
No verse like this will find a patient ear.

AUTHOR.

Hear yet awhile.—The dread resistless pow'r,
That works deep-felt at inspiration's hour,
He claims alone—

OCTAVIUS.

Who claims?

AUTHOR.

The favour'd BARD, (*a*)
Who nobly conscious of his just reward,
With

(*a*) I mean here to give a character of the Poet, *as such*, and of the sources whence the art itself is drawn. I would wish to express *generally*, what Proclus (in one of his dissertations on the Πολιτεια of Plato, ed. fol. Basil. 1534. p. 403.) would call with a sublime dignity, the Πασαν Ποιητικης ἑξιν διαλαμπουσαν, when the poet exerts his highest faculties, or, (in the language of Proclus in the same place) Οταν ενθουσιαζων, και ταις Μουσαις κατοχος ων, κατα ΤΗΝ ΠΡΩΤΗΝ ενεργει ΚΑΙ ΕΝΘΕΟΝ ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚΗΝ.

With loftier soul, and undecaying might,
Paints what he feels in characters of light.

He

A selection of various chapters from this work of Proclus on the Πολιτεια of Plato, which relate to poetry, might be made, and published by some ingenious scholar; as they would be perfectly new and original to many persons. I know not (better Greek scholars than I am may know) whether at present there is any edition at all, but that printed at Basil, in Greek, without any Latin translation. They exhibit what this philosopher of genius (in p. 401, on the Τρεις ἰδεαι της Ποιητικης,) terms, the Την των Ποιητων μανιαν κινθμενηντε και κινθσαν, και πληρθμενην ανωθεν, και εις αλλα διαπορθμευθσαν την εκειθεν ελλαμψιν.

Philosophers like these, Apollo and all his choir were once supposed to address in strains, which few scholars will hear without delight. They are to be found in the life of Plotinus, the Platonic, which was written with some eloquence (at least Politian thought so) by his disciple Porphyrius: *

Κληϊζω Μθσας ξυνην οπα γηρυσασθαι,
Παμφωνοις ιαχαισι παναρμονιαισι τ' ερωαις,
Οἱον επ' Αιακιδῃ στησαι χορον εκληϊξαν
Αθανατων μανιαισιν, ὑμηρειαισι τ' αοιδαις.
Αλλα γε Μθσαων ἱερος χορος απυσωμεν,
Εις ἑν επιπνειοντες αοιδης τερματα πασης,
Υμμι και εν μεσσαισιν Ἐγω Φοιβος Καθυχαιτης.

I would also present the following passage, from a great Roman master, to every rising Youth of genius in this kingdom. If I could perceive his countenance brightening as he reads, and the powers of his soul kindling into a fancied or anticipated emulation, I should

* Plotini Vita. In limine Oper. Plotini Edit. Ficini. Basileæ MDXXC.

He turns: and instantaneous all around
Cliffs whiten, waters murmur, voices sound;
Portentous

I should say to him, as Herodotus once said to the Father of Thucydides, when he perceived the tear of enthusiasm falling from the boy, at his recital of "the Expedition of Xerxes against "the general Liberty of Greece." The scene was the Olympic games, Herodotus before his Country, and Thucydides his auditor. Can I rouse the attention yet more? at such a moment he pronounced these words: Οργᾶ ἡ Φυσις τȣ υἱȣ σȣ προς μαθηματα.* Let some future Poet, who now perceives in himself, what Statius calls the "cruda exordia magnæ In-"dolis," hear and perpend.

Legere si desideras,
Vaces oportet, Eutyche, a negotiis,
Ut liber animus sentiat vim carminis
Mutandum tibi propositum est, et vitæ genus;
Intrare si Musarum limen cogitas.
Ego, (quem Pierio mater enixa est jugo,
In quo tonanti sancta Mnemosyne Jovi,
Fœcunda novies, artium peperit chorum;)
Quamvis in ipsâ pene natus sim scholâ,
Curamque habendi penitus corde eraserim,
Et laude invitâ in hanc vitam incubuerim,
Fastidiosè tamen in cœtum recipior.
Rem me professum dicet aliquis gravem:
Sed literatæ cum sim propior Græciæ,
Cur somno inerti deseram Patriæ decus?

I never read this transcendant strain of genius, without feeling even my own mind filled for a space, with all the fulness of the Poet; Neque

* Marcellini Vit. Thucyd. p. 8. Thucyd. edit. Huds. Oxon.

Portentous forms in heav'n's aërial hall.
Appear, as at some great supernal call.

Thence oft in thought his steps ideal (*x*) haste
To rocks and groves, the wilderness or waste;

To

Neque enim Aonium nemus Advena lustro,
Nec mea nunc primis albescunt tempora vittis.*

(*x*) I speak of the effect of *local* situation on the mind of the poet. But if any man of genius, fancy, and learning, in the vigour and noon-day of his life and faculties should, from some circumstances for ever to be regretted, be unfortunately deprived of the power of visiting these great and awful scenes of nature, and the monuments of ancient art; an imagination bold and fervid may, in *some* degree, supply that want by recourse to the most finished representations of them by sublime painters and artists. Stuart, Wood, and Piranesi may raise ideas worthy of the Poet, and pour upon his fancy all the ancient dignity of Athens, of Palmyra, and of Rome. Alas! these scenes are closed for ever. Non Ego sum vates, sed prisci conscius ævi!

I cannot but present my reader with the form of *an Oath* on such a subject, from the last classical Poet under the expiring monarchy of France, the famous Delisle. I am as ready on this subject, as himself, to swear at the high altar of the Muses;

" Helas! *je n'ai point vû* ce séjour enchanté,
" Ces beaux lieux ou Virgile a tant de fois chanté;
" Mais j'en JURE et Virgile, et ses accords sublimes,
" *J'irai:* de l'Apennin je franchirai les cimes,
" J'irai, plein de son nom, plein de ces vers sacrés,
" Les lire aux mêmes lieux qui les ont inspirés."

Les Jardins, L. 1.

* Stat. Achill. l. 1. v. 10.

To plains, where Tadmor's (*y*) regal ruins lie
In desolation's sullen majesty:
Or where Carthusian (*z*) spires the pilgrim draw,
And bow the soul with unresisted awe;
Whence Bruno, from the mountain's pine-clad brow,
Survey'd the world's inglorious toil below;
Then, as down ragged cliffs the torrent roar'd,
Prostrate great Nature's present GOD ador'd,
And bade, in solitude's extremest bourn,
Religion hallow the severe sojourn.

To HIM the Painter gives his pencil's might;
No gloom too dreadful, and no blaze too bright,
What time to mortal ken he dares unveil
THE inexpressive FORM (*a*) in semblance frail,

To

(*y*) "He built *Tadmor* in the Wilderness." Chron. B. 2. ch. 8. v. 4. It is remarkable that Mr. Wood observes, that the natives, at this day, call *Palmyra* by the original appellation of *Tadmor*.

(*z*) The famous monastery, called "The Grande Chartreuse." The retirement of Saint Bruno.

(*a*) The Pictures of the Supreme Being by Raphael and Michael Angelo. There is one picture of THE SUPREME BEING separating

To the strain'd view presents the yawning tomb,
Substantial horrors, and eternal doom.

To HIM the Pow'rs of harmony (*b*) resort,
And as the Bard, with high commanding port,
Scans all the ethereal wilderness around,
Pour on his ear the thrilling stream of sound;
Strains, from that full-strung-chords at distance swell,
Notes, breathing soft from music's inmost cell;
While to their numerous pause, or accent deep,
His choral passions dread accordance keep.

Thence musing, lo he bends his weary eyes
On life and all it's sad realities;
Marks how the prospect darkens in the rear,
Shade blends with shade, and fear succeeds to fear,
Mid forms that rise, and flutter through the gloom,
'Till Death unbar the cold sepulchral room.

Such

separating the light from the darkness, in the Vault of the Capella Sestina in Rome, by Michael Angelo, which, I believe, has never been engraved. *Mr. Fuseli, I think, said so when I enquired about it.* I allude also to the picture of the Last Judgment, by the same Master.

(*b*) The power of Music on the mind of the Poet.

Such is the Poet: such his claim divine!—
Imagination's *charter'd libertine*, (*c*)
He scorns, in apathy, to float or dream
On listless Satisfaction's torpid stream,
But dares, ALONE, in vent'rous bark to ride
Down turbulent Delight's tempestuous tide.
With thoughts encount'ring thoughts in conflict strong,
The deep Pierian thunder of the song
Rolls o'er his raptur'd sense: the realms on high
For him disclose their varied majesty;
He feels the call: then bold, beyond control,
Stamps on the immortal page the visions of his soul!

OCTAVIUS.

Nay, if you feed on this cælestial strain,
You may with Gods hold converse, not with men.
Sooner the people's right shall Horsley (*d*) teach,
In judgment delicate, with prudence preach,
And,

(*c*) "The air, *a chartered libertine*, is still."
Shakspeare. H. V.

(*d*) I allude to Bishop Horsley's intemperate and unadvised speeches in Parliament. An injudicious friend is worse than an enemy.

And o'er his bosom broad forget to spread
Bath's dangling pride, and ribband rosy-red; (*e*)
Friend of the Church the *pious* Grafton (*f*) prove;
Or Sutton (*g*) cease to claim the public love,
And e'er forego, from dignity of place,
His polish'd mind and reconciling grace;
Or Yorke, (*h*) regardless of his sacred trust,
To unobtrusive merit be unjust;

Porteous

enemy; and I believe Mr. Pitt thinks so. Inconsiderate sentences uttered publicly by members of either House are very dangerous, and do much harm. The dogma is remembered, and the comment is forgotten. Bishop Horsley and Mr. Wyndham (both men of great natural and acquired ability) should be more attentive in this particular.

(*e*) Bishop Horsley is Dean of the Order of the Bath, and is a bold rival to the late learned knight, Sir William Draper, in making "that blushing ribband the perpetual ornament of his "person." See Junius, in his Third Letter, and Bishop Horsley *every where*.

(*f*) See the Duke's *Hints*.—Rather broad.

(*g*) The Right Rev. Charles Manners Sutton, Bishop of Norwich. A Prelate whose amiable demeanour, useful learning, and conciliating habits of life, particularly recommend his episcopal character. No man appears to me so peculiarly marked out for the HIGHEST DIGNITY of the Church, *sede vacante*, as Dr. SUTTON. (July 1797.)

Porteous, the *royal* (*i*) prelate, firm to truth,
Forget the primal patron of his youth;
Moore to his synod call, of unction full;
Or Barrington be meek; or Watson dull.

Sooner

(*b*) The Right Rev. James Yorke, D. D. Bishop of Ely. The *voluntary*, *unsolicited* offer of the Mastership of Jesus College in Cambridge, to the Rev. Dr. Paley, so well known in the literary and ecclesiastical world, deserves to be publicly mentioned as an instance, almost solitary, of generous, liberal discernment in the important collation of academical dignity. The University regrets the absence of Dr. Paley, one of the ablest instructors she ever could boast; and Bishop Yorke must be recorded as one of the friends of learning. It is no mean honour to associate the name of Paley with that of Yorke. "Et *meæ*, si "quid loquar audiendum, vocis accedet bona pars." (Nov. 1797.)

(*i*) The Right Rev. Beilby Porteous, Bishop of London. See the Dedication of his Sermons. I think him right in recording his elevation as the immediate voluntary gift of ROYAL, and not of ministerial, favour.

Sic gemmas *vaginæ in fronte* solebat
Ponere zelotypo JUVENIS PRÆLATUS Hiarbæ!

The choice was approved unanimously by the country, and justified by his own merits and conduct. But I admire still more Dr. Porteous's affectionate, grateful, and elegant tribute to the memory of his venerable Patron, ARCHBISHOP SECKER;* a name never to be uttered but with reverence, as the great exemplar of metropolitan strictness, erudition, and dignity. The union of SUCH patrons must for ever mark the character of Bishop Porteous. (1798.)

* See his Life, just *re*published, with a proper attention to the time.

Sooner Stentorian (*k*) Davies cease to talk,
And for *his* Eton quit his Bond-street walk;

Sumner

(*k*) The Rev. Jonathan Davies, D. D. Provost of Eton College; a learned, pleasant, generous, open-hearted, good-tempered man, but in conversation rather too much of a Stentor, who is declared by Homer to have had *a voice equal to fifty other men*. The Epithets of Homer are all significant, and I therefore give the lines.

Στεντορι εισαμενος μεγαλητορι χαλκεοφωνω,
Ος τοσον αυδησασκ' ΟΣΟΝ ΑΛΛΟΙ ΠΕΝΤΗΚΟΝΤΑ.

Mr. PROVOST has an invincible partiality for the charms of London, whenever *his duty* does not oblige him to be at his Lodge. The reason is simple; the air at Eton now and then bites shrewdly, &c. &c. &c.

Extract from a M. S. found in *Long Chamber* at Eton; the hand writing conjectured to be that of Dr. HEATH the Head Master, and of *one* of the Assistants. It was found on one of Mrs. HEATH's *Ball Nights during Lent*, given to the *Lautorum Pueri* for the advantage and credit of the School. (Nov. 1797.)

Vicinas alil Veneres, Charitumque *choreas*
Carmine concelebrent; *nos Veri dogma severum*,
Triste sonant pulsæ nostrâ tetudine chordæ!

ETON SCHOOL, like many other great and useful public Schools, stands in need of many *new* and *strong* regulations, which the interests of this kingdom, in common with the demands of the time, call for with a voice not to be disregarded by the masters and governors.

Perhaps the very existence of the kingdom, in it's present constitution, depends upon the undeviating compliance with the present

Sumner (*l*) drink deep of the Castalian spring;

Or

present form and mode of classical (and I hope of religious) instruction, so long and so wisely established in our public schools. If we desert and abandon it, the principles and strength of THE ENGLISH CHARACTER for sense, discretion, solid learning, and sound understanding will fall, to rise no more. We shall be destroyed, over-run, or disgraced with National Institutes, French morality, French learning, and French jargon, political and metaphysical. No lustration can purify us any more.

Οιον ὁ τω 'πολλώνος εσειςατο Δαφνιδος ὁρπηξ!
'ΟΙΑΔ''ΟΛΟΝ ΤΟ ΜΕΛΑΘΡΟΝ! ἑκας, ἑκας ὅστις αλιτρος.
Και δη πυ τα θυρετρα καλω ποδι ΦΟΙΒΟΣ αφασσει.*

This is a subject which should be considered by every Father of a family, and by every Guardian of young Persons in this country, with the most impressive seriousness. Undoubtedly the expence attending an education at *any* great public school, (I speak not only of Eton) is *now felt* in such a manner, as I fear it will be difficult forParents long to supply, or to continue. Whence does it arise? Is there a remedy, *in part?* I think there is.

To my certain knowledge, the expences of any public school, *as such*, are increased but in a small, and in a very reasonable proportion to the exigencies of the times. Mode, fashion, custom, vanity, and inconsiderateness occasion the chief causes of complaint. Fashionable private tuition is indeed *now* as expensive, or rather more so in some cases.

I would first propose, that no Master or Instructor in *any* of our *public* schools, should be suffered to keep a Boarding House, or have boys to board with him. The character of the "*Do* "*lodice parandâ* ATTONITUS DOCTOR," should be done away, and

* Callin. Hymn. ad Apoll.

Or Langford leave off preaching to the King; (*m*)

Or

and the custom wholly abolished. This might easily be effected, by a *general* determination of the Nobility and Gentlemen of this kingdom. Surely all Boys, of every description and rank, might now board at the general and established Boarding houses, the expences of which are liberal, unvarying, and regulated. From *such an equality* of education nothing is to be apprehended.

The next question may be this; Is there a necessity for a Boy to have a Tutor in *any* public school? Why must he have one? It is perhaps a source of unnecessary expence (and sometimes of no very commendable traffic); and which is still worse, it promotes negligence and idleness in boys, and prevents their reliance on their own faculties and indispensable application. Thirdly, I am confident that by the attention and superintendance on the part of the parents or guardians, the expence of bills might be *considerably* lessened; and in regard to books in particular. For want of precaution, there is no limit to the elegance of the editions, or of the binding. School-books are never costly. This is a single instance; but on such and similar instances I cannot condescend to expatiate: I would be useful, and therefore not tedious.

The greatest, most serious, and most alarming cause is behind, over which the masters can have no control. It is this: Private or pocket money given with a heedless, wanton, and inconsiderate profusion unknown in former times.

We are told in the *liberal* spirit of the day, that all boys must be gentlemen, that they must act as other boys, and *have no temptation to be mean*. Suppose this granted. How is this enormous expence to be supplied? By the argument, it is no part of the unavoidable expence of education. But a boy's purse, it seems, should be always full; that—That what? *that he may be under no temptation to be mean*. Can we be now ignorant what is the sense

affixed

Or good *Palæmon*, (*mm*) worn with classic toil,
Complain

affixed to *meanness* by a modern pampered boy? Well then: he has no temptation to be mean. But, from a full purse, has he no temptation to be wicked? no temptation to be idle and negligent? A horse, perhaps I may be told, is sometimes allowable. Why? that he may attend races, I suppose, or be in town, now and then, perhaps for a whole night. His purse must be full. Why? that he may go to the tavern, drink his bottle like a gentleman, and now and then slink to the gaming table, and become a man of honour in good time. Liquors are rebellious in the blood, and then, as the purse is full, the forehead will not long be bashful. The means of weakness and debility need not be *wooed*; they are every where obvious and obtrusive.

SUCH IS THE EDUCATION OF BOYS WITH A FULL PURSE.

A poet once spoke of moderation, and *government in expence*, in other terms:

O nondum cognita Divûm
Munera! virtutis custos et amica pudori,
Luxuriæ frœnum, vitæ tutela!

But such expences, it may be said, are for patrician boys. Are they then separated from the rest? Is there no contagion of example? What are our public streets by day, or our theatres by night? The eye may see, but the ear might distrust the report. But a full purse, it seems, is very neceſſary for a boy, *that he may not be mean*. Surely this is most ruinous and contemptible sophistry.

In education, and in the government of a state, every obstacle should be opposed to wickedness, and to the *means* of wickedness. There should be a double restraint. All passions submit ultimately (with the great majority of mankind) to the

Complain of plants ungrateful to the soil;

Or

inability of gratifying them, and the disposition is best prepared by the discipline of necessity.

In boys and youths of ingenuous tempers, sometimes filial piety, a regard for their nearest relatives, the advantage of a good character, and the pleasure of a good conscience, operate with the better and more honourable part. But human infirmity is not to be trusted: it never yet was trusted with security. Laws, regulations, and strong institutions have the greatest power to enforce good manners, when the Parents, Guardians, Instructors, and Masters *co-operate* fully in their several functions. It must be remembered, I am speaking of the education of *boys*, and not of confirmed habits of expence, of wickedness, or of depravity in *men*. The wisdom and experience of those to whom I am addressing myself, in public schools, will easily supply what I have omitted; for I have omitted much. Every gentleman in the country may co-operate in this important and patriotic attention, at such a period as the present.

It is also not to be dissembled, (it is MY office to speak openly and boldly) that *Boys* now actually divide themselves *into political parties*. There is indeed a general licentiousness of spirit among modern boys, which the public good requires to be *effectually*, *powerfully*, *and instantly* repressed. It is not by false and specious *liberality* that this evil is to be subdued. If masters and governors are firm and inflexible in their regulations, what can *the children* do? I laugh at the idle apprehension of rebellion in a School.

If I were the Head Master of Eton, I would begin by THE ABOLITION OF THE MONTEM *immediately*. It is very improper, and

Or Warren (*o*) in his well-curv'd palm confound

An

and very foolish. There is *a meanness*, and sometimes *an audacity*, *in this authorized mode of collecting money on the high-way*, which I wonder *young Gentlemen* of birth and family are not *ashamed of*, and can *even wish* to continue. IT IS SOMETHING BETWEEN ALMS AND PLUNDER. Harrow school has no longer its ancient and dangerous custom of "shooting for the silver "arrow." I mention *the abolition of* THE MONTEM (though it *now* occurs but once in three years,) only as an introduction to *many other* salutary and necessary restrictions in ALL public schools. I have seen the nature of a rebellion (as it is called) in a college and a school, and nothing can be more foolish and impotent.

If the Parents, Friends, and Guardians co-operate with Masters of Schools and Colleges, what can *children* and young men *ultimately effect*, when it is considered, by what laws and hopes their future interest, and advancement in life are bound-in, cabined, and confined? The majority of such petty Revolutionists and embryo Democrats are always restrained *in a short time*, and their successors never feel the absence of what they never expected.

Let every master of a College, and of a public School boldly, and vigorously, and instantly adopt the words and spirit of Cicero to his friend Atticus. "*In qua* Ego *nactus*, ut "mihi videbar, LOCUM RESECANDÆ LIBIDINIS ET COERCENDÆ JUVENTUTIS, vehem us fui, et omnes profudi "vires animi atque ingenii mei, non odio adductus alicujus, "*sed spe reipublicæ corrigendæ et sanandæ civitatis.* AFFLICTA "EST RESPUBLICA!"* I hope this note will be regarded with the attention it calls for from the public.—At all events,

* Cic. Ep. ad Attic. L. 1. E. 18.

An ancient guinea with a modern (*l*) pound;

Sooner

now and ever; "Salve, magna Parens doctrinæ, ETONIA "TELLUS Magna Virûm!" (Nov. 1797.)

The daily and hourly experience of all which is passing in public schools, and in none more than at Eton, calls with an increasing impatience and in a deeper tone for the strongest and most instant regulation. I maintain that nothing is necessary to produce the great national effect which is now required, or rather demanded imperiously, but a solemn, conscientious, unshrinking exertion of the legitimate power and authority which are now vested in the Masters of public schools. But a timid complaisance to boys, (which they always despise), an unwarrantable connivance at their irregularities, and, consequently, at their notorious vices, and a contemptible recourse to half-measures in urgent and perilous cases, which call for decisive, exemplary, and final coercion, will utterly annihilate the sense of duty and obedience, and with them, of all virtue. Sound discipline and sound instruction must move together undivided and inseparable; the heart and the head must be equally regarded, whence are the issues of the future life, salvation, and glory of this kingdom. Petty accomplishments, a paltry liberality, and shameful cowardice in the Masters of the schools, will bring on THE SHIPWRECK *of all public, scholastic, and academical institutions*, and then, in the words of Junius, "Trifles alone will be preserved, while every thing which is "solid and valuable will sink to the bottom, *and be lost for* "*ever!*" (Added Nov. 1800.)

(*l*) The Rev. Humphry Sumner, D. D. lately elected (Nov. 1797) Provost of King's College in the University of Cambridge. So it is: *Mussat tacita* DOCTRINA *timore*. I can have no personal objection to a very worthy and a very good natured man,

Sooner *one* Prelate hate th' unequal glass,

And

but public considerations make me reflect deeply on such a subject.

We lament the loss of a Provost venerable in advanced age, dignified in his deportment, and of classical erudition deep, useful, and extensive. In the extremest boundary of human life without the throbs of agony, or the cold gradations of dissolution and decay, supported and sustained by *female* filial piety, (that blessed *bounden* duty!) he came as a shock of corn to the ground in his season. Such was WILLIAM COOKE, D.D. Provost of King's College.

But when I think on all the *eligible* doctors and learned men, worthy of succeeding to the office, who belong to *our* paramount and royal College, I must own *the choice surprises me* at such a time as this. I comfort myself that I have no vote. At the very moment when defence is more than ever called for, it seems as we had recourse to the system of *inefficiency* for public support.

I know not into what form our University may at last be changed. It may be turned, for ought I can tell, into an Academia degli Arcadi e degli Buffi caricati. It may be *supported* by the violation of every principle of Academic dignity, and by an unworthy familiarity of learned gowns-men with mechanics and shop-folks. It m become an appendage to the Corporation of the Town of Cambridge. Are *we* not elbowed on the floor of our own Senate House by an impudent, unqualified intrusion of Borough-mongering Mercers, and rustling Men-milliners? Oxford might teach us better lessons: she knows her dignity, and preserves it. I have nothing left but

And *round* (q) his table let the claret pass;

O'er

to deplore the change among ourselves; would to heaven, I could avert it.

Uni quippe vacat, studiisque odiisque carenti,
NEWTONI lugere genus!"

Let the University of Cambridge however be converted into any thing, but a seminary for *French* principles and *tutorial* democracy. Let us consider a little to whom we give our confidence. Should the revenues of any College be entrusted to the administration of the partisans of democracy? Should the insigne of a Chancellor's authority be borne by a satellite of a French Directory? I think not. The robe of Cæsar was folded gracefully, when he fell in the Senate. Let us at least remember that.

I confess it boldly, my principles are strong unto salvation; and if I had authority, I would thoroughly purge the floor. It may be done *now*; but how long the power may be continued to us, I fear to conjecture. The Monasteries were dissolved, when they became useless. His Grace of Grafton, our Chancellor, has indeed given *Hints*, but they are for Dissenters and Socinians; the orthodoxy of the High Steward, Mr. Pitt, might yet support the establishment. Some Colleges have watched over the principles of the men proposed for the tutors; but all have not so watched. Must I say, as the Poet did of Achilles?

Stupet Aëre primo:
Quæ loca? qui fluctus? ubi Pelion? *omnia versa,*
Aut ignota videt; DUBITATQUE AGNOSCERE MATREM!*

I would not suffer the Muse of Satire to descend among Schools and Colleges, but upon the most mature and the most weighty

* Stat. Achill. Lib. 1.

O'er *his* true church the subtle St. Pol (*r*) sleep;

Or

weighty deliberation. Perhaps this is the last public remonstrance which will ever be made. I would not scatter my words lightly in every ear, but I would graft them where they might grow and bear. At this hour the State is shaking through *all* her departments: and nothing is now indifferent, which can supply aliment for health, or remedies for a mortal distemperature.

The grand and chief supporters of our Country in the Parliament, the Law, and the Church, *must proceed* from the Universities. Upon them, primarily and ultimately, as to our governors and legislators, Domus inclinata recumbit. Nothing should be suffered to diminish, or to sully the character of *our* Athens, and pollute the fountains of Ilyssus. In these retirements, every science, and every art, and every accomplishment which are good and essential to man in civilized society, may be pursued with effect; and a solemn account rendered to the kingdom. In them the Youth of this Kingdom may best learn the foundation of all knowledge; the principles of evidence in sacred and human affairs; the nature of legitimate argument; the eternal power of truth opposed to the subtleties of sophistry; the proofs of revelation, and the best introduction to it, the higher philosophy of Greece and Rome; the sources of history; the finished models of classical literature, and those alone; the principles and laws of ancient composition; the abhorrence of conceit and forced thought; and the life-springs of taste and of good condu . Whatever can bring forth, strengthen, amplify, cultivate, enlighten, purify, and direct the powers of the human mind, within those limits which are prescribed by it's great Creator, and not beyond them; all these, and if there be any other praise, or any other virtue, which preserves and continues to man the blessings of lawful

Or bounds with Heretics John Milner (*s*) keep;

Or

government, and of subjection to GOD, the Author of all Order, it should be there prosecuted, recommended, taught, and enforced.

I call upon the ministers of the Crown, upon the solemn Council of the Nation, upon every one who bears legal rule and legislative authority in the kingdom, to hear me, and to answer me.

Has the State nothing to do with the Governors and Tutors of such hallowed and important retreats of arts, and eloquence, and wisdom, and religion? By their very nature they are consecrated to a high and holy ministry, to a strict fealty, and bounden service to their country. *Their dignity and necessity can be laid prostrate by themselves alone.* If they are true to their own cause, if they will rouse themselves into a vindication of the great, original, master principles on which they were founded, they may continue to be the lights of the kingdom. They will again be what they always should be, a Γενος εκλεκτον, a Λαος εις περιποιησιν, a Βασιλειον Ιερατευμα, the best and the strongest literary bulwark and fortress against deception, error, sophistry, anarchy, and the wildness of political and religious confusion.

I am not speaking out of season, or without necessity; I am speaking in soberness and in truth. While the words are passing from me, JAM THEBÆ JUXTA, ET TENEBROSA VORAGO.*

I will extend an observation or two *on the method* of Academical study. I own I never had a very great fear or apprehension, that the severe and *most indispensable* studies of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy should be *generally* carried too far. Into the inmost recesses of any study few are permitted to enter

* Stat. Theb. L. 6.

Or Wilberforce range (*rr*) lawless through the town;

Or

enter. In Academical education, the great aim and end should be, to recommend the study of original works principally, I think almost exclusively. If these are not attended to at the University, they are seldom, if ever read, (I am sure with little effect) at any other period of life. I am rigid in this opinion; for I have seen it's good effects in men of eminence who adhered to it. "Say, wouldst thou hear it from our mouths, or from "our Masters?" were the words of the weird Sisters; "Call "them, let me see them;" was the reply of Macbeth. In this spirit would I consider the books proposed for the subjects of public lectures. By way of instance, Locke, Grotius, Puffendorff, Cumberland, and Woollaston, should be preferred to the writers who have arisen since their day. I would object to Dr. Paley's moral and political Philosophy, *as a Lecture book*, solely upon this principle; for it is a book of great merit and of general utility. New morality, new metaphysics, and new politics, are introduced *unawares*, from the contagion of the time.

I would call the rising Youth of this Country, to the intense, and fervent, and unremitting study of the ancient classical Writers, (whom I need not name) as their primary choice. I call upon them to have the *courage* to be ignorant of many subjects, and of many authors, at their inestimable age. I exhort them affectionately, as a matter of the most serious importance, never to pretend to study, in their first academical years, what they design as the ultimate end of their labours, I mean their profession. Their whole business is to lay the foundation of knowledge original, sound, and strong.

In particular, the study of the Law, *as such*, should never be entered upon, even in limine, before the first degree in arts

is

Or Mingay be the glory of his gown;

Or

is obtained. The first volume indeed of Blackstone's Commentaries may be read, in the same manner as Robertson's Introduction to his History of Charles the Fifth. They are both chef-d'œuvres in their kind, and form a part of general knowledge. The specific study of the Law in the University, at that early age, confines and cripples the faculties. Such a Student may arrive at mere knowledge, as a special pleader; but he will never be illustrious, nor ornamental to his profession. I wish to observe with the most particular emphasis, that, when a young man has once entered upon any profession whatsoever, his education has in fact ceased. They who, by a patient continuance and undiverted attention to academical studies *alone*, have sought for the original materials of science and of solid fame, have seldom failed in their great pursuit.

I am zealous for the honour and the utility of BOTH OUR UNIVERSITIES: I am earnest in my words and thoughts. I see and hear them too frequently, and most unworthily, traduced in writing, and in conversation. I see the institution ridiculed and sneered at by the thoughtless, by the ignorant, and by the designing. But it is a common cause. They should always be termed, in literary dignity and with a prophetic spirit, the "Æneadas "magnos et nobile Pallantèum!" I am for no balance of merit between them; I wish to see no sparkles from their collision: but I would have them grow brighter and more illustrious from mutual reflection.

But if they are doomed to fall, and the mortal hour of democracy, confusion, and tyranny is approaching, THIS BOOK, till it is prohibited by a Directory, will shew that they had a friend, *bold enough to contend to the last* for their original and inherent dignity. A friend who believed, or rather who knew,

them

Or Erskine cease from impotent grimace,

And

them to be capable, in their high functions, to maintain and adorn the principles of happiness, and safety, and learning, and comfort, and hope, and good conscience; against foppery, and false science, and the degradation of the intellect, and frippery, and pompous nonsense, and the insolence of sciolists, and the neglect of good writing and of good manners. A friend who, with no false enthusiasm, would secure the permanency of THESE ILLUSTRIOUS INSTITUTIONS, with every monument of ancient arts, and eloquence, and science, consecrated by the ministry of religion to the stability of the state. (Nov. 1797.)

(*m*) The Rev. W. Langford, D. D. Canon of Windsor, and Lower Master of Eton School. An instructor of much industry and ability, and not without liveliness. It is particular, that his Majesty never leaves Windsor for Cheltenham, Weymouth, or any other place, but all the public papers instantly inform us of Dr. Langford's loyal attention. "The King arrived at "Weymouth on such or such a day; the next week Dr. "Langford set off *from Eton*, and preached before his Majesty "the following Sunday." It is hardly fair to his reverend rural Brethren. His Majesty should not be accustomed only to *one* kind of excellence.

The Doctor, on these occasions, suddenly disappears, and like the River Alpheus, having glided softly under the Sicanian waves, (uncontaminated by the saltness of the ocean) rises again *sound and fresh* in the pulpit at Weymouth. This is very kind. The Doctor seems unwilling to trust the royal theology to the country curates even for a few weeks, during his Majesty's absence from the heavenly consistory at Windsor, *now his only Chaplains*, who, it is hoped, attend deeply to their theological studies.

And his appeals to (*t*) GOD, his prime disgrace;

Or

studies. This is very considerate in Dr. Langford, and a high mark of his loyal attachment.

" Mon cher *Delphini*, sure you will agree,
" That for (*a Bishop*) non so fit as *He*,
" *Who gives the King such very good avis.*"

See the Probationary Odes, by Friar Lawrence and his (ci-devant) conventual brethren. (Nov. 1797.)

(*mm*) I allude to a learned, modest, ingenious, and laborious gentleman, who has educated many of the *first* sons of the first nobility and gentry of this country between twenty and thirty years, with unremitting *personal* diligence and ability. He is but *just* promoted,* to the satisfaction of all who know him, and to the shame of those who have so long neglected him.

Quis gremio Enceladi doctique PALÆMONIS affert,
QUANTUM GRAMMATICUS MERUIT LABOR?

As my notes have attracted the attention of men of high rank and consequence, (and perhaps *have reached the ear of kings*), I cannot help suggesting the impropriety and injustice of *delaying* the reward of those, who deserve so highly of their country, as the Masters of our great public schools, and of *some* private Instructors. There are many ecclesiastical preferments perfectly compatible with their important office, and which should be conferred, " before the spirit of distributing prebends and " bishoprics shall have departed from the Ministers" (of any time,) to use the phrase of Junius.

As I would console some of my learned friends whose preferment, though it tarry, will not be (as I hope) long in abeyance, I wish they would, in the mean time, contemplate the energy

of

* Feb. 1798. Need I name The Rev. DR. Goodenough?

Or Grafton's virtues, to their latest day,

Expire

of the following classical sentence, preferable even to the Latinity of Tully himself. "Status dicitur a standо, quia quando quis habet unam bonam Præbendam tum dicimus, Is bene stat." Epist. Obscurorum virorum. Enquire at Westminster, Durham, Winchester, Worcester and Windsor. March 1798.

(o) Richard Warren, M. D. a learned and able Physician of the time. "The well curved palm" is the attitude of a modern physician, when he is about to leave his patient, and which he naturally closes upon his fee. As I have a high respect for the Medical art, I will gratify Dr. Warren, and many other ingenious gentlemen of the profession, with an extract from one of the Elogia written by Sammarthanus; it relates to a physician, whom he names Marescottus. "Recorderis Marescottum nostrum *tria* se sacræ arti "nostræ (Medicæ scilicet) debre professum quibis caruisset, si "*propositum a parentibus sacerdotium* suscepisset; scilicet sani- "tatem athleticam ætatis anno 82mo, *centum aureorum millia*, "atque intimam innumerorum illustrium amicitiam." Sammarth. Elog. p. 83 and 84. N. B. Though the Doctor rejected the "propositum sacerdotium," for himself, yet his Brother, my Lord of Bangor, was *made into a Bishop* by fraternal skill in the reign of Lord North.

Since this note was *first* printed, (July 1797,) the public have lamented the loss of this acute and very learned physician. *Dum loquimur*, &c. &c.

(p) This allusion was evidently made since the 26th of Feb. 1797, soon after which the Bank issued the *One Pound* notes, to the great disquiet of *the faculty*.

(q) "Siccat

Expire in Junius, and revive in Gray; (*tt*)

Or,

(*q*) "Siccat *inæquales* calices Conviva Sacerdos." It is well known *by the Clergy* of a powerful northern diocese, that on public days, when the Claret or Burgundy arrives at a certain distance from the top of the table, where my Lord is seated, the attracting power suddenly draws the bottles *across* the table. Ipse capillato diffusum consule potat. This is *not* an anecdote *of other times*; it is true at this hour. (July, 1797.) When avarice, pride, and meanness act upon the mind at once, I leave it to the metaphysicians to determine the curve in which it moves.—I say no more.

(*r*) The Bishop of St. Pol de Leon, to whom the chief care of the public largess of this kingdom to the French Emigrants, sacred and profane, is committed. I refer the reader to *all* my notes on the Roman Catholic cause, in the Third Dialogue of the P. of L.

It is indeed true that THE POPEDOM IS NOW FALLEN; but *the spirit of it*, I still maintain, is neither extinct nor asleep. By way of *Contrast*, I cannot refrain from presenting to the reader the picture of Pope PAUL THE FOURTH, as drawn by the master hand of Paolo Sarpi. I will not injure the sublimity and force of *the* language by a translation. He well knew the court and the policy of Papal Rome, and they knew him. "E' ben cosa certa, que PAOLO, come quello che era d' animo grande, e de' vasti pensieri, teneva per sicuro di poter remediare a tutti i disordini *per la sola sua autorità pontificale*; nè riputava di *aver bisogna* in ciò *di Principe alcuno*; solito di non parlar mai con gli Ambasciadori, *se non intonandogli nelle orecchie che* EGLI ERA SOPRA TUTTI GLI PRINCIPI! che non voleva che alcuno d'essi domesticasse seco, *che poteva*

mutar

Or, by the wayward justice of the land,

Great

mutar regni, che era SUCCESSOR *di* CHI hà deposto Rè et Imperadori."*

This picture of a Pope, in the plenitude of pontific power, should be presented to all Christian Countries, "*in perpetuam* "*rei memoriam*," that they may contemplate what this spiritual tyranny and usurpation once were, and what the principles of the Romish Church sacred and political (which never change in essence, substance, or spirit under any calamity) will at all times naturally introduce, whenever they obtain their full operation. "*Ubi*, Papa *ibi Roma!*" in sæcula sæculorum! Let *England* look to this. (1797.)

(*s*) To the revival of the Roman Catholic Cause in Great Britain, "Pestis ero vivens." I have given indeed more time and study to this Roman Catholic subject than any man perhaps, *at this time*, will think it deserves. I have perused many a dull and uninteresting tract, even of their own squabbles among one another, much to the loss of my own quiet. In general I pass them over, and consign them to their own dullness. But there is one pamphlet, not for any, even the least, excellence of the composition, but for the virulence of it's spirit, which I call into public notice, if the public will, or can feel upon the subject. It is intitled "A Reply "to the Report published by the Cisalpine Club on the authen- "ticity of the Protestation at the British Museum, &c. &c. by "the Rev. John Milner," Printed for Coghlan, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, 1795. It is written, as the title page informs me, by one JOHN MILNER, a Provincial Priest resident (as I am told) at Winchester, not an emigrant, nor in the King's

* Istor. del Concil. Trident. Lib. 5.

Great Mansfield fall by *an Attorney's* hand; (z) 220

Or

King's House (while the Priests lived there *en masse*,) but the priest of a private chapel in that city.

He seems by his writings, (I know no more of him) to be of the most intolerant principles, and *deliberate* in the application of them. He exhibits at once the extremes of fierceness, and of impotence. But he represents the opinions of *a very large* portion of their body, by whom he is *accredited*. He is very cautious in his pamphlet, as he thinks, but his caution speaks plainer language than the frankness of the most open declaration. "It is apprehended (he says) that the publication of the "facts in question *might prove detrimental to the Catholic Interest* "(observe the words) *on any* FUTURE *application to the Legislature.*" p. 36. We see this *wary* priest has not thought proper to conceal that they have FURTHER intentions. He tries the ground before him, but his steps are uneasy. The indulgence, it seems, is not to rest here; for the lenity of our government naturally leads to other *demands*. With this clue in my hand, I have little difficulty to pass through the intricacy of this Romish labyrinth.

In another part of Mr. Milner's "REPLY," his indignation rises against some expressions in the declaration of the Catholics. We see the embers under which the fire is not yet extinguished. He is afraid, that *we Protestants* should think that the spirit of *his* church has suffered an abatement. "Thus to MY *judgment* (he cries out) am I and the whole "Catholic body, *without consenting to it*, pledged in the face of "the Legislature, to *condemn* the wars of Charlemagne, *and* "THE CRUSADE *against* THE INFAMOUS ALBIGENSES." p. 28. I hope we are all children of mercy, trained and educated in the benevolence and charity which Christ has taught and enforced,

Or one mean cause the virtuous (*a*) Scott maintain,

Turn

forced, and if we have read the history of that infernal and murderous persecution of the devoted Albigenses, (whose *chief* crime was their determined opposition and resistance to the papal tyranny *) what opinion, or what comment shall we form on this merciless priest, who after the lapse of *centuries*, feels the *same* passions and the *same* thirst of blood against these innocent victims of popish and arbitrary violence. *Crimine ab uno* DISCE OMNES! †

In

* The Albigenses were a sect of the Waldenses, who had their rise in the twelfth century. I know what the *malice* of their enemies has suggested against them. This is not a place to discuss history, but I refer the statesman to Thuanus, L. 1. S. 16. Vol. 1. p. 221. ed. Buckley. For their confession of faith, which was presented to King Francis the First, by the wretched remnant of these Albigenses, I refer the theological and political reader to Sandius's Hist. Eccles. It is an honour to their religion. Sandius's words begin: "A. 1544. Merindoliani et "Caprarienses, existentesque Reliquiæ *Albigensium* sequentem "fidei suæ confessionem obtulerunt Francisco I. Regi Galliæ, "quam a majoribus quasi per manus acceperant, abhinc anno "post Christi Jncarn; 1200," &c. Sand Hist. E. p. 425.

† The unwarrantable violence of this Romish Priest, John Milner, in his ponderous History of Winchester, (to some tenets in which, though *mitred Rochester* has *nodded* on them unperceived, the criticism of the Attorney-General might certainly be applied with effect,) has called forth from the pen of Dr. STURGESS, a temperate, seasonable, manly, and, in some parts, an eloquent defence of the Protestant Cause. See his Answer to Mr. Milner. But in the House of Lords I find,

"Still to *one Bishop* Milner seems a wit."

Turn law to trade, or deem religion vain;

And

In our dread and natural horror of Atheism and of Anarchy, why are *we* to revive superstition and tyranny? I have nothing to do with the emancipation of the Catholics in Ireland, but to my apprehension it is a measure full of danger. It is at one stroke to alter the fundamental law and constitution of the country. I write in Great Britain, and direct my thoughts for this kingdom, wishing for *peace, tranquillity, and union* between the two Islands. (July 1797.)

(*t*) Nothing can be more offensive, more injudicious, and in some instances more profane, than when *a Barrister appeals to God* for the truth of every assertion made in a court of law, and in many cases when the facts have been doubtful, and sometimes have been afterwards proved to be false. I call this *a prime disgrace*; and I hope no Barrister of ability will follow this flippant and rash habit of Mr. Erskine, in the Court of King's Bench, which *we* have all so repeatedly witnessed. Mr. Erskine's own better sense and serious thought (for I believe he has some serious thoughts) will restrain him in future. But public men must be told of their faults publicly. (1797.)

(*tt*) The fate of the present Duke of Grafton is singular. He has been *celebrated* by the first prose writer, and the first poet of the age. (1797.)

(*x*) See a long law-life in 4to. of the great Earl Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of the Kings Bench; by Mr. Holliday, in

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I am glad however to see the attention which men of sense and judgment begin to give to the *real* spirit of the Roman Catholics; and in proportion to the accuracy, learning, and judgment with which it is apprehended, understood, and represented to this kingdom, in that same degree will OUR Constitution in Church and State be found and acknowledged to be the strongest bulwark of Christianity and Liberty.

Anglia sic stabiit; CHRISTIQUE ARX ALTA *manebit*!

And (*b*) Rose with coy submission, modest grace,
Rise to explain his sinecures and place;
Or downright Peter (*a*), rough with many a scar,
Feather his quills, or smooth his shafts of war;

Or

In a very peculiar style indeed. For the greater part, it is a bundle of reports, and law pleadings strung together. It is astonishing to me, that Conveyancers and Attorneys, who really appear not to know how to construct a single sentence, without provoking a smile at some error in grammar, language, or metaphor, will think themselves qualified to deliver down to posterity the lives of great men. Luckily, Mr. Holliday's zeal does not offend us in rhyme. The friendship and the verse of Pope, as well as the splendour of his own abilities, and the dignity of their high exertions, have secured an eternity of reputation to LORD CHIEF JUSTICE MANSFIELD, which can never fall—even by Mr. Holliday's attempt. (Nov. 1797.)

(*a*) Sir John Scott, Attorney General. (1797.) now the Rt. Hon. Lord Eldon. (1800.)

(*b*) George Rose, Esq. Secretary to the Treasury, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

(*a*) The celebrated Peter Porcupine, or Mr. William Cobbett. I find the following character of him, written when he resided at Philadelphia, which I willingly transcribe. "America has not a more active, zealous, and useful citizen, or *Great Britain a warmer friend*, than honest Peter. In his literary features he is rather roughly stamped; but he understands the time. He can descant upon the deformity of it, and hold a looking glass to the world, wherein they may see strange sights. There is a vigour, a simplicity, and an upright intention in all his works, which speak to the heart. When Nature and honesty are working at the root, the plants will be sound and healthy. *Læta et fortia surgunt, quippe solo Naturæ subest.* I offer, with

 pleasure

Or He, whose *Essence* (*aa*) wit and taste approv'd,
Forget the mulberry tarts (*bb*) that Dryden lov'd.

Sooner

pleasure, this passing tribute to a bold, sensible, industrious, spirited, and most deserving man."*

If Mr. Cobbett will *now* consider the different meridians of London and Philadelphia, and the general polished state of society and taste in England, and will accordingly *temper and regulate* his language and his most honest zeal, I think, that his strong understanding, accurate information, and cogent arguments may effect much for the service of Great Britain at her utmost need. (Nov. 1800.)

(*aa*) See the Second Edition of a Pamphlet entitled, "THE ESSENCE OF MALONE, or the Beauties of that fascinating Writer, extracted from his immortal work in Five Hundred Sixty-nine pages and a quarter, just published, and, with his accustomed felicity, entitled, *Some* account of the Life and Writings of John Dryden!!!"

It is evidently the composition of a man of learning and genius, and a smart but playful satirist, who is also master of the liberal dialectic weapons of a LAWYER; and Mr. Malone has perpetual reason to exclaim with Whiskerandos in the Critic, "That thrust in tierce was fatal."—These Canons of Biography, an eternal lesson to all the dull biographers and writers of the age, are not more happily conceived than illustrated with the wit and humour of Rabelais and Sterne. (Nov. 1800.)

(*bb*) "He eat, with Madam Reeve, tarts at the Mulberry Garden," &c. Malone's Life of Dryden, p. 466. These *Mulberry Tarts*, were not given to Dryden by the Minister of King Charles, but he paid Madam Reeve for them himself; though Mr. Malone has most unaccountably neglected to mention *the price*, and also *how many* he eat *at one visit* to the Lady; which are the only omissions *of consequence* in that most *fascinating* piece of Biography. The playful author of *the Essence*, like the Ægle

Näiadum

* Prefatory Epistle to the Translations of the P. of L. p. 49

Sooner Lord William, and the Duke divide
From their *Elysian Father's* (*cc*) holy side;
Or the Bank bow to Pitt's imperial creed;
Or Dramatists to public trust succeed;
Sooner to France Thames roll his current strong,
Than men love verse, high fancy, or the song.

Taught by the muse, and by her wisdom wise,
Think not, a Poet's name I lightly prize:
But in the wane of Empires, (mark the hour!)
Vice and the Sword consolidate all pow'r;
Laws pass their (*c*) bounds; few statesmen stand erect;
All

Näiadum pulcherrima, has thrown a few flowery wreaths round this modern Drydenian wizard, when *napping* in his study, and for the amusement of the public, like the wanton nymph, has painted his forehead a little between his sleeping and waking:

Iamque videnti
Sanguineis frontem *moris*, et tempora pingit.

Even in our days, Mr. PITT's Confectioner has not indeed much business in making *Mulberry tarts for the poets* by order of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, except for a very ingenious, poetical, and eloquent Anti-Jacobin, who has *Mulberry tarts with puff-paste* every day from the Minister's own table, and sometimes *Rice* Crust by Mr. Dundas's Cook. See the India Board.—"I have begun to plant thee, and will *labour* to make THEE FULL OF GROWING:" Mr. P. to Mr. C. (Nov. 1800.)

(*cc*) His Grace the Duke of Queensberry, Lord William Gordon, et sa Sainteté *Medicinale*, Le Pere *Elisée*. Tria lumina Gentis. "I like to preserve all the little traits of character of the "time." See Mr. Sheridan or Mr. Puff, in the Critic.

(*c*) The violence, sedition, and daring wickedness of *times like these* produce the necessity of *extending* laws and regulations,

All in their country's name, themselves protect;
The public hopes with public credit sink,—
At *such* an hour, when men to madness think,
What is a Poet, what is fiction's strain?
JUNIUS (*d*) might probe a Nation's wounds in vain.

As from a diamond globe, with rays condense,
'Tis SATIRE gives the strongest light to sense,
To thought compression, vigour to the soul,
To language bounds, to fancy due controul,
To truth the splendour of her awful face,
To learning dignity, to virtue grace,
To conscience stings, beneath the cap or crown,
To vice that terror she will feel, and own.

But

and acts which are declared *temporary*, and called for by that necessity alone. When the danger is passed, the Constitution is again left to protect itself by it's ancient laws, if that danger can *now*, *or ever*, pass from us. This is what Octavius seems to mean, by "laws *passing* their bounds," &c. in this and the *following* lines; and in this sense I hope he will be understood. (July 1797.)

(*d*) O magnâ sacer et superbus umbrâ!
Stat. Sylv. L. 9. Carm. 7.

Junius told the nation, that "a time might arrive, at which "*every inferior consideration must yield* TO THE SECURITY OF THE "SOVEREIGN, *and to* THE GENERAL SAFETY *of the* State." Introduct. to Lett. 35. This is not the doctrine of Horne Tooke, and the desperate French Factions, and seditious societies now in England and Ireland. JUNIUS had not *so learned* the Constitution of England; nor has the Author of the P. of L. so learned it. (July 1797.)

But if in love with fiction still, at Court
Present in verse some new Finance Report,
How taxes, funds, and debts shall disappear,
Or in the fiftieth, or five-hundredth year.

O'er *secret* armaments in silence doze,
To Pult'ney's sailing join his Belgian prose;
Paint him triumphant o'er the Iberian main,
"Divide and part his sever'd fleet in twain," (*e*)
At Malta, or the Tagus hail Sir Ralph,
All ends attain'd, and all the soldiers safe!

Or on the gale to Britain's kindred shore
Breathe songs of UNION, and IMPERIAL lore;
Her Senate firm, her statesmen nobly bold,
Nor dup'd by Foster, nor to Grattan sold;
In bright array see where Ierne stands,
Pitt's new Briareus with a *hundred* hands:

What

(*e*) A line from the art of *Sinking* in &c. by *Martinus Scriblerus.* It is said that a new chapter on the art of *Secrecy in campaigns by sea and land*, in the hand-writing of that great statesman and philosopher Martinus Scriblerus, has lately been discovered at Pope's House at Twickenham, and kindly communicated to the ministers by the noble possessor. It is said to have been of singular service in some late expeditions, in which better appointed Fleets and more gallant armies were never sent forth to assert, protect, and amplify the power of the British Empire. (Nov. 1800.)

What *vocal* transports round the Speaker play!
St. Patrick animates dull Stephen's clay!
While ancient art supplies unhop'd-for aid,
And shews Job's patience (*f*) on the wall display'd!

Or tread the maze of *picturesque* delight,
From Holwood paint with Pitt the prospect bright;
Without one "line of boundary" to speech,
The summit of *conceit* with Gilpin (*g*) reach.

In

(*f*) When the House of Commons was enlarged for the reception of the *Imperial* Parliament, after the Union Act between Great Britain and Ireland, several ancient paintings in fine preservation and in brilliant colours were discovered on the walls of St. Stephen's Chapel, one of which the Royal Society of Antiquaries in London, with archness and anticipating pleasantry not always belonging to that *Académie en corps*, has determined to be THE FAMILY OF THE PATIENT JOB! which is by some members considered as a beautiful periphrasis for the future H. of C. when they meet. O qui complexus et gaudia quanta!

It is said (I know not with what truth) that the Speaker in the excess and fervour of his gratitude wrote a letter of thanks to the Society on the occasion, which the ministers without any reluctance signed in a *round Robin*. It is imagined, that the Speaker's eye will be frequently directed to this monument of ancient consolation in the course of every session, after the Irish imports. (Nov. 1800.)

(*g*) I am under the necessity of making a strong remonstrance against *the language* of Mr. GILPIN's writings on Landscape and the Picturesque. It is such a *sartago* or jargon of speech as is wholly unnecessary, though we are taught to believe them appropriate terms. They absolutely appear in troops. *Dips—Boles—*

Grand

In *Desolation's* dread *partitions* felt,
With *dip*, and *bole*, grand masses, *burst*, and *belt*,
With

Grand Masses—Belts—tremulous Shudders—Bursts—plashy Inundations—Partitions of Desolation—Continents of Precipice—and a hundred more, till the English language sets all English meaning at defiance.

These terms are not the *parcè detorta* of Horace, but mere jargon and foolish affectation. Dilettanti and Connoisseurs almost blush to use them. A term or word may not be quite obvious or easy, and yet it may not be affected; but the rage of the *Concetto* admits no "line of boundary," as these gentlemen love to talk. To use the words of Shakspeare in one of *his own* plays, (as it *now* seems, for Dr. Farmer and George Steevens, Esq. take from him and give to him *just as they please*), "They "absolutely make a battery through our defenceless parts." Pericles Prince of Tyre, Act 5. Sc. 1.

Simplicity in language is first to be sought; strength and dignity will follow. Government, the arts, morality, and religion, are all concerned in it's preservation. MR. GILPIN's works on other subjects have and deserve high approbation; and in all but the picturesque he seems as ready as any man to say, "State super vias antiquas." (1797.)

As I am speaking of simplicity of expression, I cannot help recommending to the study and consideration of every young classical scholar the following lines; in which, without the aid of one single epithet, Homer presents us with the sublimest imagery, the most powerful language and harmonious verse, which are to be found perhaps in *all* the records of *all* poetry. It is the picture of Neptune raising a storm.

Ὡς εἰπων, συναγεν νεφελας, ταραξε δε πόντον
Χερσι τριαιναν ἑλων· πασασδ' ὀροθυνε θυελλας
Παντοιων ἀνεμων, συν τε νεφεσσι καλυψε
Γαιαν ὁμου και πόντον· ὀρωρει δ' ἠρανοθεν Νυξ! (a)

I do

(a) Odys. L. 5. v. 29.

With *shudders tremulous* explore your way,
Through *plashy inundations* (*f*) led astray;
'Till tir'd and jaded with the coxcomb strains,
Homeward you steal through Surry's (*g*) quiet lanes,
Renounce all Gilpin's jargon, said or sung,
And talk of Nature's works in Nature's tongue.
But still keep *Method.*

AUTHOR.

Method?

OCTAVIUS.

Yes: 'tis plain,
Connection, order, *method* you disdain:

Be

I do not give this as a mere citation, but I give it to enforce strongly, that young men of genius can only arrive at the maturity of excellence by the *repeated* perusal and *meditation* on *such* passages in the greatest authors. When Cicero speaks of Plato, he calls him with peculiar emphasis the "Dicendi magister et EFFECTOR Plato." We may say the same of Homer and Demosthenes, and extend it as a general principle for those who study *again and again* the best and most finished parts of classical writers ancient or modern. It is by this exercise alone, joined to the practice of composition, that young men of genius and unremitting application will preserve in this country the very sap and life blood of eloquence, poetry, and just writing, pure and untainted with the *néologisme* of French Lycèums, the jargon of debates, metaphysical vegetation, botanical rhyming, and

Cruscan

Be regular: from A to B proceed;
I hate your zig-zag verse, and wanton heed.

AUTHOR.

Say then, a simple Story shall I tell?
A MAN OF METHOD is the theme.

OCTAVIUS.

'Tis well.

AUTHOR.

There liv'd a Scholar (*h*) late, of London fame,
A Doctor, (*i*) and Morosophos (*k*) his name:
From

Cruscan nonsense. Learning will thus resume her rights, which her false representative has awhile usurped.

Multos modo falsa revisens
Lusit;—AT IN SOLIDO RURSUS DOCTRINA LOCABIT.
(Nov. 1800.)

(*f*) *Anglicé*, "Fens."

(*g*) "Stealing through the quiet lanes of Surry," is an easy and happy expression (*cur non omnia?*) of Mr. Gilpin. See Observat. on the Lakes of Westmoreland, &c. Vol. 2. p. 268.

(*h*) When I am very particular in the description of a character, I abstain from giving the least hint of a real name. "Quis rapiet ad se quod erit comn une omnium?" or in Le Sage's inimitable language, "qui se sera connoitre mal à "propos?" I only give this as *A Character*, and say no more.

(*i*) The word and title of "DOCTOR" is miserably abused. Erasmus long ago in an Epistle from Louvain in 1520 to the celebrated Cardinal Campeggio, observed with some indignation, "*Unde* DOCTORIS titulo gloriantur, *nisi* UT DOCEANT?" Erasmi Epist. ed. Lond. fol. 652. I wish this were written in large characters over the door of the *Theatre* at Oxford, and of the *Senate-House* at Cambridge.

From all the pains of study freed long since,
Far from a Newton, and not quite a (*l*) Vince;
In metaphysics bold would spread his sails,
And with Monboddo still believ'd (*m*) in tails;
At anatomic lore would sometimes peep,
And call Earle (*n*) useful, Abernethy (*o*) deep;
With Symonds, and with Grafton's Duke (*p*) would vie,
A Dilettante in Divinity;

A special

(*k*) Morosophos, i. e. *Stultè sapiens.*—But more presently of Dr. MOROSOPHOS, *the Man of Method.*

(*l*) A very learned, diligent and useful Professor of Natural Experimental Philosophy at Cambridge. See his Works.

(*m*) All the learned world know *how* Lord Monboddo believed, and still believes, that men had once *tails* depending from the *gable end* of their bodies, supposing them to *go upon all fours.* (1797).

(*n*) James Earle, Esq. Senior Surgeon at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and Editor of the celebrated PERCIVAL POTT's Works. I have been informed that the notes which Mr. Earle has added are valuable; nor would I pass in silence the treatises he has given to the world in his own name, as the result of extensive practice and observation. (1797.)

(*o*) A young Surgeon of an accurate and philosophical spirit of investigation, from whose genius and labours I am led to think, that the medical art and natural science will hereafter receive very great accessions. (1797.)

(*p*) The Duke of Grafton, the Chancellor, and John Symonds, L. L. D. Professor of Modern History in the University

A special clerk for *method* and for plan, 301

Through

University of Cambridge, have both attracted the public attention by their various *Hints* and *Observations* on subjects of Scripture.

As I never may have so convenient an opportunity, I will also offer a remark or two, which are *new* to me, on a passage in St. Paul's Epistles, if another Layman may be heard with indulgence. There is no particular conjecture as to the peculiar meaning or force of the following passage of St. Paul in the Second Epistle to Timothy. "The *Cloak* which I left at Troas "bring with thee, and the books, but especially *the parchments.*" Ep. 2. c. 4. v. 13.

I would hint, that this Epistle was written *from Rome* when Paul was brought before Nero the second time. Εγραφη απο Ρωμης, ὁτε εκ δευτερυ παρεστη Παυλος τω Καισαρι Νερωνι. In the 22d Chapter of the Acts, Paul was tenacious of the privilege of Roman Citizenship, and it proved of much advantage to him before the Centurion. It may be, and it is, a matter of mere conjecture, whether he might be *required* to prove himself a Citizen of Rome, when he was to make his defence. These parchments (μεμβρανα) might contain some documents, or be a deed or diploma of some consequence to the matter in question. But as to *the Cloak*, there is something more particular. The *Cloak* in the original, is Φελονης, or Φαιλονης, which is undoubtedly a corruption for Φαινολης, and it is so read in the Codex M. S. Bibliothecæ Cæsareæ Viennensis. Φαινολης was *grecised* from the Roman word *Pænula.*

This is no more than was done frequently in other languages and in other countries. Particularly when the seat of Empire was transferred from Rome to Byzantium, the lawyers of the Imperial Courts were obliged to *grecise* many terms of law; as Φιδεϊκομ-

μισσαριος

Through science by the alphabet he ran.

Prudent,

μισσαριυς for *fidei commissarios*, Ρεπυδιον for *repudium*, (as in this passage, "Ευλογως ἡ γυνη το Ρεπυδιον στειλειε· κτλ." Justinian, Nov. 22.) Κηνσευειν, for *Censere*, Εξπεδιτον for *Expeditum* or *Expeditio*, κομπρομισσον for *compromissum* and other words as may be seen in Du Fresne's and other Lexicons, but in particular in a most singular and scarce Glossary by Meursius.* And in the East, before the accession of the House of Timour, the *Arabian* language was prevalent in *Hindostan*, when the Hindoo Rajahs had Communication with the Mahommedan princes; and it is remarkable, that the *Arabian* language is used technically in the Code of Gentoo laws. Ch. 2. S. 3. "That "is a woman's property, during the *Ayamm Shaddee*." These words are the *Arabic* terms for *the Days of Marriage*. The trial of Mahorajah Nundocomar for forgery before the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal, will furnish many singular instances.

But to return to the Φαινολης or *Pænula*. I would observe that when the Roman state degenerated into an absolute monarchy, many Citizens laid aside the *Toga* and wore the *Pænula*, or the *Lacerna* in it's stead. Augustus highly disapproved of this change in their dress. He was as Suetonius informs us, *indignabundus*, and gave orders to the Ædiles on the subject; "Negotium "Ædilibus dedit, ne quem posthac in foro paterentur, nisi "positis *lacernis*, togatum consistere." Octav. C. 40. But the *Pænula*

* "Joannis Meursii Glossarium Græco—Barbarum, in quo præter vocabula quinque millia quadringenta. Officia atque Dignitates Imperii Constantinop. tam in Palatio, quam in Ecclesia aut Militia explicantur et illustrantur." Lugd. Bat. 1614. It is worthy the attention of any scholar.

Prudent, as Newton, (*q*) in domestic care.

With

Pænula was still worn. As the Pænula was so *specifically* a Roman garment and worn only by Romans, St. Paul might wish, as a slight confirmation of his point, to shew what was his customary dress. It may be remarked, that the Pænula was a vestment which the Romans generally wore upon a journey. Juvenal observes in Sat. 5. "Multo stillaret Pænula nimbo," and St. Paul says, that "*he left it behind him* at Troas."

This is only written as a *mere literary* remark to hint, that in the minutest passages of the Scriptures there may be some meaning; and that nothing can be so contemptible as a foolish and profane ridicule, on any passage in the sacred writings, *founded on ignorance*. The present remarks are intended as a matter of some little curiosity: and I look upon them in no other view. But I think there is no passage in the Hebrew, or Greek Scriptures which will not at last admit of such an illustration or explanation, I mean *philologically* or *critically*, as may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.

Much general information on these subjects is to be obtained from Harmer's valuable and satisfactory Observations on the Scriptures, collected from Voyages and Travels in the East; (four volumes 8vo.) and from "Letters from some "Jews to Mr. Voltaire." A man of real erudition, who merits the esteem of his fellow creatures, constantly keeps his knowledge, his reason, and h *prudence* connected indissolubly, or as it is well expressed by a philosopher, Εν συναρμογῇ αδιαλυτῳ κατα λογον αριστον.*

(*q*) The celebrated and learned Bishop Newton, late Bishop of Bristol, in his pleasant and ingenious account of his own life, (written by himself,) has recorded the very useful, and œconomical motives for his marriage.

In

* Plat. Timæ. Locr. de Animâ Mundi. Plat. Op. Edit. Serrani, tom 3. p 95.

With no Scriblerian (*qq*) scruples for his Heir,

He

In the year 1761, Dr. Newton thought *seriously* of taking a wife *en second*. His reasons were as follows, and may be serviceable to many Divines in their progress from Oxford and Cambridge to Lambeth, or in any of the intermediate stages. "*O Vecchi, ch' avete bisogno di Moglie!* and so on, &c. &c. &c. *Schola de Maritati*.

"Dr. Newton found that the study of sacred and classic authors ill agree with accounts of Butchers and Bakers bills, and by daily experience he was convinced that it was not good to live alone, without a help meet for him. *And especially when he had some prospect of a Bishopric.* Fresh difficulties and troubles opened to his view, two houses—a greater number of servants—a better table and public days—and he plainly foresaw, that *he must either fall a prey to servants*, or look out for some *clever sensible woman* to be his wife, who was a *prudent* manager and œconomist, and *could lay out his money to the best advantage:* who had no more taste, and love of pleasure *than a reasonable woman should have*; who would be happier in staying with her husband *at home*, than in *perpetually gadding abroad*; who, though she brought no fortune, *might save one*, and be a fortune in herself."

In short the Doctor married on the 5th Sept. 1761, and on the 18th of the same month he *kissed* his Majesty's hand on his Bishopric. The Doctor was lucky. *Oscula* libavit, dein talia fatur; i. e. the Bishop adds, "A lady of quality, a friend of his, said upon his marriage, *it was the wisest thing he ever did in his life:* and that she was the most proper wife for him in the world. And indeed, says the Bishop, she more than answered his *warmest wishes*, &c." Bp. Newton's Life, 8vo. ed. vol. 1. p. 81.—Except in two *aculeated* closing words, his Lordship does not take into *his* account of wedded love, "the golden shafts, the

"constant

He took, not e'en in thought inclin'd to rove,
A wife for regularity, not love.
A little architect in all his schemes;
Some say, he had *a method* in his dreams:
Banks gave him morning lessons how to dress,
And Morgan (*r*) whisper'd courage and finesse.
Three sessions in the House he daily toil'd,
In every plan, in every *motion* foil'd;
Till like grave Nicholls in a pet he swore,
" I'll *move myself*; the House I move no more;"
Then penn'd to Pitt his monitory strain, (*rr*)
As Murray, clear, and as fond Randolph, plain.

Resolv'd

" constant lamp, or the purple wings," which Milton celebrates, and Husbands feel.

" *O Vecchi, che avete bisogno di moglie*, &c. &c. &c. &c."

Episcopal *Air and Rondeau repeated*, by a Chorus of Doctors and Chaplains.

(*qq*) See the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus. Chap. 1. *How* Dr. Cornelius observed all the rules given by the antients to those who desire to generate children of wit, which Dr. Morosophos magnanimously disregarded. He neither cared for the South nor the West Wind.

(*r*) Maurice Morgan, Esq. an ingenious writer and author of the pleasant Extravaganza on the Character of Sir John Falstaff, which should be now reprinted. Mr. Morgan is known

Resolv'd on case, his travels were at home,
And Lum'sden (*s*) taught him to converse on Rome:
The arch Palladian and the Parian stone
He lov'd, the pride of Chambers and of Soane. (*t*)
But late, by Carter's (*u*) *holy* pencil won,
Wyatt and Gothic *heresy* would shun;

And

to his intimate friends by the name of Sir John. In his politics, he is of the Lansdown school. (1797.)

(*rr*) The three great, yet familiar, *Letter-writers of the age* are, John Nicholls, Esq. M. P. for Tregony (1797). Sir James Murray (Pulteney) when Secretary to the Duke of York in Germany, and the Rev. Dr. Randolph.—See "A Pair of Epistles in verse, "with notes: the first to the Rev. Dr. Randolph, &c." 2d edition. 1796. I recommend them to the general entertainment, and perhaps instruction, of the public.

(*s*) That ingenious, accomplished, and very learned gentleman, ANDREW LUMISDEN, Esq. F. A. S. Edinb. has since that time taught us all to converse with knowledge and accuracy on the subject, in the most agreeable scholar-like manner. See "His Remarks on the Antiquities of ROME and it's Environs, "being a classical and topographical Survey of the Ruins of "that celebrated City." 4to. 1797. It is a pleasing and most judicious performance of a Gentleman who appears to have enjoyed the united advantages of foreign travel, studious leisure, and polite company. (1797.)

(*t*) Two celebrated architects. The professional knowledge of Sir W. Chambers, Knight, (of most *heroic* memory,) was profound and substantial. Mr. Soane has more fancy and airiness of design, and is certainly a man of information and ingenuity. But he indulges himself a little too much in extravaganzas and *whims*. See the Bank.

And oft in thought, by antique pavements laid,
With Lysons (*x*) guide the military spade;
Nay once, for purer air o'er *rural* ground,
With little Daniel (*y*) went his twelve miles round.

On

(*x*) I am obliged for this information to a Fellow of the S. of Antiquaries. Mr. Carter is a draftsman of the very first merit, but his *catholic* zeal betrayed him, assisted by some *Morosophists* of the Society, to attack THE FIRST GENIUS IN ARCHITECTURE, in this kingdom, MR. WYATT. *Longa est injuria: longæ ambages.* It is difficult to prove that the Society of Antiquaries was instituted, solely to preserve the purity of Gothic Architecture, or to listen to the tiresome cabals of busy Baronets and meddling Romish priests.—But to us, under the auspices of Wyatt,

O Fortunati *quorum jam tecta resurgunt!*
Æneas ait, et fastigia suspicit urbis. (Nov. 1797.)

(*x*) Samuel Lysons, Esq. F. R. S. and A. S.—The most judicious, best informed, and most learned *amateur* Antiquary in this kingdom, in his department. *Do lubens manus Vitruvio.*

His work on the remains of the Roman Villa and pavements at Woodchester, near Gloucester, (which a friend has just shewn me,) is such a specimen of ingenuity, unwearied zeal, and critical accuracy in delineating and illustrating the fragments of antiquity, as rarely has been equalled, certainly never surpassed. His Majesty was so pleased with some of Mr. Lysons's attempts (near Dorchester I think,) that a party of *the militia* was detached to assist him in digging among the ruins. A friend of mine was much entertained with *the three tents* erected on the spot, and a detachment of soldiers storming a fort under ground, under the orders of an Antiquary. Hence my allusion to *the military spade.*—Of the genius, judgment, knowledge, and perseverance of this Gentleman in the depart-

On Sundays at Sir Joseph's (z) never fail'd,
So regular, you might have thought him bail'd; 329

With

ment he has undertaken, it is difficult to speak in terms of sufficient approbation. (Nov. 1797.)

(y) The Rev. Daniel Lysons, M.A. the Brother of Samuel Lysons, Esq. An ingenious and diligent Antiquary, but of an inferior class; I mean as to the respective subjects of their works. He is author of The Environs, twelve miles round London. But really, in these hard times, Four large Volumes in 4to. *wire-wove and hot-pressed*, and Six Guineas paid down on the table, and the books unbound, (and an appendix threatened) are rather too much for parish-registers, births, deaths, and marriages; or even for *the delights* of Islington, Homerton, Hackney, Clapton, Acton, and all the rural retreats of City innocence and pure air, in the neighbourhood of town. The work should have been printed in 8vo. My only objection is to the typographic pomp and expence of a book on *such* a subject; and I think most persons will agree with me. (Nov. 1797.)

(z) Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. Knight of the Bath, President of the Royal Society, Privy Counsellor, &c.&c.&c. has instituted a meeting at his house in Soho Square, every Sunday evening, at which the Literati, and men of rank and consequence, and men of no consequence at all, find equally a polite and pleasing reception from that justly distinguished Gentleman. Sir Joseph Banks is fitted for his station in the learned world, not more from his attainments and the liberality of his mind, than by his particular and unremitted attention to the interest and advancement of natural philosophy, and his generous patronage of the Arts.

FORTUNÆ MAJORIS HONOS, ERECTUS ET ACER!* (1797.)

* Claudian.

With Jones a linguist, Sanscrit, Greek, or Manks;
And could with Watson play some chemic pranks;
Yet far too wise to roast a diamond (*a*) whole,
And for a treasure find at last a coal.

Sometimes he'd treat, his wines of chosen sort;
Will. Pitt, with *honest* Harry, lov'd his (*b*) port;
The Bengal Squad (*c*) he fed, though wondrous nice;
Baring his currie took, and Scott his rice.

In

(*a*) The ingenious Mr. Tenant has shewn, in a paper read at the Royal Society, that he can reduce a *Diamond* by evaporation *to Charcoal*. I have heard, that Mrs. Hastings, and other great possessors of diamonds, have a kind of *Tenanto-phobia*, and are shy of this gentleman. A poor Poet, like myself, who has neither diamonds nor any thing precious belonging to him, can only remind Mr. Tenant and the Royal Society of the old proverb, "*Carbonem pro Thesauro.*"

(*b*) I can give no better character of his old Port. We all know on such occasions, "Bacchum in remotis rupibus" is the song of *honest* Harry Dundas, in all the wildness of *highland* Dithyrambic; while Mr. Pitt, on the battlements of Walmer, in his own and Virgil's sober majesty, "OCEANO LIBEMUS, ait."

(*c*) Privatis majora focis: I can have nothing to say to them; Dr. Morosophos was bolder than I can venture to be. I could write down a pleasant collection; several of whom are *Reformers*, Mr. Philip Francis, little Michael Angelo, &c. &c. &c. but none of them are disposed to extend the question of *Reform* in a more important department.

In Scrip: not Hemings'(*d*) self more vers'd than he;
The Solomons, or Nathan, or E. P.;
Loyal and open, liberal of cash,
(Not your damn'd dollars (*e*), or Bank-paper trash)
Nor tax, nor loan he fear'd, at table free,
And drank the Minister with three times three; (*f*)
Till

D'ou ce Visage enfin, plus pale qu' un Rentier,
A l'aspect D'UN ARRET, qui retranche *un quartier?**
Qui vous a pû plonger dans cet humeur chagrine?
A-t-on par quelque edit REFORMÉ LA CUISINE?
Boileau, Sat. 3.

(*d*) Dr. Morosophos now and then dabbled in the funds. The Gentlemen of *the Stock Exchange*, or *The College*, (as it is termed in City-wit) are much indebted to that eminent calculator of *the different payments*, Mr. Hemings. Boyd, Benfield, Solomon Solomon, Nathan Solomon, E. P. Solomon, Thellusson, Old Daniel Giles, Mr. Battie, Lord Lansdowne, Dr. Moore, Little Count Rupee, and all those who *look an eighth better or worse for the opening*, know that I am right, in pronouncing the panegyric of this learned classic on *the Stock Exchange*. (1798.)

"Prens moi le bon parti; laisse là tous les livres.
"Exerce-toi, mon fils, dans ces hautes sciences;
"Prens, au lieu d'un Platon, *ce Guidon des Finances.*"
Avis de Boileau, Sat. 8.

(*e*) This verse was evidently written after the 26th of Feb. 1797, after the order of Council was sent to the Bank of England, when the whole nation was made to pass *through the pillars of Hercules*; or in plain English, to take dollars for current silver.

* Mr. Pitt is supposed to have taken his hint of the *quadruple* assessment from Boileau, and to have *improved* upon it. (1797.)

Till with a pun old Caleb (*g*) crown'd the whole,

" Consols, and not philosophy, *console*." 320

He

(*f*) Certainly Dr. Morosophos did this, before MR. PITT (fame rabidâ TRIA guttura pandens) conceived the idea of *the triple assessment*, or, perhaps *three times three*.—(Nov. 1797.) Sir Robert Herries, though no great poet, understands this subject better than I do.

Let me present a short passage from a Letter to Mr. Pitt on the occasion of the Triple Assessment. " Things, Sir, are now changed. Time was, when Bankers were as stupid as their guineas could make them; they were neither orators, nor painters, nor poets. But *now*, Mr. Dent has a speech and *a bitch* * at your service; Sir Robert has his pencil and canvas; and Mr. Rogers dreams on Parnassus; and, if I am rightly informed, there is a great demand among his brethren for *the Pleasures of Memory*. Sir Robert chose the Autumn with propriety for his sketch. The leaves are indeed falling thick around us; they strow the brooks in Vallombrosa, and imbrown the heights of Holwood." †

By way of *refreshment*, I would observe, that THE PROGRESS of the present *magnificent* system of Taxation, as conceived, illustrated, and established by Mr. Pitt, rolling through all the notes of finance from the COMMUTATION to the deep majestic diapason of THE INCOME ACT, may be classically represented by one of the most animated passages in Mr. Gray's Letters, when the comprehensive genius of the poet sketched a progress through Italy. It marks the strides of a vast, capacious, and congenial mind. " When you have seen Rome and " Naples, *strike out of the beaten path of English* travellers, see " a little of the country, throw yourselves into the bosom of " the Apennine, survey the horrid lake of Amsanctus, catch " the breezes on the coast of Tarento and Salerno, expatiate to " the very toe of the continent, strike over the Faro of Messina, " and having measured the gigantic columns of Girgenti,

* John Dent, Esq. M. P. the *Inventor* of the dog and *bitch*-bill.

† Letter to Mr. Pitt on the Triple Assessment.

He talk'd, like Indian (*h*) Rennel, rather long;
And would at times regale you with a song;
But seldom that: in music though a prig,
The little Doctor swell'd, and look'd so big.
Nay to Greek (*i*) notes would trill a Grecian ode,
In diatonic kind and Lydian mode;

And

and the tremendous caverns of Syracusa, *refresh* yourselves amid the fragrant vale of Enna!!! *Oh, che bel riposo!*" ‡ Mr. Gray adds to his friend, in which I join most cordially to the Minister, "ADDIO!" and to the United Empire, *Esto Perpetua!*

Men of poetical minds alone will relish this note; it will be caviar at the Treasury, and in the land of *Abraham*. (Nov. 1800.)

(*g*) Caleb Whitefoord, Esq. If you do but touch him, puns stand as ready as quills upon *the fretful porcupine*. I wish him health and spirits for many a year, in a green old age; and then with the Epinicion of Horace, Vitâ cedat, uti conviva satur.

(*h*) Major James Rennell, the great Geographer of India, ὁ πανυ. He is a gentleman to whose accuracy and extent of knowledge in that department, this country is considerably indebted. But this has nothing to do with his conversation.

(*i*) Dr. Morosophos, the man of method, was rather troublesome to his friends on this subject of Greek Music. He wished to pass for another Meibomius. But there is still reason to think that he never saw the three hymns to Calliope, Apollo, and Nemesis, printed with the Greek musical notes to which they were sung, at the end of the Oxford edition of Aratus in 1672, by Dr. Fell, or the more accurate copy of these hymns in Mr. Burette's Memoire on this subject. Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions Tom. 5.—Dr. Morosophos knew but little of the system of the Lydian Mode in the diatonic genus. There is also reason to think that he knew as

little

‡ Gray's Memoirs, lett. 48. sect. 4.

And then with Burney, as his fit grew warmer,
Convers'd on Stentor, the great (*k*) *throat performer*:
Or with Raimondi's fire, and warlike art,
Play'd some French General's *obligato* (*kk*) part.

A Poet

little as Bishop Horsley, of the Προσλαμβανομενος, the Υπατη ὑπατων, or the Παρυπατη μεσων, &c.

(*k*) "Stentor is celebrated by Homer as the most illustrious *throat performer* of antiquity." Burney's Hist. of Music. 4to. vol. 1. p. 340.

(*kk*) I allude to Signor Raimondi's exquisite and interesting piece of instrumental music intended *to express* A BATTLE. It is called A BATTLE SYMPHONY. It consists of eight different movements, in which the musical *General* Raimondi powerfully calls on the imagination of the hearer to assist the Composer. The third movement amuses and *alarms* me the most. It announces "THE COUNCIL OF WAR, composed of EIGHT "GENERALS represented by EIGHT different INSTRUMENTS "*obligati*, which at last, in their accord, *in a general cadence* "EXPRESS THEIR UNANIMOUS RESOLUTION OF GIVING "BATTLE!" *Bravo, Maestro! E* GUGLIELMI (*a*) *che ti lo dice.*

In this manner, Dumourier, Custine, Pichegru, Miranda, Hoche, Berthier, Angereau, and Bonaparte, have each played their *obligato* part in Eur pe, *con furia*, as assigned them by the Convention and the musical Directory of France. Europe has by no means approved of *the general cadence*: but THE CONCERT is still proceeding in all the harmony of horror, and barbaric symphony.

Rendono un alto suon, ch' a quel s'accorda
Con che i vicin *cadendo* il Nilo assorda! (*b*)

But with respect to Great Britain, I hope and trust that a Band of our own British Musicians will put to silence and drown all their

(*a*) Q.? *William Pitt.* (*b*) Ariosto. Orlando Furioso. C. 16.

A Poet too he was, not very bright,
Something between a Jerningham, and (*n*) Knight:
He dealt in tragic, epic, critic lore,
With half, whole plans, and episodes in store,
Method was all; yet would he seldom write,
He fear'd the ground-plot wrong, or—out of sight.
At last THE DOCTOR gave his friends a work!
(Not verse, like Cowper, or high prose, like Burke,)
CHAMBERS

their *obligato* parts, on their citizen rafts and barges, by a general cadence, and a well-executed, masterly, *choral performance* of OUR OWN WATER MUSIC. (Feb. 1798.)

(*n*) Knight and Jerningham.

"Satire was *late* their physic, wit their food;
One nourish'd not, and t'other drew no blood."*

But let them both hear the advice of Boileau;

Soyez plutôt maçon, si c'est votre talent,
Ouvrier estimè dans un art necessaire,
Qu' écrivain du commun, & pöete vulgaire."†

Mr. *Jerningham* may possibly remember and admire these beautiful lines in Dryden's Epistle to Mr. JULIEN, Secretary of the Muses; and other persons may apply them.

"All his care
Is to be thought a Poet *fine and fair*;
Small Beer and gruel are his meat and drink,
The diet he prescribes himself *to think*;
Rhyme next his heart he takes at morning peep,
Some love-epistles at the hour of *sleep*;
And when *his passion* has been *bubbling* long,
The *scum* at last boils up into a song."

Dryden's Prologue to Albion and Albanius.

† Art. Poet. C. 4.

CHAMBERS ABRIDG'D! in sooth 'twas all he read,
From fruitful A to unproductive *Zed*.

OCTAVIUS.

What then? for ever shall we wildly stray,
And pluck each hare-bell in the flow'ry way?
Or void of judgement, fire, and critic force,
Stoop to each golden apple in the course?
I never can with argument dispense;
Pope gave the verse, but Warburton (*o*) the sense.

AUTHOR.

'Tis true; by plan and syllabus (*p*) confin'd,
Knight thus composes first the reader's mind.

To

(*o*) Octavius is right in some degree. The commentary of Warburton on Pope's moral poems is peculiarly valuable, and explains many seeming inconsistencies. Pope thought so himself.

Warburton appears on this, as well as on some other and more important occasions, to have been selected for the peculiar exellence, that *idiosyncrasy*, (if I may use the term) of his genius, learning, and understanding. Εκλεκτος γενομενος κατα τι της ΦΥΣΕΩΣ ΕΞΑΙΡΕΤΟΝ ΙΔΙΩΜΑ.†

† Clement. Alexandrin. Stromat. Lib. 6. p. 480.

To rouse attention is the poet's art;
Knight calls to sleep, and acts a civil part:
Save to his view when foul Priapus (*q*) rose,
He wak'd to lust in stimulating prose.

But though that *Garden-God* forsaken dies;
Another Cleland (*r*) see in Lewis (*s*) rise.

Why

(*p*) Par *classes* et par *titres*,
Dogmatizer en vers, et rimer par chapitres.
Boileau, Sat. 8. 115.

(*q*) Concerning Mr. Knight's Treatise on the Worship of Priapus, in addition to what I before said (P. of L. Dial. 1. v. 134. Note (*g*) I shall offer the spirited words of Clemens Alexandrinus, from his Λογος Προτρεπτικος εις τους Ελληνας, or, *Admonitio ad Gentes*:

Ταυτα ὑμων της ἡδυπαθειας τα αρχετυπα, ἀυται της ὕβρεως ἀι θεολογιαι, ἀυται των συμπορ νευοντων ὑμιν Θεων ἀι διδασκαλιαι·—Πανισκοι, και γυμναι κοραι, και ΜΟΡΙΩΝ ΕΝΤΑΣΕΙΣ ταις γραφαις απογυμνωμεναι·—Ηταιρηκεν ὑμιν τα ωτα, πεπορνευκασιν ὁι οφθαλμοι, ἀι οψεις μεμοιχευκασι· Ω βιασαμενοι τον ανθρωπον, και το ενθεον τυ πλασματος ελεγκει απαρξαντες! κτλ.* I now dismiss this odious Treatise on Priapus *for ever*.

The learned reader will recollect that Clemens Alexandrinus lived in the third century under Alexander Severus and Caracalla, was a native of Athens, and that the famous Origen studied in his school.

(*r*) John Cleland, author of "The Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure."

* Clem. Alex. p. 30, &c. Edit. Commelin. 1616.

Why sleep the ministers of truth and law? 380

Has

(s) M. Lewis, Esq. M. P. author of "The *Monk*, a Romance, "in 3 Vol." (Vol. 2. Ch. 6. and 7.) See my Observations at length in the preface to this Fourth Dial. of the P. of L.

The publication of this novel *by a Member of Parliament* is in itself *so serious an offence to the public*, that I know not how the author can repair this breach of public decency, but by suppressing it himself. Or he might omit the indecent and blasphemous passages in another edition; there is neither genius nor wit in them, and the work, as a composition, would receive great advantage. I wish he may at least take this advice. I will give Mr. Lewis an extract from the ninth Book of the History of Procopius, called the *Historia Arcana* of the Emperor Justinian and the infamous Theodora. The words are these:

Αλλο τε μοι ενδειν ηδυς περιμιμνεσυσαι τυδε δε Ανθρωπυ ουδ' ὑτιουν οιμαι. Απαντα γαρ αυτυ τα της ψυχης παθη ὑτος αν αξιοχρεως σημηναι διαρκως ειη. Επει ὁστις αλογησας την ὑπερ των πεπραγμενων την αισχυνην, εκ απαξιοῖ τοις εντυγχανυσι ζδελυρος φαινεσθαι, τυτω δη ὑδεμια παρανομιας αταρπος αβατος· αλλα την αναιδειαν αει τυ μετωπυ προβεβλημενος, ῥᾳστα τε και ὑδενι πονω ες των πραξεων τας μιαρωτατας χωρει. (a)

I wish Mr. Lewis may read and profit from this passage. (July 1797.)

Novels of this seductive and libidinous tendency excite disgust, fear, and horror, in every man and woman who reflect upon those virtues which *alone* give support, comfort, and continuance to human Society. The interests of Society and the essential welfare, and even the very existence, of this kingdom,

authorise

(a) Procop. Histor. Arcan. Lib. 9. p. 46. Ed. Fol. Lugduni 1623.

Has the State no control, no decent awe,

While

authorise any man, though conscious of manifold frailties, to speak in the manner I have done. We cannot long deceive ourselves: poetical men, of loose and ungoverned morals, can offer to us or to themselves but feeble consolations from wit and imagery, when left to solitary reflection and the agony of remorse. I never found this subject so well represented, and so unanswerably enforced to every understanding, capable of *recalling itself* from vicious conduct and irregular inclinations, as in this short sentence: "*Whoever* WHOLLY *give themselves up to* Lust, "*will soon find it to be the least fault they are guilty of.*"

In this place I cannot help recommending, with peculiar earnestness, the attentive perusal of one of the most instructive and useful short pieces of Biography which I ever read, in the life of Dr. Johnson, by the learned Sir John Hawkins: from p. 222 to p. 232. It is particularly important to many young men who live in the allurements of a great and high-viced town, or among freethinking literati, and the more calm and sober sensualists. Men who live in London, and keep much company, will feel the force of the observations. It is the account of *Mr. John Dyer*, a man of genius, politeness, and learning. The conclusion of it in the words of Sir John Hawkins is very impressive.

"I have been thus particular in the history of this accomplished and hopeful young man, whom I once loved with the affection of a brother, with a view to shew the *tendency* of idleness, and to point out *at what avenue* Vice may gain admittance in minds, seemingly the most strongly fortified. The assailable part of his mind was laxity of principle: at this entered *infidelity*, which was followed by such temptations to pleasure *as he could see no reason to resist*. These led on to desires *after the means* of gratification, and the pursuit of them was his DESTRUCTION."

To

While each with each in madd'ning orgies vie,
Panders to lust, and licens'd blasphemy?
Can Senates hear without a kindred rage?
Oh may a Poet's light'ning blast the page,
Nor with the bolt of Nemesis in vain
Supply the laws, that wake not to restrain.

Is ignorance the plea? since Blackstone drew
The lucid chart, each labyrinth has a clue,
Each law an index: students aptly turn
To Williams, Hale, judicious (*t*) Cox, and Burn;

Obscenity

To conclude. Whatever I have said on the subject of this Novel, called THE MONK, I shall leave as matter of record, whether the Novel is altered, or not. The tenor of the whole is reprehensible. I leave it as a protest against such a work, published in such a manner, by a Gentleman in the high, honourable, and responsible station of a Member of Parliament. It is hoped and expected that no similar work will ever again be given to this country. (Added; Nov. 1797.)

(*t*) Samuel COX Esq. of the Court of Chancery, the Editor (at his leisure hours) of the reports of Peere Williams. I am not very conversant with *professional* law books, but a learned person shewed me Mr. Cox's mode of illustration, and desired me to consider it. I really think, that it seems as a model for all future Editors of Reports of former years. This plan is evidently the

Obscenity has now her code and priest,
While Anarchy prepares the dire Digest.

Methinks as in a theatre I stand,
Where Vice and Folly saunter hand in hand,
With each strange form in motley masquerade,
Featur'd grimace, and impudence pourtray'd;
While Virtue, hov'ring o'er th' unhallow'd room,
Seems a dim speck through Sin's surrounding gloom.
As through the smoak-soil'd glass (*u*) we spy from far
The circling radiance of the Sirian Star,
Faint wax the beams, if strong the fumy tint,
Till the Star fades, a mathematic point.

Sure from the womb I was untimely torn,
Or in some rude inclement season born;
The State turns harsh on fortune's grating hinge,
And I untaught to beg, or crouch, or cringe:
For

the mode of a most judicious understanding and of a well-read Lawyer. Transeat in exemplum! (1797.)

(*u*) "If the eye glass be tincted faintly with the smoke of a lamp or torch to obscure the light of the star, the fainter light in the circumference of the star ceases to be visible, and the star (if the glass be sufficiently soiled with smoke) appears something more like a mathematic point."

Newton's Optics, Prop. 7. Theor. 6.

For me the fates no golden texture weave,
Though happier far to give than to receive.
Yes; with unvaulting sober wishes blest,
Ambition flies with envy from my breast;
For friendship form'd, I feel, in realms above,
My Saturn temper'd by the beam of Jove.

I cannot, will not, stoop with boys to rise,
And seize on Pitt, like Canning, (*x*) by surprise, (*xx*)
Be led through Treasury vaults in airy dance,
And flatter'd into insignificance.
I cannot, will not, in a college gown,
Vent my *first* nonsense on a patient town,
Quit the dull Cam, and ponder in the park
A six-weeks Epic, (*y*) or a Joan of Arc.

I leave

(*x*) George Canning Esq. M. P. Under Secretary of State, *an Etonian* of much ingenuity, liveliness, and learning.

(*xx*) The Novels, Farces, most of the Plays, Romances, Ballets, and Pantomimes, of the day, are all founded on—*Surprise*. Why not the ministerial Coups de Theatre?

(*y*) Robert Southy, author of many ingenious pieces in verse of great promise, if the young gentleman would recollect what old Chaucer says of poetry,

Tis every dele
A rock of ice and not of steel.

I leave these early transports, and the calm
Complacence, and the softly trickling balm
Self-consolation sheds, more sweet than all
Burke felt in senates, or Impeachment's Hall;
Borne to that course, where thund'ring from afar
The Great Auruncian (z) drove his primal car.

E'en now, when all I view afflicts my sight,
All that Horne Tooke (*a*) can plot, or Godwin (*b*) write;

Now

He gave the public a long quarto volume of epic verses, JOAN OF ARC, written, as he says in the preface, in *six weeks*. Had he meant to write well, he should have kept it at least six years. I mention this, for I have been much pleased with many of the young gentleman's little copies of verses. I wish also that he would review *some of his principles*. (1797.)

(z) Lucilius.

(*a*) Mr. HORNE TOOKE, in the conclusion of his "Diversions of Purley," makes an apology for applying himself to subjects so trivial as grammatical discussions, in the year 1786. He uses the words of an Italian poet, which are very remarkable, though they never have been much noticed.

Perche *altrove* non have
Dove voltare il viso,
Che gli è stato interciso
Mostrar CON ALTRE IMPRESE *altra virtude.*

The hour was however approaching, when *his countenance* was to be *turned* to *other* thoughts, and he was to display *other* talents

which

Now when Translation to a pest is grown, 430

And

which had almost slept since the time of Junius. At the blast of the French revolution he awoke from grammatical slumber; and found that *other* enterprises awaited him. We have traced his proceedings till his trial at the Old Bailey for high treason, Nov. 4, 1794. His *plans* were UNFOLDED, and though he was acquitted, and "Execution was not done on Cawdor," yet it is not impossible that hereafter, (after his decease,) some honest chronicler may be found,

"Who will report (in private)
That very frankly he confess'd *his treasons*,
Implor'd *his country*'s pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance." (*Macbeth.*)

Till that hour arrives, I shall wait for the continuation of his grammatical researches, which are promised to the world, with the celebrated wish of the Satirist;

Ut vellem his potius *nugis* tota illa dedisset
TEMPORA SÆVITIÆ!

From the abilities and uncommon erudition of Mr. Horne Tooke I dread much, and from the calmness and mildness of his conversation I should apprehend perhaps more. But as I think THE WHOLE KINGDOM is fully, and deeply, and solemnly, and *unalterably* impressed with the nature, the malignity, the extent, the influence, and the terror of the grand Revolutionary Principle, and the desperate fury of Reforming societies and embodied factions, I trust Great Britain and her Ministers will never suffer the arm of justice and of vigilance to remit, or to relax it's energies. (Nov. 1797.)

(*b*) See an account of this weak and contemptible writer, William Godwin, and his *Political Justice*, in Dialogue III. of the P. of L.—See also a future note in this Fourth Dialogue.

And Holcroft (*c*) to French treason adds his own.
When Gallic Diderot in vain we shun,
His blasted pencil, Fatalist, (*d*) and Nun;
When St. Pol (*e*) sounds the sacring bell, that calls
His Priests *en masse* from Charles's ruin'd walls;
When Thelwall, (*f*) for the season, quits the Strand
To organize revolt by sea and land;
When Barristers (*g*) turn authors; authors (*h*) prate;
Charles Fox allegiance dares to calculate,
And

(*c*) *Thomas Holcroft.*—An author, a translator of plays and novels, and a *would-be* directing Statesman, tried for High Treason at the Old Bailey in 1794, and acquitted. Horne Tooke cannot be much pleased with this compeer. *Scurra degrunnit prior.* See the fable. (1797.)

(*d*) The names of his posthumous novels, translated for the benefit of Great Britain.

(*e*) The Bishop of St. Pol de Leon, to whom the care of the French Emigrant priests is committed *en masse.* The reader may recollect they *were* maintained in the old mansion built by Charles the Second at Winchester.—See the Preface to this 4th Dialogue of the P. of L.

(*f*) This indefatigable incendiary and missionary of the French Propaganda, *John Thelwall*, has now his *Schools of Reason* in country towns, &c. &c. Περισσως εμμαινομενος. (July 1797.)

(*g*) Mr. *Barrister* Erskine.—See more of him and his pamphlet on the French war in a future note.

(*h*) I refer to the House of Commons.

And with his sulph'rous torch relumes the pile
With unaverted (*i*) face, and ghastly smile.

Now

(*i*) In ancient times among the Romans, when the public ministers of funeral obsequies set fire to the pile, *they turned aside their faces.*

Triste ministerium! subjectam more parentum
Aversi tenuere facem.

Not so the Right Honourable CHARLES JAMES FOX!

As Mr. Fox loves Greek, and reads Greek, (nugari solitus Græcè) I will give my opinion of Mr. Fox's *tongue* and eloquence in that language. I shall then say of it; Η Γλωσσα πυρ, ὁ κοσμος της αδικιας, ἡ σπιλωσα ὁλον το σωμα, ἡ φλογιζωσα τον τροχον της γενεσεως, και φλογιζομενη ὑπο της Γεεννης, ακατασχετον κακον, μεστη ιϐ θανατηφορϐ. If Mr. F. would attend to THIS Greek author, he might learn the καλη αναστροφη, and the πρᾳυτης σοφιας. Even Mr. Fox may possibly read *what I say.*

As Mr. Fox is *now* (June 1797) *studying* Mr. Gibbon's History, he will find many an instructive lesson for his public conduct. Mr. Fox, *I know*, cannot always construe Mr. G.'s English, and often consults his friends on the meaning of many passages and sentences; but without much success. His friends can confirm what I say, if they think proper.*

I always

* Perhaps Mr. Fox may understand and *construe* the following sentence from the *luminous* Historian. "An aspiring candidate may be tempted *to build his greatness on the public confusion*, but it is the interest as well as *the duty of* THE SOVEREIGN *to maintain the authority of the laws.*" Gibbon, vol. 7. p. 80. ed. 8vo.

Now, when beneath the dread FRATERNAL (*ii*) frown

THE

I always feel an interest in Mr. Fox's studies, whether he is reading Gibbon, or culling simples on St. Ann's Hill with Aspasia, or poring on the Odyssey, in lamentation over his *departed* friends in the H. of C. in the old Bard's language,

Αρνυμενος ἡν τε ψυχην και Νοστον Εταιρων,
Αλλ' οὐδ' ὡς Εταρους ἐρρυσατο, ἱεμενος περ.†

But his Εταιροι or friends are said to have left him only on *one* account; his good humour and ability having never forsaken him. The account is this, deep, short, and full:

"Επει Τροιης ἱερον πτολιεθρον επερσε."‡

On this subject I would *now*,§ add a remark or two. I would remind Mr. Fox, on the subject of *Radical Reform*, or any similar subject, that the Historian *De Bello Civili* has recorded this expression of *Caius Gracchus*; Αθροως ΤΗΝ ΒΟΥΛΗΝ (*Senatum*) καθηρηκει. The Historian proceeds to say, that when THE MEASURES of *Caius Gracchus* had *been tried, and had taken effect*, his words were found to be true. Τα δ'εργα προϊοντος ΕΣ ΠΕΙΡΑΝ, μειζονως ετι εκφανηναι τα επος τα Γραχχα.— Ταχυ τε περιην ΑΝΕΣΤΡΑΦΘΑΙ ΤΟ ΚΡΑΤΟΣ ΤΗΣ ΠΟΛΙΤΕΙΑΣ!!!(*a*) Are the words *plain* to this learned *modern* Grecian? Does Mr. Fox understand?

Let me also add, that in after times *the Tribune* Vatinius conferred on *Cæsar* the government of *Cisalpine Gaul*; and, what is singular enough, in the very same days Gabinius, a Consul of profligate character, assured *the people*, "Errare *Cives*, si tum

"Senatum

† Od. L. 1. ‡ Od. L. 1. v. 2. § March, 1798.

(*a*) Appian, De Bello Civili, Lib. 1. p. 363. Edit. H. Steph. 1592.

THE HARP revers'd grates discord on the crowd;

When

" Senatum aliquid in Republicâ posse arbitrabantur."* See the great Chapter De Mutatis Mutandis, by THE NEW TRIUMVIRATE in England.

Mirantur taciti, et DUBIO PRO FULMINE *pendent!* (*b*)

The further I extend my researches, political or historical, the less do I find any thing which, in governments and states, and in the revolutions of governments, is absolutely *new* in kind, but in degree, new beyond comparison. But as to the objects of fear, caution, and apprehension, I see them more and more; the events of which will be *new* and terrible indeed to Great Britain, if we do not find mercy in this day of wrath, horror, and convulsion. Yet at the same time, I think I see our means of Defence increased, and the spirit, generosity, and resolution

* Cicero Orat. pro Sext. 12.

(*b*) Stat. Theb. L. 10 —Sir R. Walpole spoke with spirit on the *Seceders from Parliament* in 1742. Mr. Coxe in his important and very valuable Memoirs and original diplomatic correspondence of that Minister, observes that, " The consequence of this measure *was to the Seceders disappointment* and speedy repentance, to the Ministers satisfaction and triumph. They even flattered themselves with the hopes of *being called back* to their posts. They soon experienced the ill policy of their conduct. *The nation was not inflamed by their conduct.*" See and read the Memoirs of Sir R. Walpole, vol. 1. 4to. p. 606 —Mr. Fox, who, as well as every other statesman, will certainly peruse this curious and instructive work, should remember a saying of Lord Bolingbroke, the enemy and opposer of Walpole; " History is philosophy *teaching by examples.*" (March 1798.)

When Transatlantic Emigrants can roam

But

resolution of OUR GREAT NATION raised and animated to act, AS ONE MAN.

If ever there was a time, when the Ministers of a Country might feel *an assurance within themselves* that THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES, on which they have acted, have been just and justifiable, and that they might throw themselves on the judgment of their Country; in my opinion, it is the present hour. The state of Europe has PROVED the intentions of France from the first moment of her Revolution; and every historical document daily confirms the proof. Though I profess no personal predilection for MR. PITT, yet I join in the common gratitude for his firmness, unbending and inflexible perseverance in *general* principles, which, under Providence, may yet prove our salvation. Upon very serious and mature reflection, I feel a rooted and unconquerable veneration for this great and transcendent character.

Ut TE, FORTISSIME TEUCRÛM,
Accipio agnoscoque libens! ut verba Parentis,
Et vocem ANCHISÆ MAGNI *mentemque recordor!* (1798.)

(*ii*) I allude to THE UNION or French *Brotherhood* in Ireland with their *Book of Death*.—See the Reports of the Irish Parliamentary Committee, and the memorable speech of the Rt. Hon. John Earl of Clare, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, in the H. of Lords on the 19th Feb. 1798, on the motion of the Earl of Moira. (Reprinted, Wright, Piccadilly.) The verbal variations of the editions of it are of little consequence. The whole of it should be read, as spoken by that eloquent, learned, well-informed, patriotic, and undaunted Statesman. (March 1798.)

But to return, and praise *our* (*k*) English home.
Now when the French *defend* us (*l*) in disgrace,
French swords, French fraud, French priests, and
French grimace;
When England changes arms—At such a view
Must I find *method*, verse, and patience too?
My verse, the thunder of a Patriot's voice,
Cries loud to ALL, who ENGLAND make their choice,
"Throw wide that portal; let no *Roman* wait,
"But march with Priestly through the *dextral* gate.(*m*)

OCTAVIUS.

(*k*) See Mr. Cooper of Manchester's Account on his return from America, and the Letters of some wandering Journeyman Weaver or Carpenter, I forget which, &c. &c. Impudens liqui patrios Penates, &c.

(*l*) I allude to the French Emigrant Regiments, enrolled in the *British* army. Surely this is a measure of government unwise, and unaccountable on any sound principle; a project of desperation, one would think. Is this a time for Englishmen to say,

Mutemus clypeos, *Danaûmque* insignia NOBIS
Aptemus. (July 1797.)

(*m*) "Through the *dextral* gate!"—My allusion is this. In ancient times, the most frequented roads to the city of Rome had *double* gates. They who came *into the city* passed through the left-hand

OCTAVIUS.

Talk thus, e'en Horsley shall applaud: proceed.

AUTHOR.

The tears that Britain sheds, her wounds that bleed,
Call for a fost'ring hand, the balm of PEACE;
Not styptics, which the sanguine tide increase;
Such

left-hand gate; and *they who went* OUT OF THE CITY took *the right-hand* gate. See Nardini Roma Antica, L. 10. c. 9. Pliny, in his Natural History, in the Chapter de Roma, Lib. 3. c. 5. speaking of the gates of the city, says, "that *twelve* of the "*thirty-seven* gates should only be *numbered once*. (*Semel numerari*)." The expression is odd, but it alludes to such of those gates as were *double* in this sense. This was not unknown in other Italian cities. The *Porta de' Borsari* at Verona (in the opinion of the Marquese Scipio Maffei, Verona Illustrata, Part 3.) was in reality a twin or double gate, though it has been mistaken by some antiquaries for an arch of triumph.

In times like the present, I would *never shut* those *double* gates in *any city*, when the turbulent, discontented, and factious wish to retire into *foreign* parts. We all remember, that Sir Arthur Hazelrig, John Hampden, and Oliver Cromwell, *being ready to sail for America*, were STOPPED *by order of Council!* Hume's words

Such as State-quacks, or Barristers expose
For fame and sale, and sleeping might disclose.
In state affairs all Barristers are vain, (*mm*)
And ERSKINE nods, the opium (*n*) in his brain.

Saw'st.

words are very strong and remarkable in this *lecturing* age. "They (i. e. Hampden, Hazelrig, and Cromwell) had *resolved* for ever to abandon their *native* country, and fly to the other extremity of the globe, where they might *enjoy lectures* and discourses of any length or form that pleased them." Mr. Hume adds, very significantly, "The King had afterwards full leisure to repent this exercise of his authority." Hume's Hist. vol. 6. p. 311. Ed. 8vo. 1773.

(*mm*) This must be understood with an exception or two. "We all remember, when THURLOW and WEDDERBURNE (now the Lords Thurlow and Loughborough) were first called into Parliament, how soon they proved what manner of men they were. They separated the Lawyer from the Statesman. It was a proud day for the Bar at that period; for never before that day, were such irresistible, overbearing powers and talents displayed by the official defenders of a Minister:

Hos mirabantur Athenæ
Torrentes, pleni et moderantes fræna theatri!

Lord North indeed, when he appointed Thurlow and Wedderburne *his Attorney* and *Sollicitor General*, meant no more than to give spirit, eloquence, and argument to his measures; but in effect, he hung a mill-stone on the necks of all their successors." Pref. Epistle to the Transl. of the P. of L. p. 26.

(*n*) Erskine.—Mr. *Barrister* Erskine is celebrated for taking opium in great quantities, (I have often heard him speak in praise

Saw'st thou, (or did my troubled fancy dream?)
High

praise of it) and if he proceeds in this manner, it is apprehended that his *political* faculties will die of too large a dose, of which there are *many* symptoms already. I would be clearly understood, that *all* my observations are confined to his *political* conduct and career. They are not extended to his professional character, which is great, or to his private life, which no man is inclined to respect more than myself: but his political doctrines are plunging and dangerous. Mr. Erskine has informed the public, that HE *has not the talents of a statesman*; which, in common with the kingdom at large, I readily admit as part of my political creed; though it is so very plain, as hardly to be an article of faith.

In his late flimsy and puerile "View of the Causes and Consequences of the present French War," he comes forth to the public μαλα σοφιστικως και σοβαρως, to use an expression from Themistius; but I cannot stile him in the words of that orator, before the Emperor Constantius, as Ατυφω μοιρας φυσει μετεχον, Ζωον ηρανιον, εκωθεν δυθεν τοις τηδε εις επιμελειαν. (a) I positively will not translate this Greek, either for the Barrister himself, or the country members, or the electors of the town of Portsmouth; but I shall leave it, to be rendered faithfully by the Rev. Dr. Parr, or Mr. Erskine's language master. Indeed in this age we require nothing but what we call, eloquence; though the term is miserably abused. But *such as it is*, eloquence in the political world is like charity in the Christian character; without it a man is counted dead.

In ancient times however, in one particular there was a great and essential difference from the present. Perhaps it may not be without use to hint, and to remind some persons, that in Greece

(a) Themist. Orat. p. 3. Ed. fol. Harduini, 1684.

High o'er yon cliff, in majesty supreme,

Vengeance

Greece and Athens, " apud Greciam, (in the opinion and triumphant language of Cicero, *) quæ semper ELOQUENTIÆ PRINCEPS ESSE VOLUIT, atque illas omnium doctrinarum inventrices *Athenas*, in quibus SUMMA DICENDI VIS et inventa est et PERFECTA;" in Greece and Athens, I say, Orators and Barristers were never permitted to make any *epilogus* or *peroration* whatsoever in the courts of law, or in the senate. Epilogos ILLI 'mos civitatis abstulerat, says Quintilian †; and from WHOM? *From* DEMOSTHENES. On which passage the learned Turnebus observes, " Non licebat ATHENIS affectum movere, ac ne Epilogo quidem uti;" and yet DEMOSTHENES appeared under *this* restriction. What does Mr. Erskine think? Has he ever read the *Pleadings* FOR *the Crown*, or against Midias, or Περι Παραπρεσβειας? §

MR. ERSKINE always appears to me below his natural size, when he speaks in the House of Commons: I have too often disliked

* De Orat. L. 1. † Quint. L. 10. c. 1

§ Mr. Erskine, if he ever read this last oration, may perhaps recollect the allusion to the *Water-Clock*, by which the length of public speeches was regulated. Ουδ' εγχει μετα ταυθ' ὑδωρ ὑδεις εμοι. The use of this *Clepsydra* is proved from various authorities by the learned Sigonius, concerning the customs of the Athenians. I am told it is in contemplation to have Clepsydræ or Water-Clocks in either House of Parliament, and in all the Courts of Law at Westminster. What an useful invention for the Public! Such a custom might be safely adopted even from *a tyrannical democracy*; and we should never forget, that *such* was the Constitution of *Athens*.

Vengeance his attribute, (and, as he trod,

The

disliked his manner and his matter. In Westminster Hall he is without an equal: he has no rival in the eloquence adapted to the Bar and a Jury. But as he confesses himself no Statesman, he should have spoken with more modesty and deference on political subjects to those, who are confessedly great statesmen in the esteem of the country. I will leave in Mr. Erskine's ear the words which Demosthenes thundered against *Androtion*. It cannot however be supposed for a moment, that I can mean to compare a gentleman of genius and distinction like Mr. Erskine, with such a being as Androtion. I only give the words, and Dr. Parr may translate them if he pleases.

Ει ανδραποδων ἡ Πολις, αλλα μη των αρχειν ἑτερων αξιωντων, ωμολογειτο ειναι, ουκ αν, ω Ανδρες Αθηναιοι, τας ὕβρεις ηνεχεσθε τας Τουτου, ἁς κατα την αγοραν ὕβριζεν, ὁσων εν ταις εκκλησιαις, επι του βηματος, δουλος και εκ δουλων καλων ἑαυτου βελτιους, και εκ βελτιονων.*

In conclusion, I recommend to all persons who have an itch for writing or speaking, in public or private, *from* Mr. Barrister Erskine *down* to Mr. Dent and his dogs, to study with care the following passage from Lord Shaftesbury, in his Advice to an Author. The words are these: "Where the harm would be of spending some discourse, and bestowing a little breath and clear voice purely upon ourselves, I cannot see. We might peradventure be less noisy and more profitable in company, if at convenient times we discharge some of our articulate sound, and *spoke to ourselves* viva voce, *when alone*."

* Demosth. Orat. Κατα Ανδροτιωνος. Gr. Ed. Benenati. 1570. page 298.

The conscious waves roll'd back!) the passing GOD,
That shook old Ocean's empire? from beneath
Strange threat'ning notes in hollow murmurs breathe,
Hoarse through the deafen'd shrouds! But hush'd the blast,
THE TRIDENT IS CONFIRM'D: the dream is past. (o)
Oh

alone." Advice to an Author, Sect. 1. This anticipating remedy of Soliloquy the noble adviser prescribes against the disease, called THE LEPROSY OF ELOQUENCE, which is now a British Epidemic. Mr. Erskine, as I have been informed, has been under a regimen for a long time to no effect, and a Committee of Physicians and Surgeons (appointed by the House) who have examined Mr. Erskine's case, and the state of his blood, have reported it as their opinion, that this Leprosy of Eloquence, with which he is infected, is like the Leprosy of Naaman the Syrian, that it will *cleave to him for ever*, except he rigidly adheres to Lord Shaftesbury's anticipating remedy of soliloquy, and abstains from speaking in *all* places but in the Court of King's Bench.—*Illa se jactet in aula* ÆOLUS! (July 1797.)

(o) These lines were written and inserted here at the latter end of the month of May, 1797.

Proh dolor! Imperium Pelagi, SÆVUMQUE *Tridentem*
Cui nunc sorte datum?

A patriotic poet may be, I hope, in this instance prophetical: "The dream is past." Behold the confirmation by Admiral Viscount

Oh, strong against ourselves, and rashly bold! 479
No voice, as in the Hebrew fane of old,
From Britain's center to her utmost bounds,
From parting (*p*) angels in sad accent sounds:

Paine

Viscount Duncan, Earl St. Vincent, and Earl Howe, the great Naval Triumvirs. I trust we shall never again say,

Eunt *tutis* TERRARUM CRIMINA *velis!*
Ex quo Jura Freti, majestatemque repostam
Rupit Iasoniâ *Puppis Pagasæa* rapinâ! (*a*) (Nov. 1797.)

(*p*) I trust that Great Britain is *yet* firm, and that the guardians of her laws and constitution will stand bold, undaunted, and with deliberate valour. My allusion in the verse is this. After the profanation of THE TEMPLE at Jerusalem, under the Roman Emperor Titus, we read (it is recorded by their own Historian) that the voices of guardian angels were heard at the dead of night, crying out through it's inmost recesses, Μεταβαινωμεν Εντευθεν, "Let us depart hence!" See the seventh book of the Jewish War, by Josephus. (*b*) I recommend the perusal of the whole of that wonderful section. (*c*)

The Historian, in some parts of it, is scarcely inferior in spirit, language, and sublimity, to Æschylus himself. Surely at this most awful hour when, I am almost tempted to say, the moral and the natural world seem to be breaking up together, when the most powerful European states, and populous cities have been convulsed or overthrown, can we hear, without secret emotion and

(*a*) Statius, Achill. L. 1. (*b*) Joseph. p. 1289 Edit. Huds. Oxon.
(*c*) L. 7. Cap. 5.

Paine may blaspheme, Tone, Tooke, and Thelwall mourn,
Our Ark (q) is still by hallow'd hands upborne!

I too

[illegible] without a kindred horror, what the Historian calls, the Ρωμαϊκων ταγματων αλαλαγμος συμφερομενων, the των Στασιαστων πυρι και σιδηρω κεκυκλωμενων κραυγη? Can we read unmoved, Ουτε ηλικιας ην ελεος, ετ' εντροπη σεμνοτητος! Λιμω μαραινομενοι· και μεμυκοτες εις οδυρμους και κραυγην ευτονησαν. Συνηχει ηδε Πειραια, και τα περιξ ορη βαρυτερας ποιουντα την ορμην. Τι θορυβω τα Παθη φοβερωτερα! κτλ.— I will make no apology for presenting the learned reader with this passage, as Longinus would say, Ουτω μεγαλοι οι λογοι, και εμβριθεις αι εννοιαι· ὁλον σωματιον δραματικον και εναγωνιον.* I expect his thanks and not his censure, if he is worthy to read it.

(q) The *Abbé* Barruel has done a public service to Europe, by his eloquent and perspicuous delineation of *the History of Jacobinism*, in his work intitled "*Memoires pour servir à l' histoire "de Jacobinisme.*" I by no means subscribe to all the Abbé's opinions and particular doctrines, or to his whims and fancies; but in the disposition of the whole work, I perceive the hand of a master. He has discovered, and traced from the very source, the *original* Cabal and it's impious infamous leaders; and he has laid down their scheme, and disposed the proofs from *their own* authentic writings and works, in a convincing, orderly, and logical arrangement. It is the best historical and critical commentary extant (except the events themselves) on Mr. Burke's first work, called "Reflections on the Revolution

* Longin. Sect. 9. de Sublim.

I too will call, loud through the gathering storm,

Godwin

in France." 1790. It is worthy to be read by *all* who are interested in the great cause of GOD and man, and I hope it will be read and studied.

Finis et Ætas
Tota retro; SERÆ VOLUMUS DECUS ADDERE MORTI!

It is for such paramount reasons, that the Legislature and all the Magistrates of Great Britain are loudly called upon *to controll* (while they *yet* can controll with effect) *by the law, and by the law alone*, such works as those by Thomas Paine, and all the spawn of lewdness, infidelity, and democracy, in their vigour, or in their dotage. They are called upon to repress *by law* such popular works or novels as THE MONK, by M. Lewis Esq. M. P. which I have stated * amply, and, as I think, have proved, to be indecent and blasphemous; and to watch over the proceedings of Dr. Geddes,† the new Translator of the Bible.

The plain questions are these; "ARE WE TO BE PRESERVED? and, "CAN WE BE PRESERVED?"

The French Revolution is *now* matter of history, I mean of history speaking in every language of every nation of Europe. One establishment upholds another; and the fall of any one draws after it *a long ruin*. Read the Memoires of the Abbé BARUEL, and doubt, if you can, whether LITERATURE has power to kill, and to make alive. Atheist Statesmen always co-operate with Atheist Philosophers, but are generally duped by them. "Ils prennent leurs ordres "sans le savoir," said D'Alembert in the plenitude of his impudence.

The grand triple Conspiracy and *crushing* Cabal, under all it's horrid formularies, against religion, regal power, and social ordes

* Preface to Dial. IV. of the P. of L.

† Ib. Pref. to Dial. IV.

Godwin (*r*) and Volney, (*s*) Ruin and Reform?

The

order under moral restraint, has shewn what is the force and potency of LITERATURE, stimulated and conducted by an exterminating philosophy. LET ENGLAND BEWARE AND LOOK TO HERSELF! *

" Me veterum frequens
Memphis pyramidum docet;
Me pressæ tumulo lacryma gloriæ!
Me projecta jacentium
Passim per populos busta Quiritium,
Fumantumque cadavera
Regnorum tacito, Rufe, silentio
Mœstum multa monent!"

(*r*) GODWIN.—" Ecce iterum Crispinus!" and I wish I need not proceed with the line, " Et est mihi sæpe vocandus " in partes: Monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum."—In my note in Dialogue the Third of the P. of L. I thought I had taken leave of WILLIAM GODWIN; but he has again obtruded himself upon the public. As one of the public, I shall give a few remarks on his late book, called " The Enquirer, or Reflections " on Education, Manners, and Literature, in a series of *Essays*."

Of his Enquiry concerning Political Justice, the author indeed differs in opinion from me. He declares, in his Preface to his *Enquirer*, that " An Enquiry *thus* pursued on Political Justice, (i. e. as he, William Godwin, has pursued it) *is undoubtedly* IN THE

* See also " the Proofs of a Conspiracy against all the Reli- " gions and Governments of Europe, carried on in the Secret " Meetings of Free Masons, Illuminati, &c. &c. by J. Robison, " A.M." A book of great importance and solemn warning to this country, which should be perused with Abbé Baruel's work. They reflect a powerful light on each other.

The Sophists unabash'd yet rear their head,

Their

THE HIGHEST STYLE OF MAN!!!" But as I have given my opinion upon it in the Third Dialogue of the P. of L. I shall say nothing here. Yet I might add, as it is recorded of the infidel Boaster before Thebes,

Si tardius artus
Cessissent, *potuit fulmen meruisse secundum.* *

I shall take *but a few chapters* of his new book, for really I should fatigue myself and my reader past all sufferance, if I were to go through with it. The spirit and the manner is the same in *all* these Essays. "The present volume," (i. e. the Enquirer) he informs us, (Preface, p. 8) "is presented to the *contemplative* reader, not as *dicta*, but AS THE MATERIALS OF THINKING, and that they are committed to his mercy." He adds, "that with as ardent a passion *for innovation* as ever, he, (i. e. William Godwin) feels himself more patient and tranquil." This is pleasant to himself certainly, but whether his opinions and their consequences will promote *patience* and *tranquillity* in *other* men, is all that we are concerned to know, and to expose. He professes to write a moral work: it is miscellaneous and unconnected, whatever he may think.

I would premise, that there is a difference in considering a moral and a mere metaphysical Enquiry. In the latter, it is just and necessary to take in all the parts of a system, to know it's efficacy and apparent truth; but in a *moral* work there is not the same necessity, and for this plain reason. Mankind are *guided in their actions*, not by system, but *by single impulses*; by detached maxims, by aphorisms, by sentences, which have frequently the force of whole volumes. Whatever impels to action *singly and by itself*, may be considered also apart, and held forth either to approbation, or to censure. For this important reason I shall

* Thebaid. L. 10.

Their colours gaudy, though but idly (*t*) spread.

Better

I shall offer to the public notice some passages from "The Enquirer, by William Godwin." The book perhaps has been read very little; but as it is published and may be read, I am sure it ought to be criticized, not from it's excellence, nor the ability of the writer, but from the subject matter.

His first Chapter or Essay is, "*Of awakening the Mind.*" He begins with *so very wise* a sentence, that we are naturally prepared for *much instruction*. I have indeed been told, that Mr. Godwin's mother, like little Isaac's in Sheridan's Duenna, used to call him "Little Solomon." What is this sentence? verbatim as follows: "*If* individuals were *universally* happy, the species *would be* happy!" Again. "When a child is born, one of the earliest purposes of his institutor ought to be, to *awaken his mind*, to breathe *a soul into the*, as yet unformed, *mass*." Whether the *mass* is the *mind*, or the *mind* the *mass*, and at what time *the soul* is to be *breathed into the mind*, is not quite clear; but it is *very instructive*. Mr. Godwin also thinks, that "it is *not* the absurdest of paradoxes to affirm, that *the true* object of juvenile education is *to teach no one thing in particular*; but (the reader will be rather surprised) to *provide*, against the age of *five-and-twenty*, a mind well regulated, active, and *prepared to learn*." It is to be remembered, that the *general* education of mankind is the object under consideration.

If the reader's mind is not *awakened* by such an alarum of nonsense, I think he must be deeply intranced, as fast as a modern watchman, or Mr. Godwin himself, when he wrote the chapter.

Next comes Essay 2. "On the Utility of Talents." From this we learn, in Mr. Godwin's own words, that "The only complete protection against the appellation of *fool*, is to be

Better be dull than wicked; from the heart 480

The

the possessor of *uncommon* capacity;" and that "a *self-satisfied half-witted fellow* is the *most ridiculous* of all things." This is also *very instructive*, and lets us into the secret of Mr. Godwin's wits, and his self-satisfaction. But I cannot think Mr. G.'s instructions will "produce in his pupil or child (if he has either) *one of the long-looked-for saviours of the human race.*" It might perhaps produce another Anacharsis Cloots, the *Orator* of the human race.

Then come "The Sources of Genius," in Essay 3. The sentiments are either so trite, or so absurd, or so wicked, that it is difficult to choose. One of them I must select.—Of the children of *peasants*, Mr. G. observes, "That at the age of fourteen the very traces of understanding are obliterated. They are enlisted at the *crimping house of oppression*. They are *brutified* by immoderate and unremitting labour. Their hearts are *hardened*, and their spirits *broken*, by *all* that they *see*, all that they *feel*, and all that they *look forward to*. THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING POINTS OF VIEW, in which we consider *the present order of Society!!!* It is the great *slaughter house* of genius, and of mind. It is *the unrelenting murderer* of hope and gaiety, of the love of reflection, and *of the love of life.*" p. 16. This it is, I suppose, as this atrocious but foolish writer would call it, *to promote patience and tranquillity* among mankind! Mr. G. has not yet done. Essay the 4th is on the same Sources. Here he proves too much for himself. He says, p. 19. "There is an insanity among Philosophers, that has brought Philosophy itself into discredit.*

At the close of the eighteenth century, Mr. G. speaking of the succession of events, and the manner in which we acquire ideas, delivers this sentence seriously and philosophically, with a

view

The life-springs issue, and their force impart;

Better

view to be *instructive*, as I suppose. "*If* any man was to tell me that *if I pull the trigger* of my gun, a *swift and beautiful horse* will immediately appear *starting* from the mouth of the tube; I can ONLY answer, *that I do not expect it*, and that it is contrary to the tenor of my former experience. But *I can assign* NO *reason (!!!)* why this is an event *intrinsically* more absurd, *or less likely to happen than the event* I have been accustomed to witness. It may be *familiarly illustrated* to the *unlearned* reader, by remarking, that *the process of generation*, in consequence of which men and horses are born, has *obviously no more perceivable correspondence* with that event, *than it would have* for me to *pull the trigger* of a gun !!!" I pass by the gross indecency of the illustration, that I may just hint, what it is to be a modern philosopher, and instruct the unlearned in the *new* way.

I am ashamed to analyse any other opinions in this Essay; but as Mr. G. is supposed by some persons, to be "A man of talents," I suppose also Mr. G. has the properties of "A man of talents," as he *himself* has declared them to be; and that "HE (himself) can *recollect up to what period* he was *jejune*; and *up to what* period he was *dull*. He can call to mind the *innumerable* errors of speculation he has committed, *that would almost disgrace an ideot*." (p. 28.) For my own part, in the present instance, I have nothing to do with *recollection*. Mr. Godwin and his book are *before me*. So much for "*A man of talents*."

I cannot oppress the reader with all his desolating, unfounded, and silly opinions on all trades, professions, and occupations, wholly subversive of the present order of society, and as I believe, of any supposeable order whatsoever of any well-regulated human society.

But if the reader wishes to be amused with the acmé or height of absurdity and wildness, I earnestly recommend him to read

Better to write stark nonsense; better preach
With

Mr. G's account of "*The Walk of a man of talents*, (Mr. Godwin himself, for instance,) *and of a man without talents*, (such as myself) *from Temple Bar to Hyde Park Corner.*" (p. 31 and 32.) It is really refreshing in the extreme. Nothing can be superior to it, but his "Gun of Generation," just described, and his self-tilling plough, "without the intervention of man," in his other book on Political Justice, Vol. 2. p. 494. Ed. 8vo.

I will give Mr. Godwin's *own* account of this *famous* Walk, especially as the public are accustomed to observe all kinds of men, and women too, *between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner*. "The *chief* point of difference (says Mr. G.) between *the man of talents and the man without*, CONSISTS in *the different ways* in which their minds are employed during *the same* interval!!!" This is the proposition, ludicrous and absurd enough of itself, but now let us hear *the proof* or illustration. "They, (i. e. *the man of talents and the man without*) are *obliged*, let us suppose, "to walk from Temple Bar to Hyde Park Corner.

1. THE WALK OF A MAN WITHOUT TALENTS, OR OF A DULL MAN!

"The DULL MAN goes *strait forward*: he has so many furlongs to *traverse*. He *observes* if he meets *any of his acquaintance*; he *enquires* respecting their health and their family. He *glances* perhaps at the shops as he passes; he *admires* the fashion of a buckle, and the metal of a tea-urn. *If* he *experiences* any *flights of fancy* (i. e. between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner) they are of a *short* extent; of the same nature *as the flight of a forest bird* clipped of his wings, and *condemned* to pass the rest of his life in a *farm-yard*."

THE

With silky (*u*) voice, and sacred flow'rs of speech,

In,

2. THE WALK OF A MAN OF TALENTS!

"On the other hand, THE MAN OF TALENTS gives *full scope* "to his imagination. *He laughs and cries.* Unindebted to *the* "*suggestions* of the surrounding objects, *his whole soul* is em-"ployed!"

We are now to prepare *for the employment of the whole soul* of a man of talents from Temple Bar to Hyde Park Corner, and the Reader will observe that he has enough to do.

"HE (the man of talents) *enters* into *nice* calculations; he "*digests sagacious reasonings.*"

(All this is done between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner.)

"In imagination he *declaims or describes*, impressed with the "*deepest* sympathy, or elevated to the *loftiest* rapture. He passes "though a *thousand* imaginary scenes, *tries his courage, tasks his* "*ingenuity*, and *thus* becomes *gradually prepared* to meet *almost any* "of the *many-coloured* events of human life. He consults *by the* "*aid of memory* the books he has read, (N. B. a man of talents "never reads in the streets,) and he *projects* others for the *future* "*instruction* and *delight* of mankind."

(I always said Mr. G. himself *projected* his book on Justice, and this on Education, *in the streets*; Sic tu *triviis, indocte* solebas.)

"*If* he *observes* the passengers, (the dull man only observes "his *acquaintance*) he reads their countenances, conjectures "*their past* history, and forms *a superficial* notion of their "*wisdom and folly*, their virtue or vice, satisfaction or "misery. *If* he observes the scenes that occur, it is with the "eye of a connoisseur or an artist," (The *dull* man above minds only *buckles and tea urns*) "Every object is *capable* of "suggesting to him *a Volume of Reflections.*" (Mr. G. must mean *his own volume* now before me, called *Reflections* on man-

ners

In soft *probation* (*x*) for a Foundling's gown,

To

ners, education, and literature.) "The time of *these two persons* "in *one* respect resembles; it has *brought them both to Hyde Park* "*Corner*. In almost every other respect it is dissimilar."

Here is the denouement, or Ευρηκα *of Philosopher* GODWIN, and I have no doubt, he thinks it a discovery in Terra jam cognita, as he will allow the ground to be between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner. I cannot say the Parallel is quite in the manner of Plutarch; but it is *very instructive*. No man can ever be again at a loss to know a man of talents, from a man without, *in the streets*. I had often been puzzled, till I met with this instructive volume of Reflections.

When the Reader has considered this, and all the other parts I have produced, and thousands which I have omitted, he will remember that MR. GODWIN has *set* HIMSELF up for a Legislator, a Reformer, a Philosopher, a destroyer of ancient prejudices, and a builder of new systems, a guide through the darkness of the world by this new light; and he expects the obeisance of mankind. I am sure, I cannot even conceive how any man or woman could be induced to worship BEFORE SUCH AN IMAGE of Democracy and Tyranny, whoever may sound the cornet, sackbut, or dulcimer at the dedication. It is not an image of gold; it is an image of *iron mixed with miry clay*.

This it is to instruct the world, to reform it, to make it happy. Mr. G. comes in such a questionable shape, that I know not when to finish my questions I might go on chapter by chapter in this manner. Let any man look at his opinions, and *the nature* of his knowledge and his pretensions. I must copy two thirds (at the least) if I wished to express, and to expose, all that is reprehensible in this volume, or wicked, or ridiculous, or trite beyond belief. I would hold up Mr. G.'s

own

To please some guardian Midas of the town,

Who,

own propositions, in his own words, to all persons who have understanding, and let them judge for themselves. Let them fairly decide whether his impiety be not *even less* than his folly and the weakness of his understanding more visible than the plunging violence of his exertions. Dat operam, ut *cum ratione* insaniat.

Mr. Godwin is at best but a mongrel, or an exotic. He is grafted upon the stock of Condorcet, and the French rabble on French ground; but he has not even the *raciness* of that teeming soil. English minds will not long bear the grossness of such an imposition; for we are better and earlier taught, than he wishes we should be. Reason indeed disclaims Mr. Godwin; of eloquence, and good writing, (in spite of all his dogmatism) he knows nothing; and of the Belles Lettres nearly as much as can be attained, or rather *picked up*, in a modern academy in some London Square, or at Islington.

But for Mr. Godwin we are to lay down Plato and Xenophon; for him we are to relinquish Aristotle and Tully; to him Locke is to give way, and the simplicity and tempered humour of Mr. Addison is to be lost in Mr. Godwin's effusions.

I really am fatigued with this man. Nothing but the importance of the consequences and effects of his wild, weak, wicked, and absurd notions, (I cannot dignify them with the name of principles, or αξιωματα) could have prevailed upon me to have wasted irretrievably so much of my time upon them.

From the period when *Philosopher* HUME first garbled his neglected "Treatise on Human Nature," and published it in the form of Essays, and set up a kind of *slop-shop* of morality in the suburbs of Atheism, we have had nothing but Essays upon Essays, till—we all know the consequence. And last of all comes

Philosopher

Who gives his vote from *judgment* and from *taste*;

Better

Philosopher GODWIN, and sets up his trumpery shop too in the same quarter; though he is willing to wait upon ladies and gentlemen at their own houses, with his "Gros paquet de toile *verte** & *rouge*," upon the principles and practice of the celebrated *Fripier* in Gil Blas, and with the same kind of justice. He presents you with his second-hand suits, with his "*habits de* "*drap tout unis*," and his "*habits de velours un peu passés*;" demands his *soixante ducats*, and then addresses you with the same cool effrontery; "*Vous êtes bien heureux qu' on se soit addressé à* "MOI, *plûtot qu' à un autre. Graces au ciel, j' exerce* rondement "*ma profession:* JE SUIS LE SEUL FRIPIER QUI AIT DE LA "MORALE.*" So much for *Philosopher* GODWIN, or LE PHILOSOPHE FRIPIER, *malgrè sa morale!*

To the learned world in particular (if they have ever drudged through the works of Mr. Godwin as I have done) I will address a few words from the second book of the Pyrrhonic Institutions of Sextus Empiricus, as applicable to WILLIAM GODWIN, after all the observations I have made on his writings.

Ε'ξομεν δι' ὁ ΤΟΝ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΝ ΤΟΥΤΟΝ διακρῖναι τὸ απο των αλλων Ζωων, και ΕΙΛΙΚΡΙΝΩΣ ΝΟΗΣΑΙ δυνησομεθα.†

(*s*) Volney.—See Dial. 1. (note *e*) of the P. of L. for an account of Mr. Volney's book, entitled, "Ruins, or Meditation on the Revolution of Empires."

(*t*) "Mocking the air with colours idly spread."

Shakspeare's King John.

I wish

* *Green* is the symbol of the *Irish*, and *Red* of French democratic factions.

† Sexti Empyrici Inst. Pyrrhon. l. 2. c. 5.

Better with Warner move with measur'd haste,

To

I wish to refer the reader to an excellent, very seasonable, and important pamphlet called "Reform, or Ruin," by J. Bowdler Esq. which is well written.

(*u*) All Doctors (and Bishops too) should remember it is one thing to preach, and another to print and publish their sermons. It is also high time for BISHOP HORSLEY (qui au travers de tout sa pieté *n' est pas Auteur impunément;* et qui a la satisfaction d' arracher *les Voluptueuses aux plaisirs,* * et *d' affermir dans leur devoir des Epouses ébranlées* par des amans seducteurs; though I cannot say, qu' on trouve *ses homélies,* et ses ouvrages *egalement* forts et *delicats*) it is high time I say, for my Lord Bishop Horsley to remember, that it was said of the Archbishop of Grenada, "Voila *un Sermon* qui sent furieusement l' Apoplexie.‡" I do not think that the *Archevêque* de Grenade, (I beg pardon) *Bishop* Horsley *(for I think, he never will be an Archbishop)* will appoint *me* to be his Secretary, or in the inimitable words of Le Sage, be desirous "avoir près de lui un homme *(comme moi)* qui ait de la literature, et une *bonne* main *pour mettre au net ses homélies.*†"

I may add, that *if* I should take a walk through the Bishop's *literary* grounds, I fear I should be found *damage-feasant*; and *if* I were to enter *the premises* at Rochester or Westminster, and be prosecuted for it, I should certainly direct my counsel to plead a special "*Nil habuit in tenementis.*" (See Lord Raymond's Rep. 1550) For though his Lordship, as Plaintiff, is but

* See his *Magdalen Homily*, and his speeches in the H. of L. in cases of Adultery.

‡ Gil Blas, liv. 1. ch. 15. † Ib. liv. 7. ch. 4 &c.

To lend *new* pleasure (*y*) to a pedant's ear,

Appeal

but an *Assignee*, he may take advantage of *the estoppel*, for *it runs with the land*. See Co. Lytt. 152. and Salk. 276.

Truth, erudition, and ability, always fail in their effect, if their professors enforce them with violence, or asperity in the manner, or with imprudence in the choice of subjects, and in the place of delivering them.

(*x*) I allude to any *popular* preacher. It is really humiliating and degrading to the Clergy to preach *probationary* sermons, on any vacancy of a chaplainship at any of the charitable foundations, before *such a set* of judges. One is for voice and action, another for what he calls learning, others for the tender passions, some for appeals to reason, and others again love *logic* and close argument. No Divine can satisfy such judges, but such a Doctor, as is described by John of Salisbury, "Doctor sanc-"tissimus ille Gregorius, qui *melleo prædicationis imbre* totam "*rigavit et inebriavit* Ecclesiam!" It is high time to put these affairs on a more respectable footing for the Clergy.

I think indeed, that the business, elections, &c. belonging to all Hospitals, and all public charities, should be transacted *by a Committee* of the Subscribers, *elected annually*. A Committee composed of twenty-one persons would be sufficient, and *the present mode of canvassing for offices might be suppressed*, which is much to be desired. It might be easily carried into effect. The propriety of such a measure being generally adopted in London, and near the metropolis, is evident; and I wish this hint may be attended to by men of sense and judgment.

(*y*) See a Treatise lately published, entitled "METPON APIΣTON, or a *New Pleasure*, recommended in a Dissertation on Greek and Latin Prosody, (1797.)". It is without any permission,

Appeal to Bryant, nor his judgment fear;
Better to state-arithmetic be bred,
Tell Jacobins and Tories by the (*yy*) head;

Prove

permission, and I think with considerable effrontery, dedicated to Mr. Bryant in a style perfectly new. If almost every page of this treatise were not sillier, wilder, and more extravagant than the preceding, I might be tempted to take some notice of it's multifarious contents; for they are very numerous indeed. They commence with the laws passed in King Priam's reign *(I beg Mr. Bryant's pardon)* under his marine Minister, when Troy was attacked and *invaded* by the Grecians, and are continued down to the present French war and the incomprehensible Cavalry Act, under George the Third of Great Britain. As it does not appear to me possible for this Author, (I use *his own* words in *his own* treatise) to "*put off the monkey and bring out the man*," I shall say nothing further of this farrago of learned nonsense. (1797.)

(*yy*) Mr. Burke gave it as his opinion, in his "Two Letters on the Proposals for peace," (1796) that there are 400,000 political citizens in Great Britain, of whom 80,000 are pure Jacobins, and the other four-fifths perfectly sound," &c. &c.

In this particular instance I shall only say of this great and venerable man, what one of Dante's Commentators says on a passage in the *Purgatorio*; "Per verità, *é un gran capriccio*; ma in ciò *segue il suo stile*." Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, and Burke, all abound in similar *capriccios*; but I will add Dr. Johnson's admirable words; "He that can put these *(capriccios)* in balance with their beauties, must be considered not as nice but dull, as less to be censured for want of candour, than pitied for want of sensibility." Life of Milton.

Prove that no dogs, as through the streets they range,
Give bone for bone in regular (z) exchange;
Or frame, with Marsh, (a) strange theorems to try
Some manuscript's divine identity;

With

(z) Here is another little *capriccio* of a man of no common sagacity, the late Adam Smith. He says seriously, by way of illustration; "No body *ever saw a dog* make *a fair and deli-* "*berate* exchange of *one bone* for another with another *dog*." Smith's Wealth of Nations, Vol. 1. p. 20. Ed. 8vo. This philosophy is nearly of the same date as Adam's ancestor* in Eden, and I can only say in reply, "Who ever *expected* "to see a dog do so?"—We have all heard and read of that snarling sect the Cynics, and if we could convert dogs into philosophers, or what is harder still, philosophical propositions *into meat and bones*, (which I fear is more than most *Scotch* Professors can do) I should apply metaphorically the following lines from a celebrated Poet, a great observer of *human* nature:

"So when *two dogs* are fighting * in the streets,
With *a third dog* one of *the two dogs* meets;
With angry tooth he bites him to the bone,
And *this dog* smarts for what *that dog* has done."

---

* In the *most extensively learned* book I ever saw, (for the size of it) and the best arranged, I mean the "Philosophia Generalis &c. per Theophilum Gale," there is *actually* a Chapter, "*De Philosophia Adami*." L. 1. C. 1. s. 5.—A *Capriccio!*

* i. e. For *a bone*, or for any thing which is an object of *fair and deliberate* exchange.

With Hargrave to the Peers approach with awe,
And sense and grammar sink in Yorke and law (*b*);

Better

(*a*) A learned and ingenious Critic, the Rev. Wm. Marsh, (Translator of Michaelis's Introduction to the New Testament, to which he has added many valuable notes and illustrations) published in the year 1795, "Letters to Archdeacon Travis, on the subject of a Greek Manuscript in the Public Library at Cambridge, printed at Leipzig, but sold in London by R. Marsh, Fleet-street." Mr. Marsh's theorem is so totally new, and so unparalleled, that I shall laugh hereafter at any man who tells me, that the chances *for* or *against* any thing are only 100,000 to 1.

"*General Theorem*, by which *the identity* of Manuscripts *is determined*, from a coincidence in their Readings." (Letters, p. 70.)—I omit it in *this* edition of my Poem, as the theorem is judged to be too long and uninteresting.

(*b*) See lately published, "The Jurisdiction of *the Lords House* of Parliament, by Sir Matthew Hale," and an introductory preface by F. Hargrave, Esq. the Editor. 1796. Mr. Hargrave is universally acknowledged to be one of the soundest and most learned lawyers in the kingdom. But when he will *step out of his way*, and turn rhetorician, and fancy that he is writing like Cicero de Oratore, there is some difference between the Roman, and the English advocate.

Mr. Hargrave, in his preface, thus writes concerning the Rt. Hon. Charles Yorke, the short lived and lamented Chancellor: "He *was a modern* constellation *of English jurisprudence*, whose digressions *from the exuberance of the best juridical knowledge* were illuminations; *whose* energies *were* oracles; whose constancy

Better be White though dubious (*c*) of my fame,
Or wisely sink my own in (*d*) Homer's name;

Better

of mind was *won into the pinnacle* of our English forum at an inauspicious moment; *whose exquisiteness of sensibility, at almost the next moment from the impressions of imputed error, stormed the fort of even his highly-cultivated reason*, and so made elevation and extinction contemporaneous; *and whose prematureness of fate —has caused an almost insupplicable interstice in the science of English equity.*" Pref. p. 181. I really think Mr. Hargrave has dived through all the celebrated ten fountains of invention, from which "* *he has taken in water for a happy voyage over the procellose ocean of his funeral parentation*" of CHARLES YORKE.

I pretend not to comprehend this passage in all its sublimity but upon one principle which, as it appears to me, is the grand, though secret, design of Mr. Hargrave to leave *upon record* to his brethren: It is this: "THAT A LAWYER, WHO WRITES SO "CLEARLY AS TO BE UNDERSTOOD, IS AN AVOWED ENEMY "TO HIS PROFESSION."

(*c*) See the learned and very ingenious (but rather declamatory) Sermons by Professor White of Oxford, at the Bampton Lecture. But in this, as in many other cases, it seems, "Garth "did not write *his own* dispensary."—I always thought the charge ridiculous: yet learned men would "write about it and about it." Any thing will serve for a controversy. Enquire of Messrs. Ireland, Malone, and Chalmers, at the *Shakspeare Manufactory* in Norfolk-street, in the Strand. (1797.)

(*d*) The Rev. Dr. Parr will best explain this verse. See his *sublime* Apostrophe, "*Spirit* of Henry *Homer!* &c. &c. &c. Letter to Dr. Coombe, by an occasional Writer in the British Critic.

* Hist. of Friar Gerund, Vol. 2. p. 265.

Better to disappoint the public hope,
Like Warton driveling (*e*) on the page of POPE; (*f*)
While

(*e*) The Booksellers may say in Sir Philip Sidney's words: "What fools were we to mingle such *driveling* speeches among "(WARBURTON's) noble thoughts! (Sir P. S's Arcadia.")

Pan etiam *Arcadiâ* dicat se judice victum.

The typographical errors in Latin, Greek, and English in this edition are numerous beyond all belief; so numerous as to be very inconvenient to the reader.

The reason why I have, in the following passages, examined the edition so particularly, is this. There is no Author in our language, whose works admit of such important illustration, moral, religious, critical, and argumentative, as Mr. Pope's. This opportunity has been now unfortunately lost; and it must be seen that our great poet has been disgraced, and a fond admiring Nation is left to lament the negligence, inattention, and impropriety, (I use the mildest terms) with which this work has been performed, except in the *critical* part of Dr. W's notes, which I *generally* approve. I have *proved* this in the following remarks; and I have given the most cogent reasons.

My sole object is the good of the kingdom, which I will strive to support *systematically*, WHOEVER OR WHATEVER MAY STAND IN THE WAY. "Hoc illis dico, qui me non intelligunt."

(*f*) See the new edition of Pope's Works by *the Rev. Dr.* JOSEPH WARTON, late Head-master of Winchester School. The mildest words I can use are, "Tantamne rem *tam negli-* "*genter?*" I praised (and liberally enough as some people thought) Dr. Joseph Warton's Common Place Book on Pope

While o'er the ground, that WARBURTON once trod,
The Winton Pedant shakes his little rod:

Content

in the First Dial. of the P. of L. and I still think it very entertaining and instructive.

But when a learned man appears, as the professed Editor of the most distinguished and the most interesting Poet of the nation, and when the public have been taught to expect the work as of great promise, we require something more *than mere copying his own old common place remarks* from one book, *to put them* in the form of notes at the bottom of the pages of another. It is mere book-making beneath the character of so learned a gentleman as Doctor Warton; it is to steal *from one's own self*. Yet the town is patient; "Marcus dixit ita est;" but I will not say so. Had this been done merely by the Booksellers, or by the whole *worshipful* Company of Stationers, it would have remained without notice from me. It would have been *an edition made with a pair of Scissars*, nothing more. But at the end of the Advertisement to this edition I find these words; "*For the rest of the notes* (except those by Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton) *I am answerable*. JOSEPH WARTON."

When the ILLUSTRIOUS friend of Pope, WILLIAM WARBURTON, (sublime even in his exorbitances, and dignified in sagacity and erudition,) condescended to become an Editor, I should have preferred reprinting his edition as it stood. But, in some particulars, I am indeed ashamed of the present edition, as it is *now* offered to the public. If Dr. Warton had neither time, nor spirits, nor industry, nor leisure, nor inclination, *he should not have undertaken a work* so important to the world. But as there is no other new edition to be had of an elegant form, type, and paper, (and this is *very pretty*) many persons will desire to have it, and I am sure I will not refuse it a place in my library.

Content *his own* stale scraps to steal or glean,
Hash'd up and season'd with an old man's spleen; (*ff*)
Nor e'en the Bard's deformity can 'scape,
" His pictur'd person and his libel'd (*g*) shape;"
Ah,

(*ff*) See Dr. Warton's *personal* notes on Pope and Warburton *passim* throughout the work, splenetic in the extreme.

(*g*) Poets are often prophets. POPE little thought that, fifty years after his death, a learned Editor would revive some *imputed trash*, (perhaps) *not his own*, and actually give to the malignant curiosity of some folks, " His libelled person and his pictured " shape." (Prol. to Pope's Satires, v. 353.) It is strange that Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Pope should have the same fate. The figure of Mr. G. has been presented to the world and to posterity by *his friend*, Lord Sheffield (See Mr. G's posthumous Miscellanies, 4to Vol. 1.) and Mr. Pope's contemptible appearance by *the kindness* of his editor.

I have many and great objections to this edition; but I shall only state a few. An edition of Pope is a fair and a very proper subject of criticism. I think the title page contemptuous; " With notes and illustrations by J. WARTON, D.D. and *others*." To include WILLIAM WARBURTON, Bishop of Gloucester and Author of the Divine Legation, under the title of *others*, required an assurance equal at least to the dilettante spirit which too frequently prevails in Dr. Warton's comments. In this instance, as he says of the great Samuel Johnson, " temulentus " videtur."

Mr. Pope himself said to Dr. Warburton, " *No hand can set my works in so good a light*, or so well turn their *best* side

Ah, better to unlearn'd oblivion hurl'd,

Then

to the day, *as your own.*" Upon which Dr. Warton remarks; "Without incurring, I hope, the censure of being a short-sighted and malevolent critic, I venture to say, that our Author's fond expectation of his Commentator's setting his works in the best light, was extremely ill-founded." * I believe Mr. Pope will be found the best judge of his own interest. Dr. Warton may remember these lines;

"Critics I saw *that other names deface,*
And fix their own, with labour, in their place;
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, AND LEFT THE FIRST BEHIND."

Such was the inscription in a Temple, from which it will be difficult to erase the name of William Warburton, and substitute the name of Joseph Warton. I have no personal partiality for Warburton; he was long before my time; nor have I the honour (such I should indeed esteem it) of an acquaintance with Bishop Hurd, his venerable friend and compeer. But I was born to admire erudition and genius, and to vindicate them when they are insulted.

Dr. Warton's life of Pope is not well written as to the matter, or the manner of it. The style is defective and often vulgar: I shall instance a passage or two. The perpetual vulgarism of the term "*our* author."—"Dennis pursued *our* author in bitter "invectives, against every work he *gradually* published." p. 18. "After arriving at eminence *by so many capital* compositions, "*our* author," &c. &c. p. 24. "Which, as an uncommon "curiosity, *one* would have been glad *to have beheld.*" p. 11. "Dr. Warburton's defence of the Essay on Man ultimately "*got*

* Pope. Warton's Edit. Vol. 9. p. 377.

Then give to Perry (*h*) what I owe the world;

And

" *got him a wife* and a bishopric," p. 45. " Into what a *mass* " has he *raised* and *expanded* so slight a *hint!*" p. 21. Dr. W. is fond of " *delicious* lines, and *delicious* passages," &c. I cannot specify more of them in this note.

He commends Voltaire too often, and too much. He is also perpetually praising the German Professor Heyne, who has grossly insulted our English Universities and public schools in his writings. Yet *we*, good easy men, have republished *his* Virgil, and all *his* ponderous dissertations. Professor Heyne was originally a mechanic; he was not born with taste, and he never acquired elegance. His learning is without discernment; for more embodied dulness, or a heavier mass of matter than *his* Virgil I never saw. The shrine of the Poet is indeed loaded with offerings, but it is illuminated with rays from Gottingen.

It was very bold and *very indecent* in the *Reverend* Dr. Warton, to publish Pope's Imitation of the Second Satire of the first Book of Horace. Pope never * printed it in his works himself; Dr. Warburton refused to admit it; no common edition whatsoever of Pope has admitted it; and it is printed only in a vulgar appendix in two volumes. But if Mr. Pope had actually described e ry nymph in the seraglio of " the pious " Needham," must the Reverend Dr. Warton publish such a poem

* Dr. W. indeed says, vol. 1. Life p. 56. " Pope *suffered* his " friend Dodsley to print it as *his* writing in one edition 12mo." I never saw it, but I can believe the Doctor. Pope was undoubtedly ashamed of it.

And idly busy in my choice perplext, 510
Throw

poem, merely because Mr. Pope had written it?—This sixth volume of Dr. Warton's edition should be reprinted; and this scandalous poem, and some other parts of it, omitted.

With the Commentators * on Shakspeare, Pope, &c. of modern days, there is no such thing as an invocation to *Intermissa* VENUS; for the Goddess has actually deserted her beloved Cyprus, *In hos* TOTA *ruens*. (See Horace for the rest.)

" Te, Venus Regina, *pio* vocantum
" Thure WARTONI ET STEPHANI decoras
" Transfer in ædes.

I have indeed no doubt the poem is by Pope; and as to mere wit, and point in the imitation, it is perhaps the best. But what then? Mr. Pope's works are distinguished for peculiar correctness in taste and morals; and are intended for the most general, and the most unqualified perusal. D. W. might as well have printed Mr. E's *Geranium* in his comments, or any other light and vigorous sally of a *very* young man, forgiven as such and forgotten, as the following lines, if the reader will believe they are printed IN POPE'S WORKS.

" Or when a tight neat girl will serve the turn,
" In errant pride continue * * * !
" I'm a plain man, whose maxim is profest,
" The thing at hand is of all things the best."
Vol. 6. p. 51.---see also p. 49. worse still.

I, though an anonymous layman, refuse to print the passage *in full* which *the Reverend* Doctor Warton has printed and sanctioned *with his name* as Editor of Pope's Works. " Nobis non

* See The P. of L. Dial. 1.

Throw years of labour on a single text,

(Alike

non licet esse *tam disertis*, qui musas colimus, severiores." If Mr. Pope had often written *thus*, his works must have been consigned to the library of a brothel. *This* edition of Pope's works will be sent into every part of the civilized world; and can it be said, that I speak without reason? Surely I am not pleading for public decency in vain.

The Doctor at least should have dedicated this sixth volume to the Ladies—of the Commons. To what other ladies could he present this volume? Yet so it is: "Doctors rush in, where laymen fear to tread." But because Pope called this, "Sober advice from Horace," the Doctor thought there could be no harm in it. Dr. W. observes, that "the first step in the literary "as well as in the political world is of the utmost conse-"quence." * I would remind the Doctor of the *last* step in *both* these worlds, which he seems to have forgotten.

I think the political principles in the notes are frequently false, and in many instances dangerous. I cannot copy whole notes; but I wish any sensible man would refer to the passages and examine them. If they are right, in such a world as this and in such a state of society as the present, I will give up the whole of my objections. Dr. W. tells us from Sir Thomas Browne, "That there is *a certain list of vices* committed in all ages, and *declaimed against* by all authors, which will last as long as human nature, or digested into common places, may serve for any theme, and never be out of date till doomsday." (Vol. 4. p. 318.) Instead of a spirited vindication of moral satire, Dr. W. laughs at the effects of it, and very unadvisedly seems to discourage even *the endeavours* after a reformation of manners. If I am asked how? I answer thus.

Dr.

* Pope's Life, p. 14.

(Alike to me, encas'd in Grecian bronze,

Koran.

Dr. Warton tells us, from *a certain Wit*, "Mount in the pulpit with Bourdaloue, or take the pen with La Bruyere, it is only so much time lost; the world will go on as before." The morality of Voltaire cannot surely be the morality of Dr. Warton. He lastly informs us, that Pope, in those Dialogues, "exhibits many and strong marks of petulance, party spirit, and self-importance, and of assuming to himself the character of Censor-general." (vol. 4. p. 345.) As if in answer to this unjust and outrageous character, with a singular anticipating sagacity, Pope seems himself to have replied to the Doctor, in *his own* concluding note to these Dialogues, in language, sentiment, and dignity beyond all praise.

I may add, that if this mode of arguing against every *endeavour* to reform the manners of mankind, and to recall them to virtue and wisdom, is to be adopted, we are indeed in the high road to ruin and revolution. Fortunately there is as much sense as there is policy and truth, in this indiscreet and dangerous doctrine. I might as well say; "There is always a certain list or catalogue of diseases, infirmities, and miseries attendant upon every human being in every stage of his earthly existence, and which will appear, disquiet, and lay waste the species in all ages. The art of medicine never can wholly remove them, and they will *never be out of date till doomsday*. What is the use of the physician and his skill? We should never apply to him, but suffer silently, till our dissolution takes place, without any attempt to remove the pain or misery which flesh is heir to, even when it is in our power to mitigate, or perhaps to cure them."

I really cannot pass doctrines like these without animadversion, especially when they are either recommended, or approved,

by

Koran, or Vulgate, Veda, Priest, or *Bonze*,)

And

by a Doctor of the Church whose office it is to declare, pronounce, and enforce the doctrine of moral reformation. He should not forget the constitution of the natural and moral world. "Good is set against evil, and life against death. So look upon the works of the Most High; *there are two and two, one against another.*" I feel I am right in submitting such remarks as these to the public.

As to political sentiments, I own I was surprised to read many notes, but particularly these words in vol. 4. p. 333, on the compliment Virgil paid to Cato. "A much *honester* "passage (says Dr. Warton) is that in which Virgil had the "courage to represent his hero assisting the Etruscans in *punish-*"*ing** their tyrannical king, in the 8th book of the Æneid. "v. 494."

> "Ergo omnis *furiis* surrexit ETRURIA *justis*,
> REGEM AD SUPPLICIUM præsenti marte REPOSCUNT."

Dr. W. knows that Julius Cæsar was not Mezentius; and I am sure he cannot approve and recommend this passage, which has been in the mouth of every modern Regicide from the murderers of Charles I. to the murderers of Louis XVI. But why perpetually call out these passages to public notice? Why dwell upon the "morgue et grandeur des Souverains," "the authorised type of a Lion, &c. &c." (Vol. 4. p 330.) in times like these? We all love liberty as well as Dr. W. but a wise and good man discerns the signs of the Times. These are the undermurmurings of a spurious, bastard, half-republicanism; I like them not.

I write

* *Punishing* is the modern democratical word for *murdering*.

, And lend to truth itself unhallow'd aid,

In

I write with indignation against *such* an edition of such a poet. Does any Husband, or Father, think of cautioning his wife, his daughter, or his son, against *any* part whatsoever of Pope's works? If this edition becomes general, it will be necessary to do so. I have no personal dislike to Dr. Warton: my business with him is solely, as Editor of Pope; and in that character nothing can justify him. Am I to spare public criticism on an edition of Pope's works, because of Dr. Warton's age, (is it in the title page?) or for the variety and extent of his learning? Surely not. They are both strong against the deed; and Dr. Warton's own words of himself are, "*I am answerable.*"

Pope was in his hands in double trust: First, as he is the most moral and correct poet of the nation, the consistence of his fame and character should have been preserved, even by the partiality of an editor. Secondly, Dr. W. stood bound to his country, from his sacred profession, not to contaminate the rising youth of either sex by such filthiness and rank obscenity as would disgrace the vileſt magazine. By this he has committed a great offence against the public, which he cannot repair. I am sure I have spoken nothing of Dr. W.'s private character; but his edition is open to me, and to the whole world. It challenges my notice; and executed as it is, it demands the very spirit of Satire. Ense velut stricto Lucilius ardens infremuit.

The very indecent chapter of "The Double Mistress," *in this scandalous Sixth Volume*, should have been omitted, in the Memoirs of Scriblerus. (Vol. 6. p. 150.) In the Second Volume there are a few trumpery, vulgar, copies of verses which disgrace the pages. I am ashamed of the low taste which

could

In all the rashness of a scholar's trade,

And

could suffer them to appear before the public. I again and again disclaim any personal harshness or severity on the character of Dr. Warton, with whom I am not even acquainted. All I call for loudly is, that *this sixth volume* should suffer what every catalogue yearly informs me, poor Hollingshead once suffered. I never before heard that *tenderness* was due to an edition of any work; but in these days, if an idea or opinion is but absurd, it will be considered as deep and sagacious.

I shall not make any further remarks on Dr. W's criticisms on Pope at present, they are often very just, curious and gratifying, but chiefly taken from his old Essay. I cannot now proceed. *Nos* genera degustamus, non bibliothecas discutimus.*

If I have written at large on this subject, it is because I thought it important. Nothing is intended *personally* to Dr. Joseph Warton in this note; but whoever, with the character of a scholar, had published Pope's Works *in this manner*, would have received the same strong reprobation from me.

This Poem on the Pursuits of Literature is designed to represent and hold forth to the people of Great Britain whatever directly or indirectly strikes at, or affects, the existence of the public morality, or of the principles by hich the constitution of England, or of society itself in a polished and well guarded-state, is maintained in vigour and in sound health. Dr. Warton may be, and I doubt not he is, a sensible, well-informed, agreeable, and very ingenious man, and of amiable manners in private life. Of these I have said nothing; I am sure I am not disposed to contradict or to question them. But, in his office and character of *Editor* of Pope's works, I solemnly impeach him of a high crime and

* Quint. lib. 10. c. 1.

And fall, like (*i*) Porson.

OCTAVIUS.

and misdemeanor before his country, as I have proved at large. It is a material part of my work, to mark the offences, errors, or aberrations of men of eminence in literature. If I shrink from this duty on any consideration whatsoever, I hope I shall be despised and neglected. *Non me Phœbi cortina fefellit.*

We should naturally look to so learned and ingenious a man as Dr. Warton (I always esteemed him as such) for instruction and improvement in classical taste, and moral sentiment. But when a Pilot of long experience not only neglects the care of the vessel intrusted to his skill and fidelity, but almost voluntarily directs it into the port of an enemy, or by extreme negligence and inattention exposes it to the danger of a shipwreck, he should not be surprised if he meets the fate of Palinurus.

Gubernaclum (*non vi, sed* SPONTE,) remissum,
Cui datus hærebat CUSTOS, cursusque regebat,
Præcipitans traxit secum! (1797.)

(*h*) *Perry*, put synonimously for the printer of any factious newspaper.

(*i*) See Mr. Professor Porson's Letter to Archdeacon Travis, of which the world has now heard *quite enough*. I hope this very learned and gifted man will now begin some work of importance; but it is, and ever was, beneath his great abilities to write in the little *democratic closet* fitted up for the wits at the Morning Chronicle office. It may do well enough for some other *ingenious* men, if a certain political Dramatist's computations will leave them *any* abilities at all, which I begin to doubt.

What is mere genius, without a *regulated* life! Young men *about town* (to use that detestable phrase,) will at last allow it, if they

OCTAVIUS.

You may spare your pains,
He gives no ear to any modern strains,
Save

they look at all the tattered, sin-worn fragments of their species, whom they meet in their walks.

To shew the deformity of vice to the rising hope of their Country, the policy of ancient Sparta exhibited an inebriated Slave. As to the pursuits of heedless pleasure in excess, it has been wisely observed, that " The Constitution of nature marks out the course we should follow, and the end we should aim at. To make pleasure, and mirth, and jollity, our *business*, and to be constantly hurrying about after some gay amusement, some new gratification of sense, or appetite, to those who *will consider* the nature of man, and our condition in the world, will appear the most *romantic* scheme of life which ever entered into thought. Yet many go on in this course, without learning better from the daily, the hourly disappointments, listlessness, and satiety, which accompany this fashionable method of wasting away their da[illegible]."

I think indeed that the words of *Junius* are as true in a moral and religious sense, as they are in their political and original application. " If life be the bounty of heaven, we scornfully reject the *noblest* part of the gift, if we consent to surrender THAT CERTAIN RULE OF LIVING, without which the condition of human nature is not only miserable, but *contemptible*."*

As

* Junius, Letter 20.

Save those, by Oberèa (*k*) fondly sung,
What time Opano (*l*) trembled on her tongue.

AUTHOR.

Censure or praise let others seek or fear:
Look at *my* verse, the superscription there,
The cause that I defend: 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
The statesman's, and the peasant's. In my line,
All

As the *descent* to a life *merely sensual* is accelerated in a proportion which is always increasing, I wish most affectionately, that if any ingenuous and sensible, though perhaps thoughtless, young man of fashion, fortune, and talents, should happen to read this note, he may above all things remember this great sentence from Junius, and write it upon the tablet of his heart.

(*k*) See "An Epistle from Oberea, Queen of Otaheite, to "Joseph Banks, Esq." (now Sir Joseph Banks), Mr. Porson's favourite modern poem, which he can say, or rather *sing* to his friends, as I am told. It is very ingenious, but rather too free; and the versification is exquisite.

(*l*) *Opano* or *Tabano* was the manner in which the name of Banks was pronounced at Otaheite. But in this learned language, as Mr. Zachary Fungus says to his brother Isaac in the Commissary, "Pshaw! you blockhead, I tell you THE NAME "*does not signify nothing.*"

All find in me a patron and a friend,
Unseen, unknown, unshaken to the end.
Yes, from the depths of Pindus shall my rhymes,
Through this mis-order'd world, these lawless times,
Be heard in Albion and her inmost state:
All that the good revere, and bad men hate,
In spirit and in substance, as of old,
The Muse in her *Asbestos* (*m*) shall enfold.

This is my *Method*.—Though I sometimes stray
From Euclid's rigid rules to Fancy's way;
Yet have I mus'd on Granta's willowy strand,
The sage of Alexandria in my hand,
And mark'd his symbols deep; while o'er my ear
Truth pour'd her strain in harmony severe.

I sought

(*m*) I know not whether I need mention it, but it was an ancient Roman custom to wrap dead bodies, before they were placed on the funeral pile, in a cloth made from a stone called *Amiantus* or *Linum vivum*, by some called the *Asbestos*, on which fire had no power. (See D'Aubenton, Tableau Méthodique des Mineraux, p. 10. Edit. Par. 8vo. 1784.)

I sought the Stagirite; and could divide
(No Scotsman near, no Gillies (*nn*) by my side)
His sober sense from pride of intellect,
What Locke confirm'd, or warn'd me to reject.

Thence soaring on the balanc'd wings of thought,
(As Kepler hinted, but as Newton taught,)
My mind in calm ascension to the height
Of the world's temple, through the abyss of light,
Mid wand'ring fires and every starr'd abode,
Explor'd the works and wonders of the GOD,
Who fix'd the laws of order, time, and place,
In his own great *sensorium*, (*o*) boundless space.

The

(*nn*) Since writing this verse, I am happy to say, that I think we are much indebted to Dr. Gillies for offering to the Public, *at this period*, an English translation* of the two most important treatises on morality and politics, which antiquity can boast. No man can read these works without being wiser and better, particularly the Politicians of the day. (March 1798.)

(*o*) "DEUS, *in spatio infinito*, tanquam *in sensorio suo*, res intimè cernit, &c. &c." Newton Princip. Schol. General. sub fin.

* Aristotle's Ethics and Politics, 2 vol. 4to. 1798.

The Chemist's magic flame, the curious sport
Amber first gave, would oft my fancy court:
Led through creation's consecrated range,
Each flower, and plant, and stem, with every change
Of vegetative life, *in order* brought,
I magnified Linnæus, (*t*) as I thought;
But spurn'd unfeeling science, cruel tales
Of Virgin (*q*) rabbets, and of headless (*r*) snails,

And

(*t*) But not in the spirit of that silly man, who inscribed these words under the print of Linnæus: "DEUS creavit, *Lin-* "*næus* disposuit."—There is more folly in the inscription, than any intention of impiety; it is the mere rage of antithesis without reflection. But in this botanizing age, it should not pass without observation to *all* naturalists. There is a sublime picture of a heathen Poet, which is not unworthy of any man who acknowledges "THE WORKER distinct from the work,"

Stabat anhela metu, SOLUM *Natura* TONANTEM
*Respiciens!**

(*q*) *Virgin* Rabbets.—I allude in general to all needless, and cruel experiments upon animals. All that breathe, and feel, and enjoy the gift of life from their Creator are entitled to protection from man, under those limits and degrees which an honest and upright mind knows without being told. But in this place I particularly allude to an anecdote *related to me by a friend*, of a Paper read at the Royal Society in the course of the last winter, (1797,) on the subject of generation.

* Stat. Achil. l. 1. 488.

And through the realms of Nature as I trod,
Bow'd

The animal chosen for these savage experiments by the merciless Doctor, was the Rabbet. Decency and humanity alike forbid the exposure of the process, and the mutilation of the parts of generation, before and after the animal was impregnated, and I think, in one or two of them, before the coitus. Surely to sit calmly and to watch with an impure, inhuman, and unhallowed curiosity the progress of the desires, and the extinction of the natural passions in devoted animals, after such mutilations and experiments, is a practice useless, wicked, foolish, degrading, and barbarous. There is no justification of such a practice to be offered. The mystery itself is not to be disclosed to man; but it seems we will know every thing: yet I wish we would also recollect that we must account for our knowledge.

When an experiment, for any purpose useful to millions of our fellow-creatures, has been once made upon an animal, it should be *finally* recorded by men of science and veracity, as authentic and satisfactory, not to be repeated. Sometimes, as I was told, the idea of cruelty exercised upon these animals was for a moment lost in the ridiculous terms, which were perpetually repeated in these papers, which occupied three or four sittings of the Royal Society. My friend told me, that he actually thought that SIR CHARLES BLAGDEN, KNIGHT, AND then SECRETARY to the R. S. had been provided with specimens, and that he expected to see *Virgin* Rabbets, *married* Rabbets, and *matron* Rabbets produced from a basket on the table to lick, as in scorn and contempt, the very mace of a society, which night after night could sit and hear such a cruel farrago without indignation, but with half-smiles and simpers at the *virginity* of these unprotected, devoted, miserable animals.

When

Bow'd at the throne, and saw (*s*) the pow'r, of GOD.
In morals, in religion, in the state,
In science, *without order*, ALL I hate.

OCTAVIUS.

When Papers are thus publicly offensive, they should be publicly reprobated, and *not suffered to be produced* before the Royal Society, upon a pretence of promoting natural knowledge. WHY HAS THE SOCIETY A COUNCIL? THE COUNCIL should be a literary and philosophical *Grand Jury*. If it is not so, it is of no use whatsoever, but to gratify the silly vanity of dilettanti noblemen and *busy Romish Baronets*. I should think Mr. PLANTA, the very learned, judicious, accurate, and well-informed Secretary to the R. S. would be of my opinion. To make such experiments as these, is to offer an insult to the *Sacrarium* of the Most High. For my own part, I would extend the famous speech of the Barons in the age of Henry the Third, I would thunder in the ears of the President and of the whole Royal Society, as a body, "Nolumus Leges NATURÆ mutari!" (1797.)

(*r*) Here is another savage instance to no end or purpose whatsoever, but the mere cruel sport of curiosity. The Abbé Spalanzani asserts that snails *re-produce their heads*, after the amputation of the original capita; and he actually made experiments numerous beyond belief. But in the Academie des Sciences 1778, the reader will find Mr. Cotte differs from the humane Abbé, and says, "that *out of thousands of snails* who have *suffered* the operation, there have not been above *five or six* of them which have, as it is pretended, *reproduced their heads*."

(*s*) Νουμενα καθορᾶται.
St. Paul.

OCTAVIUS.

Speak then, the hour demands; Is Learning fled?
Spent all her vigour, all her spirit dead?
Have Gallic arms and unrelenting war
Borne all her trophies from Britannia far?
Shall nought but ghosts and trinkets be display'd,
Since Walpole (*t*) ply'd the virtuoso's trade,
Bade sober truth revers'd for fiction pass,
And mus'd o'er Gothic toys through Gothic glass?
Since states, and words, and volumes, all are new,
Armies have *skeletons*, (*v*) and sermons (*w*) too; 571

So

(*t*) The late ingenious Earl of Orford, Horace Walpole. The spirit of enquiry which he introduced was rather frivolous, though pleasing, and his Otranto Ghosts have propagated their species with unequalled fecundity. The spawn is in every novel shop.

(*v*) The language of the House of Commons. It should have been in other terms: sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt. Sorrow is sacred, and should have the language of consolation even from the lips of a Statesman.

So teach our Doctors warlike or divine,
Simeon by Cam, or Wyndham on the Rhine.
Where is *Invention*? is the modern store,
The same that old Chaldæa knew before;
All that the Gallic sage, with ill-starr'd wit,
Kens from his ancient (*x*) telescopic pit?

AUTHOR.

All is not lost: (*y*) the spirit shall revive:
Lowth yet instructs, and Blayney's (*z*) labours live;
With

(*w*) See Claude's Essay on a Sermon, with an Appendix, containing one hundred *Skeletons* of Sermons, &c. By Charles Simeon, M. A. Fellow of King's College Cambridge. 1796. This is as ludicrous and absurd in a Divine, as the term is offensive and unfeeling in Parliament during the miseries of war.

(*x*) See the "Origine des Decouvertes attribuées aux Mo-"dernes," 4to. par Monsieur DUTENS. 1797. The work is rather entertaining, but by no means encouraging, if the ingenious Author did not generally substitute conjecture for proof. He observes, page 130, in his tenth chapter, "that *the bottom of a* "*pit*, from whence we may see the stars at noon-day, may be "*imagined* to be *the primitive telescope*." Mr. Dutens may sit in calm contemplation at *the bottom of his* ancient *pit*, and from that natural primitive telescope see whatever best pleases his fancy;

With all who wander by the sacred fount,
(A chosen band!) encircling Sion's mount,
Fast by the fanes and oracles of GOD,
And mark, with King (*a*), where waves his awful rod.

The

but for my own part I prefer the prospect from a cliff with the assistance of modern ingenuity, whether *invented* by Democritus, Dollond, or Ramsden.

(*y*) I have in various parts of this Poem spoken of those writers, who have done honour to Great Britain. It is not indeed possible for me to name *all* those who, even now, form that constellation of ability and talents, which has been or may yet be displayed; and which Plutarch might call, in language somewhat lofty, (I think in his Treatise de Placitis Philosophorum,) the Πολλων και συνεχων Αστερων συμφωτιζομενων αλληλοις ΣΥΝΑΥΓΑΣΜΟΝ.

(*z*) The deeply-learned Translator and Commentator on Jeremiah, &c. &c. B. Blayney, D. D. Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford.

(*a*) As *The French Revolution and its Consequences* must occupy and alarm the thoughts of every man who reflects, and stands in awe of the misery and desolation which have been brought upon the earth, and of the judgments which may be *yet* impending over Europe, I think I may be excused by many persons for the note which I am now writing. But first I recommend to all those who either ignorantly, or inconsiderately, or impiously, or presumptuously deny, reject, or vilify *the Scriptures*, to pass it over entirely; for to them it will be foolishness; they have neither part nor lot in such a discussion.

But

The truth of evidence, the moral strain,

Nor

But under this restriction, and under this impression, I am inclined to extend the subject a little, and would call the public attention with much earnestness to some *few* parts of a book, printed in the beginning of the year 1788 in 4to, intitled "Morsels of Criticism, tending to illustrate some passages in the holy scriptures upon philosophical principles, and an enlarged view of things: by EDWARD KING, ESQ. F.R.A.S. printed for Robson and Robinson, in 1788." The title of it is objectionable on every account, open to ignorant ridicule, and certainly unadvised; but had a second edition of the work been called for, it might easily have been altered.*

The author of it appears to me, (*I speak from his book*) to be a gentleman of extensive erudition and ingenuity, and of accurate biblical knowledge, perhaps a little too fond of the theory, and sometimes a little whimsical in his application of natural philosophy; but never without a serious intention and a profound piety. He never forgets *the nature* of the subjects which he is treating. He seems to approach the sacred writings with that prostration of mind, that distrust of his own powers, and that self-abasement, which are *required* of those, who desire to look into the hidden things of God. I speak of the spirit by which he appears to me to be conducted, and (I repeat it,) *I speak from the work alone.* I shall contend for no interpretations given by Mr. King; but I propose them to public consideration; for I never observed more caution and more wariness than in this writer.

We know that it is declared, that "the book of Prophecy is sealed *till the time of completion.*" But the events of the world, of the Christian world, are so awful and so alarming as to induce us to believe, that they happen not without the immediate providence, and decree of THE SUPREME BEING against the superstition

* It has lately been reprinted in three volumes 8vo. (1800.)

Nor Hurd has preach'd, nor Paley taught in vain;

Socinus

superstition and corruptions of man, and for the fulfilling of *the preparation* for those times, when, "the Kingdoms of this world must (*in defiance of all human policy*) become the kingdoms of God and of his Christ!"

The direct and circumstantial evidence for Christianity is indeed very extensive, and it is also so minute and clear in many parts of it, and so cogent, as to form the strictest argument which a matter of fact can admit as a proof. But exclusive of it's doctrines and specific precepts, there is one point in which this Revelation can never be sufficiently considered, and which without study never will be comprehended, nor even imperfectly conceived: and without seriousness it should never be approached. It is this: "*The general design of* SCRIPTURE, considered *as* "*historical*, may be said to be, to give us an account of *the* "*World* in this one single view, AS GOD'S WORLD! by which "it appears *essentially distinguished from all other books*, except "such as are copied from it."† But on this idea it is not my province, to enlarge; I mean only to present it as the grand, luminous, and leading idea on this awful subject. I would conduct the reader into a safe and proper train of thinking, and leave him to pursue his own meditation. I have also read words, which are deemed *apocryphal*, but worthy of the highest power. "*All these things were made* THROUGH ME "ALONE, *and through none other*: BY ME ALSO SHALL THEY "BE ENDED, AND BY NONE OTHER!!!"‡

I will therefore offer, to persons seriously disposed, some passages from this work *written several years before the present events* had taken place in Europe, or could be conceived to be possible.

I wish

† Butler's Analogy Part 2. Ch. 7. ‡ Esdras, B. 2. Ch. 6. v. 7.

Socinus droops, and baffled Priestley flies,

And

I wish to be clearly understood, that I am not speaking in this note of *any other parts or interpretations in this work* of Mr. King. I am as little disposed to superstition and enthusiasm as any man living; and I do not give them as additions to the idle prophecies and random conjectures which have appeared in such numbers. I have too much reverence for the reader, and for myself, and for the subject. Mr. King offers them only as his interpretations of scripture, submitted to a calm discussion. But the circumstance which peculiarly strikes me is this; that they were written *without any specific reference* to any nation in Europe, but simply and in general, that SUCH times and SUCH events might be expected *in some part* of the Christian world.

The first passage I shall present, is a portion of Mr. King's explanation of the 24th Chapter of St. Mathew's gospel, principally of the 29th verse.* In regard to which he says, "We "may remark, if the words are to be understood, as spoken "merely emblematically, then the images made use of are such "as are well known *to predict* (consistently with their constant "use in many other parts of prophecy) *a great destruction and* "*almost annihilation of many of those lawful powers which rule on* "*earth*, however beneficial any of them may be to the earth; "*and* A DREADFUL LESSENING OF THE DIGNITY AND SPLEN-"DOUR OF ALL GREATNESS, AND A SUBVERSION OF ALL "GOOD ORDER AND CIVIL GOVERNMENT! Than which "nothing can be expected more formidable. Dreadful indeed "must be A TIME, *(if such an one is to come)* WHEN *men are let* "*loose upon each other, possessed of all their present improvements*

"*and*

* Of course I refer the reader to the book itself for the tenor of *the whole* argument.

And at the strength of Horsley (*b*) shrinks, and dies.

Nor,

"*and advantages, but unrestrained either by law and civil* "*government, or by conscience and good principle*; scorning the "admonition and authority of those who ought to maintain "justice, *and assisted by the more rude and barbarous parts of* "*the world*, whom they shall find *too ready to encrease* THE "UNIVERSAL UPROAR."*

At the conclusion of the Remarks on the Revelations, Ch. 16. v. 13 and 14. Mr. King says: "*Here* while we maintain "*due reverential fear*, our interpretation must end. *Nothing* "*but the events themselves, when they come to pass*, can rightly "explain the rest: and they will certainly *speak* LOUDLY "ENOUGH *for themselves*, as those before have done. Only I "must just remark, that *it seems*, as if *persecution* and the horrid "influences of *superstition*, and of *ignorance*, and of *barbarism* were "allowed to produce their dire effects during *the first* part of "the period of the time described *under the Vials*; and as if, "IRRELIGION, VANITY, AND A TOTAL WANT OF ALL SERIOUS "PRINCIPLE, AND A MISAPPLICATION OF THE REFINEMENTS "OF CIVILIZATION, *were to be* ALLOWED *to produce* THEIR MIS-"CHIEF *also* at the *latter* end of that period!" page 453. See also, p. 456 and 457, which I could wish to copy, the words are so important, and the style so dignified.

In the conclusion of which Mr. King observes, *on the finishing of the mystery of God*, "that as there should be false Christs and "false prophets, so there should be also a dreadful subversion of "all good government and order, and that *men should be let* "*loose upon each other, in defiance of all civil power and just rule*, "and of legal restraint." He subjoins some words too remarkable

* P. 262.

Nor second stand in theologic fame,

Sagacious.

able to be passed over.* "*It will be happy for those who shall* "*live some years hence*, if they can prove me guilty of a mistake "in *this* point. I speak and write *with cautious reverence and* "*fear*; acknowledging that I am liable to error, and *by no* "*means pretending to prophecy*: but still apprehending myself "bound not to conceal *the truth*, where any matter *appears to be* "*revealed* in Holy Scripture; and especially when the bringing "*an impending denunciation* to light, *(if it be a truth)* may be an "awful *warning and caution* to many, AND PREVENT THEIR "BECOMING ACCESSARY TO THE EVIL.‡"

I must own, I am so struck with these passages, that without any knowledge of this most distinguished Layman *but from his work*, I could *almost* be induced to address him, in the sublime apostrophe

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* Page 461.

‡ I would offer the following passage from the great Historian Josephus, on the inattention and ignorance of man in regard to the divine predictions, as peculiarly remarkable; the words are these:

Ταυτα μεν, ἱκανως ἐμφανισαι δυναμενα την τϑ Θεϑ φυσιν τοις αγνοουσιν, ειρηκαμεν, ὁτι ποικιλη τ' εστι και πολυτροπος, και παντα καθ' ὡραν απαντᾶ τεταγμενως, ἁ τε δει γενεσθαι προλεγει· την τε των ανθρωπων ΑΓΝΟΙΑΝ ΚΑΙ ΑΠΙΣΤΙΑΝ, ἐφ' οἱς ϑδεν προϊδειν εαθησαν των αποβησομενων, ΑΦΥΛΑΚΤΟΙ ΤΕ ΤΑΙΣ ΣΥΜΦΟΡΑΙΣ ΠΑΡΕΔΟΘΗΣΑΝ, ὡς αμηχανον αυτοις ειναι την ἐξ αυτων πειραν διαφυγειν!

Joseph. Antiq. Jud. Lib. 10. S. 3. p. 449. Ed. Hudson. Oxon.

Sagacious Hey (*c*), and Rennell's (*d*) learned name,
And

apostrophe of one of the most eloquent Fathers of the ancient Church; " Ανθρωπε τυ Θευ, πιστε θεραπον και οικονομε των τυ Θευ μυστηριων, Ανερ επιθυμιων των τυ πνευματος, καλω Σε στυλον και εδραιωμα της Εκκλησιας, λογον ζωης επεχοντα, και πιστεως ερεισμα, και πνευματος καταγωγιον."*

Thus † did this very learned and most pious man in a strain of serious, temperate, and impressive eloquence deliver his opinion and his interpretation. They will stand before us and our posterity, as the memorial of that lonely wisdom, that reverential application of the divine word, and of that silent dignity, which can *only* be attained by a retirement (at intervals) from the world which GOD hath made to HIM alone, and by that worship in spirit and in truth, which when joined to human erudition, and to the sober cultivation of the understanding, will produce FRUIT UNTO LIFE.

But I conclude; humbly acknowledging and most deeply feeling myself wholly unequal, and altogether unworthy, to speak of the awful sublimity of such subjects. My office can be but ministerial; it is mine only to lead the aspirant to the door of the temple, and to retire. (1797.)

(*b*) The Right Rev. Samuel Horsley, Bishop of Rochester. In my opinion, the controversy so ably maintained by this learned Prelate against the Heresiarch Priestley, is his peculiar praise.

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* Gregor. Naz. Orat. 19. (Op. edit. Prunæi. p. 216. Paris 1609.) It was pronounced before the great Basil, when seated on the archiepiscopal throne of Cæsarea. (A. C. circ. 374.)

† In the beginning of the year 1788. Mr. K.'s book was probably written some years before it was offered to the public.

And Douglas, (*e*) hail'd afar from earliest youth
Great victor in the well-fought field of truth.

To

praise. Bishop Horsley reminds me of the celebrated Divine, Charles Leslie; for he has often the same strength, the same acuteness, and sometimes the same coarseness of manner; but the arguments are cogent, and the arms are irresistible. In theological controversy, Charles Leslie and Bishop Horsley always appear to me, "Æacidæ similes, Vulcaniaque arma capessunt."

To all such writers and dissertators as Priestley, either in theology or in politics, these admirable lines of Prudentius are peculiarly applicable:

Quid non libido mentis humanæ struat?
Quid non malorum *pruriat?*
Statum lacessunt omnipollentis Dei
Calumniosis litibus.
Fidem minutis dissecant ambagibus,
Ut quisque linguâ nequior:
Solvunt ligantque quæstionum vincula
Per syllogismos plectiles.
Prudentius in Prologo ad Apotheosim.

(*e*) The Rev. John Hey, D. D. late Norrisian Professor in the University of Cambridge. The arrangement, the learning, the accuracy, and the extent of his researches in theology, are conspicuous in his laborious and important work, entitled "Lectures, &c." read as Professor. (1797.)

(*d*) The Rev. Thomas Rennell, D. D. Author of a very able, learned, and eloquent Apology for the Church of England, preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, before the Sons of the Clergy, May 10, 1796.

To me, all heedless of proud fashion's sneer,
Maurice (*t*) is learn'd, and Wilberforce (*v*) sincere,
(Though

(*e*) The Right Rev. John Douglas, D. D. Bishop of Salisbury; a Prelate whose erudition, penetrating sagacity, and well-directed efforts have discovered and overthrown many a strong hold of literary imposture. The names of Lauder and Bower are only remembered to their infamy. The Bishop's Treatise on Miracles, called "The Criterion," should be reprinted. Why is it not again presented to the public? (Oct. 1797.)

(*t*) *The Reverend* Thomas Maurice, Author of "Indian Antiquities, in 6 vol. 8vo." and of "the History of Hin-"dostan, it's Arts and it's Sciences, as connected with "the History of the other great Empires of Asia, during "the most ancient periods of the world." The public are well acquainted with their merits. But it is with the most serious concern, that I read what Mr. Maurice has declared in his dedication, that "*This History* commenced under the "patronage of the Court of the East India Directors, is dedicated "to them, *in humble hopes of their continued support of a work*, "which MUST SINK WITHOUT THAT * SUPPORT." Learning has felt a degradation from these words. I am not to be told, that researches like these of Mr. Maurice are liable to the caprice of erudition, and of uncertain application, and that his style, matter, and manner are frequently too luxuriant and diffuse. The foundation of a temple may be strong, though every ornament on the pillars may not be just. (Nov. 1797.)

* The E. I. Company *subscribed* for a certain number of Copies. This cannot be called support, nor patronage in such a body.

(Though on his page some pause in sacred doubt)

As

(v) See, " A practical view of the prevailing religious system of professed Christians in the higher and middle classes in this country, contrasted with real Christianity." By William Wilberforce, Esq. M. P. for the county of York.—Some very serious persons have their doubts as to the theological principles of this work in their *full* extent, and I fear it is far *too rigid and exclusive* in it's doctrines. There is also too much of a *sectarian* language, which cannot be approved. But of the intention, virtue, learning, and patriotism of the eloquent and well-informed Senator, I have the most honourable and decided opinion.

His work is vehement, impassioned, urgent, fervid, instant; though sometimes copious to prolixity, and in a few parts even to tediousness. Perhaps it is the production of an orator rather than of a writer; I should think it had been *dictated*. Throughout the whole, there is a manly fortitude of thought, firm and unshrinking. But for my own part, for obvious reasons, I dislike the term " *Real* Christianity," as exclusively applied to any *set* of propositions drawn from the Gospel.

From external circumstances indeed, I would not take theology from Athanasius or Bossuet, morality from Seneca or politics from Lansdown r Siéyes. But I will own, that from a scrutiny into the public and private character of Mr. Wilberforce, I am *inclined* to think, that his enemies would be *forced* into an acknowledgment, (as it is recorded in the words of a prophet,) that " they can find no occasion against this man, except they find it against him concerning the law of his God." A reader of his work must be good or bad *in the extreme*, who may not receive some advantage from such a composition. I am indeed unworthy to praise it, and I feel myself so.

If

As Gisborne (*b*) serious, and as Pott (*c*) devout,
Nor yet ungrac'd may Sulivan (*d*) remain,

Serene

If I may descend from divinity to mere philosophy, I shall add, that if Mr. Wilberforce proceeds and acts upon the sublimity of such principles, we may apply to him the expressions drawn from the fountain of Plato by his most enthusiastic votary, Plotinus. Αφ' ἑαυτῦ μεταβαινει, ὡς εικων προς αρχετυπον, τελος εχων της πορειας! He will best comprehend the high and holy sentence which declares what is the life of such men; Ουτω θεων και ανθρωπων θειων και ευδαιμονων βιος, απαλλαγη των αλλων των τηδε, βιος ανηδονος των τηδε, ΦΥΓΗ ΜΟΝΟΥ ΠΡΟΣ ΜΟΝΟΝ!*

(*b*) The Reverend Thomas Gisborne, M. A. the ingenious Author of an Enquiry into the Duties of Men, &c. and of the Female Sex, &c. &c. eminently entitled to the public esteem and gratitude.

(*c*) The Rev. J. H. Pott, M. A. the learned and excellent Arch-deacon of St. Alban's; in his writings instructive, laborious in his office, and exemplary in his life, and in his profession.

(*d*) Richard Joseph Sulivan, Esq. F. R. S. and F. A. S. author of "Philosophical Rhapsodies, &c." and of "A View of Nature, in Letters to a Traveller among the Alps, with "Reflections on Atheistical Philosophy, now exemplified in "France, in six vol. 8vo." which is a work of labour and of general utility, digested from original writers with judgment, and with an upright virtuous heart, in a pleasing and instructive manner. It appears to be intended merely *as an introduction*

* Plotini Ennead. 6. L. 9. c. xi.

Serene in fancy, nor in science vain;
But still, though oft his various works I scan,
I quit the volume, when I find the man.

Herschell (*f*), with ampler mind and magic glass,
Mid

introduction to works of deeper science; and I consider it in this light. I dwell with affection on such a character as Mr. Sulivan; and, if this were the place, and if India were the theme, I might make honourable mention of the works and excellence of his Brother, John Sulivan, Esq.

(*f*) Dr. Herschell's new doctrine concerning the Materia Solaris, has attracted much attention among the learned. I offer to their consideration a curious passage, which I met with when I was reading with a very different purpose. The Platonic Proclus, in the third book of the Commentaries on the Timæus of his great Master, mentions that Aristotle (whom, surely with justice, he calls ὁ θαυμαστος Αριστοτελης) hints, *that the sun and the stars are not absolutely bodies of fire.* The words are these; Τον των Αστρων χορον, και αυτον τον μεγαν Ηλιον, ΟΥΚ ΟΝΤΑ ΕΚ ΠΥΡΟΣ.* There is another singular passage (not so explicit as this from Proclus) in the first book de Cælo, of the second Ennead of Plotinus the Platonicorum Coryphæus, as he has been called; he talks also, rather quaintly from Aristotle, of a Πυρ τη των Αστρων προσφορον φυσει. †

* Procli Comment. in Timæum Platonis; Edit. Basil. Gr. 1534. p. 141.

† Plotin. Ennead 2. L. 1. pag. 99. &c. Edit. Basil. cum Comment. Ficini.

Mid worlds and worlds revolving as they pass,
Pours the full cluster'd radiance from on high,
That fathomless abyss of Deity.
Who in the depth abstruse of intellect
A greater now than Waring (*g*) shall expect?
Lo, where Philosophy extends her sway,
Guides future Navies o'er the trackless way
More voluble and firm; so, strong in thought,
The royal Synod Atwood (*h*) sate and taught.

With

The reader is referred to Dr. Herschell's most curious paper "On the Nature and Construction of the Sun and Fixed Stars." Phil. Trans. Part I. 1795.

(*g*) Edward Waring, M. D. professor of the Mathematics in the University of Cambridge. (1797.)

(*h*) See a Paper in the Philos. Trans. 1796. Part I. entitled "The Construction and Analysis of geometrical propositions determining the positions assumed by homogeneal bodies which float freely and at rest on a fluid surface, also *determining the stability of ships* and other floating bodies, by GEORGE ATWOOD, Esq. F. R. S." The R. S. presented Mr. Atwood with their medal on this occasion.

The names of Herschell, Atwood, Maskelyne, Cavendish, Woollaston, Milner, &c. dignify the Royal Society. We have yet some "Master Builders in the Sciences," as Mr. Locke once expressed himself. (Preface to his Essay on the H. U.) (1797.)

With England's Bard, with Cowper, who shall vie?
Original in strength and dignity;
With more than painter's fancy blest, with lays
Holy, as saints to heaven expiring raise. (*i*)

Heard you that Hermit's strain from Scotia borne,
" For virtue lost, and ruin'd man I mourn?" (*k*)
Who may forget thee, Beattie? who supply
The tale half-told of Edwin's minstrelsy? (*l*)
A voice

(*i*) William Cowper, Esq. Author of " The Task." Τοιη Μεσαων ἱερη δοσις! Such are the words of the divine Ascræan in his Theogonia. Of these Muses seated on *our own* Parnassus, it may be said,

" *There* did they sit, and do their holy deed,
That pleas'd both heaven and earth."

Bishop Hall's Satires. B. 1. S. 2.

The conclusion of the Poet's work is so sacred, so dignified, so unequalled in simplicity and unaffected piety, that I hope none will read it without those sensations, and without that improvement, it seems designed to inspire.

" BUT ALL IS IN HIS HAND whose praise I seek;
In vain the Poet sings and the world hears,
If HE *regard not*, though divine the theme,
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm HIS ear, who looks upon the heart:
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation—prosper even mine."

(*k*) A line from Beattie's Minstrel, B. 2.

(*l*) James Beattie, L.L.D. Author of " The Minstrel, a

A voice from *Coila* o'er the furrow'd field
Bewails the fountain shut, the volume seal'd! (*m*)
The throbs of Genius struggling to be great;
The cheerless, chilling damp of lowly fate;
The home-bred conscious Worth, untaught to bend
At the shrugg'd shoulder of a pitying friend;
The pang that rends the madd'ning breast unknown;
And Poverty's unutterable groan;
The Vision bursting on the patriot soul,
Superior, unsubdued, beyond control,
With all the prophet's, all the poet's rage,
High-beaming o'er the unperishable page;

The

Poem in two Books." It is for ever to be regretted that this true Poet and most excellent man has left his admirable Poem unfinished. My mind dwells upon it with rapture, particularly on the first part, even from my boyish days at school.

(*m*) See the animated Preface to the first edition, printed at Kilmarnock, of the Poems by Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Ploughman, an original, national Poet. The words of BURNS are these: "The following trifles are not the production of "the poet who, with all the advantages of learned art, and "perhaps amid the elegancies and idlenesses of upper life, looks "down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus and Virgil. "To the Author of this, these and other celebrated names "their countrymen are, at least in their original language, "*A fountain shut up, and a book sealed.*" &c. &c. Burns, in one of his Letters, calls himself "*The Voice of Coila;*" i. e. of *Kyle*, a district of Ayrshire.

The Muse indignant mark'd, yet hail'd the day:
And while her BURNS pour'd forth his native lay,
Bright with the redd'ning *Holly* grac'd his head,
And threw her mantle o'er the Ploughman's weed. (*n*)

Yet

(*n*) The public have now been gratified with a complete collection of BURNS's works in verse and prose, which is a most valuable addition to British literature. It is difficult to speak in terms of commendation adequate to the tempered zeal, critical judgment, and discerning benevolence which induced the ingenious Dr. CURRIE to undertake the office of Editor, during the arduous and honourable discharge of his most important profession.

The character of ROBERT BURNS, his Life, his merits, and his most deplorable frailties, have been considered and appreciated in the most candid, interesting, and impartial manner by his Brother Gilbert Burns, by Dr. Currie, Dr. Stewart, and Dr. Adair; but by none with more felicity and elegance than by a Lady of a refined and classical taste, polite accomplishments, and cultivated genius who knew him well, and proved herself his friend and patron. They have extenuated nothing, but have spoken of him as he was; and their narratives raise alternately our admiration and our regret. They paint his principles and his conduct at perpetual variance, with a certain turbulence of dispositio and passion to which every temptation was ruinous, and every indulgence fatal.

Æstuat ingens
Imo in corde pudor, mistoque insania luctu,
ET FURIIS AGITATUS AMOR, ET CONSCIA VIRTUS!

I think that greater liberality might have been *prudently* exerted to obtain an adequate employment, and a safe as well as honourable support for A MAN destined to bear up the full fame and dignity of THE POET OF SCOTLAND, who had described

Yet mark, each willing Muse where Boydell draws,
And calls the sister-pow'rs in Shakspeare's cause!

By himself to *his Countrymen* (and can they *now* read the words without barren shame and passionate remorse?) as "*half-mad, half fed, and* * *half-sarkit*," than by the strange and unaccountable occupation which they *conferred* on him. That all the noble and learned Chemists of the North could not discover, in the whole table of affinities, a more *sympathetic ink* for a poet than that of an *Exciseman*, may excite something between a smile and indignation in the less-enlightened South. It might even now draw *iron tears* down the poetical cheeks of the Mæcenas of Scotland, the Right Honourable Henry Dundas.

As to the originality of BURNS's genius and of his commanding faculties there can be but one opinion. To the harmony and force of his English verse every ear assents with delight; and to his Scottish poetry his countrymen have borne that decisive testimony which natives alone can confer. But the greatest effort of his genius is displayed in THE VISION, which raises itself in a preeminence paramount to all, as THE CYPRESS *among the Shrubs*. I scarce except that most pathetic and interesting poem, the Cotter's Saturday Night.

But the volume of his Letters, and indeed almost all his prose-writings, must be considered as a phœnomenon in the literature of a rustic. It seems, I think it is taken generally, the style of a cultivated gentleman who has lived and conversed with ease in the higher circles of society, manly, correct, eloquent, and affecting.

But I am told, that to estimate the character of Burns with justice, we should have seen him in his happier hours, and marked the dignity of his natural deportment, the animation of his eye, and the power of his colloquial language.

His

* Half-cloathed, or rather half-shirted. See the *Scotch* Glossary. The words are taken from the poem called, "*The Vision.*" Part 1.

By art controll'd the fire of Reynolds breaks,
And Nature's pathos in her Northcote speaks;
The Grecian forms in Hamilton combine,
Parrhasian grace, and Zeuxis' softest line;
There Barry's learning meets with Romney's strength,
And Smirke portrays Thalia at full length. (*nn*) 640

Lo, Fuseli (in whose tempestuous soul
The unnavigable tides of Genius roll,)
The surge of sulph'rous fire, the smould'ring light,
The bridge chaotic o'er the abyss of Night,
With each accursed form, and mystic spell
Depicts, and "bears up all the fame of Hell!" (*o*)
While

His sentiments, *the flash and out-break of a fiery mind*, often republican but always patriotic, and with the old *national* attachment yet unextinguished in his breast, claim our admiration or excuse rather than our censure, in a man of such overbearing powers and talents out of their place.

His track, where'er THE POET rov'd,
Glory pursu'd, and generous shame,
The unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame!
(Nov. 1800.)

(*nn*) THE SHAKSPEARE GALLERY, under the auspices of Boydell and Nicol.

I would inscribe the following words on the façade of the Gallery under the figure of Shakspeare;

MUSARUM MONITA, ET DEUS AUCTOR APOLLO! (Nov. 1800.)

(*o*) The expressions of Chaucer on the Poet Claudian in the House of Fame B. 3. v. 468. (p. 468. Urry's Edit.) and now transferred

While Westall's pencil to the latest age
With milder beams irradiates Milton's page. (oo)

For Athens Cumberland (p) seems born alone,
To bid her comic Patriot be our own.

High

transferred to "THE MILTON GALLERY" by FUSELI. But who may speak of the secrets of the abyss *thus* disclosed by this mighty Painter under the mingled inspiration of Dante, Michael Angelo, and his great Original? DANTE alone: he indeed might say in language labouring for a vent;

" S' io avessi le rime e aspre e chiocce,
Come si converrebbe al tristo buco,
Io premerei di mio concetto il suco
Più pienamente; ma perch' io non l'abbo,
Non senza tema a dicer mi conduco,
Che non è impresa da pigliare a gabbo
Descriver FONDO a tutto l' Universo!" Inf. C. 32.

Such is *the pencil's savage dignity*, when a Painter, like Fuseli, marches in the footsteps of sovereign poets;

" Negli alti vestigi
De' gran Cantor' alla maestra strada!" (Nov. 1800.)

(oo) The magnificent edition of Milton by Boydell and Nicol, with the designs of that rising Genius, Westall. MUSARUM DONA!

(p) RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq. an author of various talents, and of very considerable learning. It is scarcely necessary to enumerate his compositions, in particular his dramatic works, which have received the sanction of public esteem. In my opinion he has done very great service, *as a writer*, to the cause of morality and of literature; but I must except his Novels, in which there is indeed much to blame, and very little to commend.

Ho

High from the climes of Latium's happier day
The Muse on Roscoe (*pp*) darts her noontide ray;
And with each soft, each reconciling pow'r,
Sheds gleams of peace on Melmoth's (*q*) closing hour.
Lo,

He is the author of a work called "The Observer," and from the translations, in that work, of the fragments of the Greek comic writers, I believe all learned readers will agree, that he is the only man in the kingdom (with whom we are *publicly* acquainted) equal to the translation of Aristophanes. I wish it were to be the amusement of his retired hours. I shall never think he has been "public too long;" but as he has quitted *the stage*, (as he has athrmed himself, though Poets sometimes will make *false impressions*,) such a translation would be an easy, yet an adequate and honourable employment for a man of unquestionable genius, versatility of talents, and knowledge of the world, and a consummate master of the poetical language of our best ancient dramatic writers. Let us hope that Aristophanes may yet be our own. (July 1797.)

(*pp*) William Roscoe, Esq. the historian of Lorenzo de Medici called the Magnificent. See the P. of L. Dialogue III. at the conclusion.

(*q*) WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq. a most elegant and distinguished writer, "near half an age with every good man's praise." His translation of Cicero and Pliny will speak for him, while Roman and English eloquence can be united. Mr. Melmoth is a happy example of the mild influence of learning on a cultivated mind, I mean of that learning which is declared to be the aliment of youth, and the delight and consolation of declining years. Who would not envy this "FORTUNATE OLD MAN" his most finished translation and comment on Tully's *Cato?*

or

Lo, Granta hails (what need the Sage to name?)
Her lov'd Iapis on the banks of Cam; (*r*)
While

or rather, who would not rejoice in the refined and mellowed pleasures of so accomplished a gentleman, and so liberal a scholar? (1797.)

(*r*) I wish, (and every Etonian and every member of the University of Cambridge of good character will join me heart and hand) that this great, disinterested, virtuous, and CONSUMMATE SCHOLAR AND PHYSICIAN, *now* by learning and religion conducted with dignity to the close of life, may be known by this affectionate verse to all posterity,

"*The lov'd* IAPIS *on the banks of Cam.*"

DIIS DILECTE SENEX, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem, et miti lustrârit lumine Phœbus
Atlantisque nepos; *neque enim nisi charus ab ortu*
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
Hinc longæva viret lento sub flore Senectus,
Nondum deciduos servans TIBI frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.
Ergo egò TE Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi
MANSE PATER, JUBEO LONGUM SALVERE PER ÆVUM!

MILTON AD MANSUM.

I know not what should restrain me on this occasion. For the eternal honour of the University of Cambridge, *in this our age*, to the following names which I have selected with the severest judgment of which I am capable, GRAY, HURD, OGDEN, BALGUY, and BRYANT, I will add the name of her *Dilectus Iapis*—ROBERT GLYNN!

TANTO HOMINI FIDUS, TANTÆ VIRTUTIS AMATOR.

(Nov. 1797.)

I am now to record with a deep and affectionate regret, the departure of this great man, for such he was, "Vir verè magnus,

While to the goal in their sublime career
Bryant and Burke (*rr*) the torch triumphant bear.

Whence

magnus, si quid magni habent pietas, probitas, fides, summa eruditio, par modestia, mores sanctissimi." In the midst of *his own Athens*, where he had lived from youth to extreme age, uniformly and consistently, in benevolence and beneficence, as a scholar, a well-bred gentleman, a physician, and a Christian, honoured, revered, and beloved, there he fell. The Ministers of religion and the directors of the public instruction have paid their appropriate tribute to his memory; be it mine to adapt and inscribe in Grecian simplicity on this humble but, as I hope, enduring Cenotaph the words of the primal Historian:

Τελευτη τυ βιυ λαμπροτατη επεγενετο· και μιν Αθηναιοι ιδιοι (ΙΗΤΡΟΝ αυτων ΤΟΝ ΑΓΑΠΗΤΟΝ) εθαψαν αυτυ τυπερ επεσε, και ετιμησαν μεγαλως!*

Hail and Farewell! (Nov. 1800.)

(*rr*) It is to be wished, that these TWO GREAT MEN may *now conclude* their political and literary labours. "Finem dignum et optimo viro et opere sanctissimo faciant!" (*b*) (1797.)

Since writing the above, when I heard of the death of that UNEQUALLED man, the Rt. Hon. EDMUND BURKE,(*c*) I could only say to my friend,

Η μαλα

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* Herodot. L. 1. Sect. 30. (*b*) Quintil. Lib. 12. Cap. 11.

(*c*) July 1797.—See Mr. Burke's character, in "The Imperial Epistle from Kien Long, Emperor of China, to George the Third of Great Britain," v. 117. page 19. Edit. 8vo. As far as depends upon me, the words of Pindar shall be verified on this MOST ILLUSTRIOUS man:

Τον

Whence is that groan? no more Britannia sleeps,
But o'er her lost Musæus (s.) bends and weeps. 660

Lo,

Η μαλα λυγρης
Πευσεαι αγγελιης, ἡ ȣκ ωφελλε γενεσθαι·
Κειται ΠΗΛΕΙΔΗΣ!

Such was my veneration for THIS GREAT MAN, when living, such is the depth of my homage, and the secret affliction of my spirit at his departure. It appears to me expedient and grateful, that we should all remember and revere THE MAN to whose *primary* exertions (it cannot be repeated too frequently) we *originally* owe the public sense of the moral, political, and religious danger of England from the grand CABAL, grounded and rooted in France, and branching out and overshadowing all Europe. We cannot indeed, without much reflection, understand the *full* nature and extent of the public obligation to Mr. Burke.

I would not vindicate any man from the cradle to the grave; much less a politician and a statesman. The very region of Politics is baneful; for it is too frequently, "the soil the *Vices* like." Every Statesman, in or out of power, knows his own meanness, the turbulence of his passions, the rattles of office, the irritation of opponents, the jealousy of rank, and the impatience of consorted power.

All

Τον μεν ȣτε θανοντ' Αοιδαι
Ελιποντ'· αλλα ὁι
Παρα τε πυραν ταφον
Θ' Ελικωνιαι παρθενοι
Εσταν, επι θρῆνον τε πολυφαμον εχευαν. Εδοξεν
Αρα δ' Αθανατοις
Εσλον γε Φωτα και φθιμενον ὑμνοις Θεᾶν διδομεν.

Pind. Isth. O. 8.

Lo, every Grecian, every British Muse
Scatter the recent flowers, and gracious dews,
Where MASON lies; the sure their influence felt,
And in his breast each soft affection dwelt,
That love and friendship know; each sister art,
With all that Colours, and that Sounds impart,
All that the sylvan theatre can grace,
All in the soul of MASON "FOUND THEIR PLACE!"
Low sinks the laurell'd head; in Mona's land
I see them pass, 'tis Mador's drooping band,
To harps of woe in holiest obsequies,
"*In yonder grave*, they chant, OUR DRUID *lies!*"

HE

All this is true: but still, when I have revolved the various labours of EDMUND BURKE, and THE CAUSE HE HAS MAINTAINED, (as it *generally* regards government, religion, and society, not the details of the war and it's conduct) I say, with this allowance for the everous frailty of the passions, and the taint of mortality in all our best actions, I would record in lasting characters, and in our holiest and most honourable temple, the departed Orator of England, the Statesman, and the Christian, EDMUND BURKE! "*Remuneratio ejus* CUM ALTISSIMO!" (1797.)

(*s*) The Rev. William Mason, M. A. author of Elfrida, Caractacus, Musæus a Monody on Mr. Pope, The English Garden, &c. &c. &c. &c.

He (ss) too, whom Indus and the Ganges mourn,
The glory of their banks, from Isis torn,
In learning's strength is fled, in judgment's prime,
In science temp'rate, various, and sublime.
To him familiar every legal doom
The courts of Athens, or the halls of Rome,
Or Hindoo Vedas taught; for him the Muse
Distill'd from *every* flow'r Hyblæan dews;
Firm, when exalted; in demeanour grave;
Mercy and truth were his, he lov'd to save.
His mind collected; at opinion's shock
Jones stood unmov'd, and from the Christian rock,
Cœlestial brightness beaming on his breast,
He saw the star, and worshipp'd in the East.

Thou too, Octavius, that dread hour must feel,
Nor eloquence, nor wit, nor patriot zeal,
Nor piety sincere without the show,
Nor every grace Pierian pow'rs bestow

From

(ss) Sir William Jones. One of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal, &c. &c. &c. &c.

From pure Ilyssus, and the Latian shore,
What Swift, or great Erasmus felt before,
May save thee!—yet, yet long, so friendship calls,
May guardian angels hover round the walls,
Where love and virtue fix their blest abode,
Friend of thy country, servant of thy God! (*s*)

OCTAVIUS yes, it is, it shall be mine,
With praise appropriate (*b*) still to grace my line;

To

(*s*) In this political and depressing period, it is some comfort to divert the attention for a moment to such characters of literary and poetical excellence as The Rev. William Mason, and Sir William Jones; and to be able to add *my own* Octavius. OCTAVIUS OPTIMUS, are the legitimate words of Horace.

With an allowance for the partiality of friendship, (and who that ever felt such an affection will refuse to grant it?) and with sorrow that *now* he must *neither be understood nor named*, I assert with truth, that OCTAVIUS is formed to move among the highest and the foremost in the State, though contented and submitting to act in a station, certainly not without honour, yet inadequate to his faculties. "*Exornet ætatis nostræ gloriam!*" (1797.)

(*b*) It is pleasing and satisfactory to think, that *all* the books which are absolutely required to strengthen, exalt, purify, and inform the understanding, and consequently to correct and

To mark where Genius soars, beyond control,

With

enlarge the affections and the heart, are of easy access and of easy price. With the luxury of learning and the modern elegance of types and paper, I have nothing to do, but *earnestly to deprecate all needless extravagance, and brilliant folly in new publications*, if they are designed to be of service to the world, and to be purchased.

The august and sublime monuments of religion and of genius may be adorned without blame, or rather with great commendation. When the Bible, Shakspeare, and Milton appear in all the splendour of typographic art, and the magnificence of decoration from the pencil, who does not feel a secret pride in the honour reflected on the discerning liberality of his country? Such books may be considered as typographical pictures of eminent artists. Pictures however, are not necessary for the closet of a student; but they are designed to adorn the museums of a nation or an university, and to dignify the repositories of the opulent and patrician literati. Atticus is magnificent in such patronage, though Rutilus may incur some censure. This is a noble and laudable use of the superfluity of wealth; and it is also political in the highest degree. In times like these men of talents and genius, when unemployed and let loose upon the world, become too frequently the pests of society, and the canker worms of the community.

It is indeed high time to awake out of sleep, and to discern the peculiar use of every blessing. In all our actions we should have a view to the stability of society, and of well-regulated government. It becomes *us all* to observe and separate the essential and unvarying laws of order from the principles of confusion, and the dictates of sound sense from the wildness of ungoverned fancy, and of presumptuous intellect. *Thus*

may

With Mantuan judgment and the Theban soul;
Correct, majestic, copious, full, and strong,
In arts, in arms, in eloquence, or song;
Still proud to vindicate unseen, unknown,
The State, the Laws, the Altar, and the Throne.

OCTAVIUS.

may the grand end and aim at last be effected; and we may, by choice and conviction, turn from *lying vanities* to the spirit of truth and of life. (1797.)

(e) The advice of Octavius is good, but not applicable to a man so insignificant as his friend. But to men of knowledge and of ability in every department of life it is of deep importance. I lament and am indignant, when I think of such a scholar as Dr. Parr, and the waste of erudition and talents. Let him stand for a genus.

"Knowledge alone is not our proper happiness: men of deep research and of curious enquiry should just be put in mind, *not to mistake what they are doing.*" But we may all remember, that as the love of letters may make us unsociable, so the love of society may make us illiterate.

The want of discretion and prudence has ruined more men of learning and genius than the time would allow me to mention. Without this sobriety of intellect nothing is strong, nothing is great. Without this prudence, without this discernment of time and circumstance, and *the habit of regularity*, without an *attention* to the decencies of society and of common life, and of the principles by which all men, however gifted, *must* indiscriminately be conducted, all our attainments are nothing worth: they will never procure us esteem or respectability among men. The world will but smile at such scholars;

OCTAVIUS.

Here close the strain; and o'er your studious hour
May

and ministers, when called upon to promote them, will tell you not without reason, "*they are not producible.*"*

Let me give two passages on this subject, one from Milton, the other from Dr. Johnson, variously applicable and of deepest consequence.

"He who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore."

P. R. b. 4. v. 322.

To men of genius (as at least they are called) Dr. Johnson gave this solemn admonition: "This relation (of the life of "SAVAGE) will not be wholly without it's use, if those who, in "confidence of superior capacities or attainments, *disregard the* "*common maxims of life*, shall be reminded *that nothing will supply* "*the want of prudence*, and that negligence and irregularity, "long continued, will make *knowledge useless, wit ridiculous,* "*and genius contemptible.*"

"Deign on the passing world to cast thine eyes,
"*And pause awhile from letters,* TO BE WISE."

* The words of the Duke of Newcastle on such an occasion, when he was Prime Minister in George the Second's reign. They were spoken of A MAN, whose genius, talents, eloquence and erudition honoured and supported the Church of England. *And he was not promoted.*

May truth preside, and virtue's holiest pow'r,

From

(*f*) No factions ever proceeded *to attempt* A REVOLUTION *in any country*, but first under the pretence and through the Medium of A REFORM. We have been told with effrontery and with falshood, that the Constitution of England exists only in the imagination; yet we may read the Bill of Rights. The fact is this. Modern framers of political constitutions will never be satisfied, till they are laid down like the elements of mathematics in the manner of Euclid. Definitions, axioms, postulates, primary propositions, and subsequent propositions, built upon and proved by the preceding, with corollaries and deductions.

One strange writer, (perhaps it is the first time the reader ever heard of him) says, "A CONSTITUTION must be produced *entire, and at the same time:* it *must* be simple in it's construction, and PERFECT *in all it's parts.*" * I had fondly thought that Lord Bacon had distinguished the works of nature from those of art, in that masterly and memorable sentence, "Natura omnium partium rudimenta *simul* parit et procreat."† I suppose a Political Constitution is the work of human art. Indeed if Mr. Malkin were describing a *perfect* poem, epic or tragic, he could not have expressed himself more critically.

Thus it is, that *our* present theoretical writers sport with man and his passions. They certainly consider *us all* as passive

 machines,

* Malkin's Essays on Civilization, 8vo. (1795) p. 122.

† Bacon de Augm. Scient.

From that bright source, whence bliss celestial springs,

Rising

machines, and *they apply their laws*, with as much cool indifference to their fellow-creatures, and with as little feeling, as they would *apply the axe*, or any mechanical instrument, to lop a tree or to raise a weight. Their systems uniformly proceed on this principle; they never vary, and mercy is not in all their thoughts. There is no allowance for human frailty, no revision of judgment; man has offended, and he *must* die the death. Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet DURISSIMA REGNA. We have all seen and felt, *what* the revolutionary principle is.

" In (*a*) the present state of civil society, and of political order so wisely established, so vigorously maintained, and so honourably recommended in this still flourishing, opulent, and powerful kingdom, it is difficult to restrain the emotion of the breast, and the indignation of the understanding at the nefarious and desolating principles of modern philosophy and political theories. The arms, the instruments, and the agents are before us, and are now fully understood. It was the strong language of Cicero; " Demonstro vitia; tollite; denuncio vim, arma; " removete." (*b*) We would recover the health which is gone, and the soundness which is lost. I am of opinion, that they may both be recovered; but we must all strive, in our several capacities,

(*a*) " In the &c." This passage to page 459 at the corresponding mark ", is taken from a Note in the Poem called " The Shade of Pope;" to bring my sentiments on this great subject into one point of view before the reader.

(*b*) Cic. Philipp. 1. Sect. 10.

Rising serene with healing in their wings!

Still

cities, to direct the vessel of the public mind, and of the national understanding, in a straight and undeviating course; or, as it is well expressed in one of the Orphic fragments preserved by Clemens, (c) Ιθυνειν Κραδιης νοερον κυτος.

In the sublime but often fanciful theology, or as I would rather term it, the *Theonomy*, exhibited in the Timæus of Plato, and more fully in the commentary of Proclus, his animated rival, we read of the Εγκοσμιοθεοι, or superintending mundane deities. I would not insist upon the imaginary visions of any man, however great; but in the way of *adaptation*, they have often a force and analogy, which is neither unpleasing nor unfruitful. I am sure the present modern philosophical writers, such as Condorcet and his mongrel disciples in England, Godwin and others, have no pretensions to the reverence of mankind, as mundane deities. Their aim is not to exalt the soul of man, but to depress and degrade it to the beast, or in Sir Thomas More's indignant language, "ad pecuini corpusculi vilitatem." (d)

It is remarkable that Sir Thomas More, in his Republic of Utopia, declared that a person who entertained and professed such sentiments as the modern philosophy holds forth and inculcates, was not worthy to be numbered among rational men, much less to be enrolled among the Citizens. His reason was this; that a contempt of all laws and of all institutions was a necessary consequence of such opinions, when uncontrolled. His words are remarkable: "Illum ne hominum quidem

(c) Clement. Alexandrin. L. 5. p. 443. Ed. Lugd. Bat. 1616.

(d) Mori Utopia, L. 2.

Still be your knowledge temp'rate and (*e*) discreet,
Though

ducunt numero, *tantum abest ut inter Cives ponant*, quorum instituta moresque, *si per metum liceat*, omnes floccifacturus sit."* Now we have lived to see, that *fear* has not restrained *such Citizens* as Mr. Godwin and others; and they have accordingly vilified, set at nought, and held out to contempt the laws, the religion, the manners, and the institutions of their country, which defends and protects them, in conformity to the opinion of Sir Thomas More. Such Citizens maintain the doctrines of dissolution, not of compact; and we see the frame and body of Society dropping into pieces member after member, when the principle of continuity is withdrawn. "Nigidium vidi; Cratippum cognovi."†

Men of the greatest minds and of the widest intellectual views have, perhaps too frequently, indulged themselves in forming Utopian Republics, and have often unadvisedly dwelt too much upon the unavoidable evils of Society. Such pure spirits are naturally offended with every species of evil. But when such men, as Sir Thomas More, suffer their minds to be *amused* (I fear it is but an amusement at best) with speculative or imaginary political excellence, or rather with the dreams of perfection, how different are their *principles*, and the result of their thoughts, from those of sciolists and sophists. We all regret the loss of that Republic, which the genius of Cicero had constructed. There are indeed a few noble fragments of the building, preserved by Lactantius, Macrobius, and Augustine; though the plan of the entire edifice by the hand of that consummate practical Statesman and experienced Philosopher, cannot be traced from the remains.

* Mori Utopia, Lib. 2. p. 234. Ed. Glasg. 1750.

† Cicero in Timæo, Fragm. de Universitate, Sect. 1.

Though not as Jones sublime, as Bryant great; 710

With

remains: I believe he would have corrected many of the errors of Plato.

But it is not without it's use to compare, (if we have leisure, and as far as we may compare them) the work of the sublimest Heathen Philosopher with that of the Christian Statesman Sir Thomas More. I speak upon the whole; for I am sensible of their errors, particularly in the Athenian; yet when we think of Plato, we must not forget the state of the Heathen world antecedent to Christianity. But nevertheless, these great men proceeded upon the true dignity of the human mind, when undebased by vice; and bottomed their opinions upon the most solid science. Their views were large, comprehensive, connected; they knew the nature and the state of man; and they saw what it would admit, and what it would not bear. When they proposed some amendment, or some institution which did not *then* exist, it was in the way of suggestion, and not of dogmatical imposition. They never moved through the state, with the sword and the scythe in their hands. What they saw, was with the eye of a well-instructed mind, long prepared by study and exercised in discernment.

These persons, in their generations, were indeed among the superintending mundane deities of their country. Not so the modern *Directors* of human affairs; though they aspire to be thought, and to act, as the gods of this nether world. They would sit with the thunderbolt in their hands, and the storms under their feet; yet even Mythology condemns them, and points to her Salmoneus. But we stand not on the ground of fable; for what is the most extended and the most desolating power of tyrant and of rampant wickedness on the earth, for a few

days

With humble step explore the dubious way,

Till

days or a few years, before HIM "who (for his own inscrutable "purpo·es) putteth down and setteth up, and ALONE RULETH "in the kingdoms of men!"

The consideration of these modern philosophers offers also the strongest argument for the vigorous and unremitting prosecution of *well directed* study, in all the public seats of education in these kingdoms. Plato declared, that one of the causes of atheism is, "a certain ignorance very grievous, which notwithstanding has the appearance of the greatest wisdom." (*d*) This apparent wisdom must be combated and overthrown by reason and erudition; the fallacy must be pointed out, and the effect and end, when perfected, shewn to be DEATH moral, mental, and political.

These modern philosophers and politicians, sometimes tell us sneering, and in scorn, that the code of Christians is the code of *equality*: and they have attempted to shew this more than once. But surely we may ask; What is the nature of the equality held forth in the Christian Scriptures? Is it not the equality of the creatures before THE CREATOR? the equality of men before GOD, and not before each other? They every where speak of the political distinctions and ranks in society. They ordain tribute to be paid to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom, honour to whom honour; and they describe all *lawful* power, as derived from God. The great Founder of it himself acknowledged the image and superscription of Cæsar: his Apostles declared the gradations of power, delegated by authority; and they inculcate

(*d*) Αμαθια μαλα χαλεπη δοκουσα ειναι μεγιστη φρονησις. Plato de Leg. L. 10.

Till Reason's beams dissolve in perfect day:

Prepar'd

inculcate submission to the ordinances of man, for the Lord's sake; to *the King*, as Supreme; to Governors and Magistrates, as unto them who are *sent by him*. Is this the political equality of the boasted deliverers or oppressors of the world? How long shall we *suffer* the tyrant, the blasphemer, the disorganizing Sophist, to triumph and to *deceive* us?

When indeed the modern systems are delineated, and the chart of the opinions and doctrines laid out in departments, I would again ask, What is the Picture? What are the objects? Are the things recommended and enforced, either true, or honest, or just, or pure, or lovely, or of good report? Is there any thing to be found and felt, but insolent domination, sanguinary and unrelenting ordinances, and the tyrannical suppression and overthrow of every existing institution? Throughout the whole of their systems, Is there any virtue, or any praise, or any motive, which the good can approve, and the wise ratify?"

In this present time we must never for a moment forget, *that* THE OBJECT OF FRANCE, *from her first Revolution*, HAS BEEN AND IS TO CHANGE THE GOVERNMENT IN EVERY STATE IN EUROPE, *and in every other part of the world which she can pervade, or influence.*

> Wide o'er the trembling nations from afar,
> See *Gallia* breathes the living cloud of war;
> And where the deluge bursts with sweepy sway,
> Their arms, their kings, their gods are roll'd away!

Look in Germany, in Belgium, in Italy, in Switzerland, in Spain, in Egypt, in the isles of the Eastern or of the Western Archipelago; cast your view, broad and unrestrained, from the dominions

Prepar'd to prove (*f*) in Senate, or the Hall,

That

dominions of the Porte to the banks of the Ohio or the Missisippi, not a state, not a fortress, not a work, not a fragment of nature or of art, not a cliff, not a torrent, not a precipice, but has felt the shock and impulse of revolutionary terror. *Abyssus abyssum invocat!* One deep has called upon another, the winds have blown the signal of encounter, and the cataracts are roaring and conflicting; or in the resounding language of the poet of Panopolis, *

Συνερχομενων νεφεων μυκητορι βομβω
Βρονταιη Ταρυδητος εβομβεεν ομβριος ηχω!

I must claim excuse and indulgence for my expressions, if indeed it can be required at an hour like the present. My mind is either borne down, or hurried away with the terrors of impending desolation, the overthrow, or the confusion of fixed, regulated, established government. My sensations are solitary; but they are deep. Την ψυχην μη διερχεται Ρομφαια.

I have indeed the consolation of affectionate and honourable friendship, and I am not without the approval of a few who are wise and good; but I cannot say, that "in my life time I have had too much of noise and compliment.†" I have risen in silence; and in peace and privacy it is my desire to set, and

* Nonnus Dionys. Lib. 41. v. 84. p. 1059. Edit. Hanov. 1610.

† An expression in the affecting Will of the Rt. H. Edmund Burke. What declaration, what testimony, what experience will *convince* us of the "Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remotâ erroris nebulâ?"

That states by learning rise, by learning fall;

Serene

and to depart. But can any of us see what we have seen, and not labour to avert it from our own country? If I could conceive a man of less political significance than myself, (not from my endeavours, but from my situation,) I would call even on him for assistance. But I would also add still more fervently, that if all and each of us, who *feel* the time, and the power of these days of darkness and of desolating tyranny, can be persuaded in the spirit of seriousness and of temperate national piety, "to offer up prayers and supplications, with strong crying unto HIM, WHO IS YET ABLE TO SAVE US FROM DEATH;" who knows, but that "We may YET be heard, in that we have feared?"

The object, the undiverted object of France is THE OVERTHROW OF ENGLAND! NOS NOSTRAQUE, *the form of our government, the fundamental laws, and the principles by which property is acknowledged, and* SECURED. These have been attacked by assault, by storm, by breach, by sedition, by the arms of ribaldry, of obscenity, of blasphemy. At one time they open upon us the floodgates of treason and madness, at another they sap the foundation by a circuitous stream winding and working unperceived. We appeal to facts and actions, not to promises and declarations. *We know* that a Revolution can alone be effected by the process, intrigues, and cabals of *political Reformers:* there is no other mode. I speak not of conquest by war.

A State may prove bankrupt; but I would inculcate one truth with peculiar earnestness, namely *that,* A REVOLUTION IS NOT THE NECESSARY CONSEQUENCE OF BANKRUPTCY. I view with fear the finances of Great Britain, but not without a rational

Serene, not senseless, through the awful storm,

In

rational hope of final, though tardy restoration.* The proposal of Reform is my specific apprehension. I would strenuously

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* In the year 1740, Lord Bolingbroke wrote to Sir W. Wyndham on the state of public affairs, during *the Secession* from Parliament.

" The British Constitution of Government is at A GREAT CRISIS, *which must turn either to life or death.* The disease cannot be long borne. God knows whether *remedies* can." Coxe's Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole. Correspondence. vol. 3. p. 351. Fifty eight years have passed since this was written. The state of the National Debt at that period, and the danger of *Jacobitism*, may be compared with the burthen of the present time, and the horrors of French *Jacobinism*. The present *Seceders* from Parliament will do well to consider their predecessors in this ridiculous, or rather wicked, scheme. Bolingbroke, in a subsequent letter to Sir W. Wyndham, says; " The *Jacobite* party in Britain is an *un-organized* lump of *inert* " matter, *without* a principle of *life or action* in it, capable of " *mobility* perhaps, but more capable of *divisibility*, and utterly " *void of spontaneous motion.*" *

If it were possible to describe a party by it's opposite qualities, how curious and fearful is it to contrast the Jacobite Party with the modern *French* JACOBIN *Faction* in Great Britain. Whatever be it's size or dimensions, it is nothing but *organization, quick matter, life and action, immobility in principle, full of spontaneous motion, one and indivisible.*

Sic furiis CACI mens effera; nec quid inausum
Aut intractatum scelerisve dolive!

* Coxe's Memoirs. Vol. 3. p. 555.

In principle sedate, to shun Reform;

To

strenuously resist all the proposers of Reform; Mr. Pitt formerly, and Mr. Grey at present. I confess I never could understand the great Lord Chatham's celebrated expression of "infusing a portion of *new* health into the constitution, to enable it to bear it's infirmities." Junius (in his very last letter) calls it "brilliant and full of intrinsic wisdom." For my own part, I think it is but false glitter, and full of intrinsic nonsense, when applied politically. It is the mere rage of metaphor: it is to call the mind a sheet of white paper, till at last we are brought to think the resemblance to be the very thing signified. The use of metaphor is to illustrate, not to prove.

Government, take it in any of it's complex forms, can be carried on but in three ways: by unsullied principle and undeviating virtue in the Governors, and perhaps in the people; by force and terror; or by mitigated law and influence. Who does dot wish for the first? Who expects to see it? In states highly civilized, the mixed mode of law and influence on the minds of free agents appears to me the only mode in which tranquillity, security, and general happiness can be tolerably preserved, with the allowance of human frailty. I detest corruption, open or secret, as much as any man. But when I see an assembly formed on any principles however sublime, or deep, or disinterested, I remember it is formed of men. Menander said long ago; Ανθρωπος! ἱκανὴ πρόφασις. It is man; his name explains the rest.

I never will consent to think, that Government is a matter of perpetual experiment. I would graft new regulations upon the old principles by a very gradual removal of what is absurd, obsolete,

To mark man's intellect, it's strength and bound,

Nor

obsolete, useless, or is an acknowledged incumbrance. It was the boast of Citizen Lord Stanhope, that he would teach the Judges law, and the Bishops religion. I have no such ambition: but at present I would recommend to Charles Abbott, Esq. M. P. the new *Digester* of our Laws, not to be too subtle in the process. Mr. Abbott is a gentleman of learning, virtue, ability, and upright conduct; but in such a cause the best among us must be warned of the danger of experiment. Ὁ καιρος οξυς, ἡ πειρα σφαλερη, said the Father of Physic in the Aphorism of his aphorismic wisdom; but surely caution is not timidity. It is not every political chemist who can throw off into his work the spirit of legislation, unmingled with the grosser dregs and feculence of the mass.

Let us *now*, and at all times, be vigilant with determinate courage. We know, beyond the possibility of a doubt, *what* freedom, *what equality of power among the citizens*, what fraternity, what comfort, what happiness, and what security France has offered and *given* to all countries, which have either bowed voluntarily, or have been subjected, to her tyranny.

Take Cicero's expressions. As to themselves; "Licet, quod videtur, publicum judicare; quod judicaverint, vendere." As to other nations, friend or foe; "Perspici non potest, utrum severitas acerbior, an benignitas quæstuosior sit." Such are the words in that elaborate and consummate Oration by Cicero on the Agrarian Law, which every man would do well to read and consider in the original, or in a translation; for it is peculiarly pertinent to the present time.

When

Nor deem stability on change to found;

To

When Demosthènes raised his mighty voice against a decree proposed by Aristocrates, he bespoke the attention of his audience as to a private man, who had neither part in the administration of the state, nor influence from his connections. He bespoke their favour on *this* ground; for he thought the interest of Athens was alone a sufficient plea. Επειδαν μηχ: των ενοχλουντων ὑμας, μδε των πεπολιτευμενων και πιστευομενων παρ' ὑμιν ων, πραγμα τηλικουτον φημι δειξειν πεπραγμενον.* For my own part, *without any other pretensions*, political or literary, than the love I feel to my country, her laws, her religion, her ordinances, and her government, and the labour I have exerted to understand and to preserve them, I would earnestly and affectionately remind my Countrymen in this perilous and pressing hour, of the eloquent words of Demonax as they are recorded by Lucian; "*Constitutions and doctrines like these you* "*will never decree, till you have first removed or overthrown* THE "ALTAR OF MERCY!" The words of the original are full of dignity: Μη προτερον, ω Αθηναιοι, ψηφισησθε, αν μη τα ΕΛΕΟΥ τον βωμον καθελητε.† (1797.)

(*g*) A celebrated saying of the famous Mirabeau, in the beginning of the French revolution.

I would, in this concluding note, observe with great earnestness and affection to my Country, that in all the departments of society, government, religion, or literature, the French have at all times maintained ONE UNVARYING SYSTEM OF DECEPTION, when under the ancient monarchy, or *now* under

 the

* Κατα Αριστοκρατους. Demosth. Ed. Gr. Benen. 1570. p. 403.

† Lucian, Demonax, p. 555. Ed. Fol. Bourdelotii.

To feel with Mirabeau, that "Words are Things," (g)

While

the iron, unrelenting tyranny of their new republic. Their manner of reasoning is and always has been sophistical; we are in perpetual danger of being misled by the appearance of reason; and we have always ground for distrust. Take a specimen from thousands and tens of thousands of instances.

Many years ago, in a collection entitled, "Lettres Historiques et Politiques," a *French* Statesman used these words to Mr. D'Alembert. "Je ne veux point admettre dans les arrêts "de Conseil *un vrai trivial*, une clarté *trop familiere*. Je veux "*un vrai de recherche*, une clartè elegante, [illegible]iveté fine, "toute brillante de termes pompeux, relevés inopinément de "phrases arrondies, de vocatifs *intermediaires* et d'adverbes "*indéfinis*."* Nothing can be more characteristic of French Statesmen. Let them at first be sufficiently *unintelligible*, have their *vocatifs intermediaires* and their *adverbes indefinis*, and the business is done. They have language without meaning, phrases to blind the people, and ideas to delude them; but when the scheme is accomplished, *and when they obtain the power*, their language becomes perfectly intelligible.

Next take an instance in literature. Men of learning have always had a proper value for the Greek language, for reasons too obvious for me to state. In general the French are ignorant of it. Indeed Mr. Camus (the Deputy) some time ago published an edition of Aristotle†, Περι Ζωων, moderate enough as I thought

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* Lett. Hist. et Polit. Vol. 4. p. 176.

† I know not whether the French have been taught by the Citizen Commentator Camus to have recourse to the metaphysics of Aristotle, when he declares that "Equality is really Sameness,"

While in Delusion's ear their magic rings,

Through

thought from a slight inspection. But in general the French Philosophers, who by their works prepared the Revolution, are perpetually despising or ridiculing the Greek language. I only speak of their *manner* of effecting their purpose. One of the acutest, most dangerous, and most insidious of them all, Mr.

Sameness," or as the Stagyrite himself expresses it, Ἡ Ἰσοτης, Ἑνοτης.* The French Commentators never vary in their sense. With his "Magna Moralia," indeed they have nothing to do; but they seem marvellously to agree with him respecting *the dignity and priority* of the science and practice *of* (THEIR) *Politics*, in every state of Europe. Ἡ Πολιτικη κυριωτατη και αρχιτεκτονικη. Τινας γαρ ειναι χρεων των επιστημων εν ταις Πολεσι, και ποιας ἑκαστης μανθανειν, και μεχρι τινος, ΑΥΤΗ ΔΙΑΤΑΣΣΕΙ! I am grieved to add the words which follow: Ὁρωμεν τας εντιμοτατας των Δυναμεων ΥΠΟ ΤΑΥΤΗΝ ΟΥΣΑΣ! † I cannot also help obsérving, that mutatis mutandis, the letter of a modern *French* General to any State resembles one from a Grecian Courtezan, in Alciphron's collection. The fraternal and meretricious demand are not much unlike. Philumena ays to Crito, "Why do you trouble your-"self to write so often? I want *Fifty* (or fifty million) PIECES "OF GOLD; I do not want letters: *If you love me*, GIVE ME "MONEY! Farewell. (Health and *Fraternity!*") The Greek is more emphatic: Πεντηκοντα χρυσων δει, και γραμματων ου δει. ΕΙ ΜΕ ΦΙΛΕΙΣ ΔΟΣ."‡ (1798.)

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*Arist. Metaphys. L. 10. C. 3. †Arist. Ethic. Nichom. L. 1. C. 2.

‡ Alciphron, Lib. 1. Ep. 40. Edit. Bergleri 1791. p. 61.

Through states, or armies, in the camp, or street,

And

Mr. D'Alembert, has these words. " *Ah, si vous saviez le Grec!* Ceux qui sçavent, *ou croient savoir*, l'Hebreu, l'*Arabe*, le *Syriaque*, le *Cophte*, *ou* le *Copte* (as if he cared how it was pronounced) le *Persan*, ou le *Chinois*, pensent et parlent *de même*, et *par les memes raisons*.' * We see, that the *French* Philosopher by *confounding* the *Arabic*, *Coptic*, *Syriac*, *and Chinese* with the *Greek*, insinuates that there is an *equal use* in them all, that is, to the *generality* of scholars and to the world at large, *little or no use* at all. This does not merit any answer; but we see *the nature of a French Philosopher's proof, and the manner of his arguments*, in short, he either knows every thing, or there is no manner of use at all in any thing which he does not know.

I think from continued observation, I understand the nature of these men. Their literature, their politics, and their philosophy, all terminate in the same point. " *Croyez* Moi," are the words, whether they speak to an individual, or to the nations of the universe.

Now since the Revolution, *from reasoning* they have betaken themselves *to single words*. Deception still. Mirabeau said true, " Words are things." I cannot help observing that the Athenians (whose government was popular and *consequently tyrannical*, and manured with the blood of her own *citizens)* had a custom of softening the appellations of things, which naturally conveyed an idea of terror. This may be found in a most curious extract, preserved by the very learned Photius, from the 4th book of the *Chrestomathia* of HELLADIUS BESANTINOUS; the

* D'Alembert Melanges de Literature et de Philosophie, Vol. 5. p. 526.

And now a School revolts, and now a FLEET.

Go,

the words are these. " Το μη δυσφημα λεγειν πασι τοις Πα-
" λαιοις φρονησις ην, μαλιστα δε τοις Αθηναιοις· διο και το Δεσ-
" μωτηριον, Οικημα εκαλειν, και τον Δημιον Κοινον, τας δε
" Ερινυας, σεμνας θεας· κτλ."* In the same manner the French apply the terms, *Equality*, *Liberty*, *Fraternity*, and similar words, for Tyranny, Desolation, Oppression, and Plunder. This is well understood. It would be presumption to enlarge on this subject to a kingdom so enlightened, so dignified, and I may add, so PREPARED as Great Britain.

We have every thing to lose: for we have under our own form of government, comfort, protection, honour, security, and happiness. The price of preserving them is indeed great, very great; but the price of anarchy, reform, and *inextricable confusion*, would be greater beyond all calculation. We have a foe powerful, and perhaps unrelenting; yet all States yield at last to circumstances; and policy may grant what affection might refuse.

The most ardent wish of my heart is A SECURE PEACE, after a war for ever to be deplored, bloody, fatal, and expensive beyond all example; but which I always believed, and still believe, to have been INEVITABLE. We have *still* many and great resources; but the times never called with so loud and so commanding a voice for wisdom, discernment, and integrity, for temperate, timely, and *gradual* concession with dignity and security, and for an œconomy rigid and undeviating, *on the parts of our governors*. The times call equally for obedience, *systematic acquiescence* under temporary pressure, alacrity in defence, and vigilance, and loyalty, and STEADINESS, *in all the subjects in this land*. We have no need of the Roman Arminium;

* Photii Bibliothec. Sect. 279. p. 1593. Ed. 1653.

Go, warn in solemn accents, bold and brief,

The

trium; our arms are purified already. Our Soldiers are loyal and honourable, and without spot: they have been weighed in the balance and found perfect. I trust also that our naval flag will never again wave but in defiance *to our enemies*. WE ARE NOT LOST, IF WE CONTINUE FIRM.

I see the ancient marks of our country in every loyal countenance. I would give life to every one who thinks, and who loves our great kingdom, and it's constitution. In times of national distress Poets have sometimes found means to invigorate the public mind, and confirm it's stability. I speak indeed of the days of old, "the image of our antique world:" but now, when the Temple, and the Citadel, the worship, and the strength, and the constitution of our forefathers are to be venerated and *defended*, it is happy that we can trace and find these powers, each in their order. We may be reminded of all that was depicted in the fabled palace, where the deities once assembled in full consistory:

Signa tamen, Divûmque tori, et quem quisque sacrârat
Accubitu genioque, locus monstrantur! *

But I fable not: we have not the images, but the very things before us; and the words of poetry are set off by the superior force of truth.

We must remember that all the leagues of French Faction and their leaders, in England or in any country, never relent. They know not the meaning of the term. There is as much mercy in them, to use the phrase of Shakspeare, *as there is milk in a male tiger*. In all their combinations, their plots, their proscriptions, and their *grand measures*, all they have done, or proposed to do, is to lay their country bound in chains of servitude,

* Statius Achill. L. 1.

The slumb'ring Minister, or factious Chief;

Mourn

vitude, at the feet of a French Directory. But Liberty is their word, and the diffusion of general happiness. How is this to be effected? Cicero might start up in the Senate, and reply; "Cum ferro, cum metu, cum privilegio, cum præsentibus copiis perditorum, et minis, et nefario fœdere, servitute oppressam Civitatem tenerent. Libertatis signum posuerunt magis ad ludibrium impudentiæ, quam ad simulationem Religionis." (*a*)

All this is so: but if they are called upon to retract, or to declare their full purpose, or to render their reasons to their country, they give us manifestos, and *declarations* from their clubs. They tell us of corruption, and reform, and all the sophisms of anarchy and revolution. So thundered the Orator of Athens against such men: Αντι τυ απολωλαι, σοφισματα ευρισκυσι, και παραγραφας, και προφασεις, πονηροτατοι ανθρωπων και αδικωτατοι. (*b*) But Justice has her balance, and the sword is not borne in vain. "*At home*, (I take the words of Sir John Finch in the 4th of Charles I.) *at any rate* AUTHORITY MUST BE VINDICATED FROM CONTEMPT; SINCE THE LIFE OF GOVERNMENT IS REPUTATION." We should remember, that "None are so bold as the factious in company, none so fearful apart." We may have good hope, for we have a good cause. When perhaps the greatest statesman and the greatest orator that ever headed an Opposition, demands an audience of his Sovereign, I would willingly *suppose*, that the princip'e

(*a*) Cicero, Orat. pro Domo sua ad Pontifices. Sect. 51.

(*b*) Demosthenes. Orat. Προς Λακριτον παραγραφην. Demosth. Ed. Gr. Benenati 1570. p. 546. Why will not our Statesmen *study* Demosthenes? Is he not allowed to be the very first *political* Orator? Mr. Fox virtually understands his *manner* better than any man in England; but he does not exert it for the same good end. (1797.)

Mourn proudest empires prostrate in the dust,
Tiaras,

principle of his heart *is not democratic:* though I think his principles, *in general*, are very dangerous at this time. I would hope, that we may be redeemed.

It was the boast of the Roman Emperor Augustus, that he found the city of brick, and left it of marble. I trust we shall not reverse this memorable saying; I trust that *the public credit* of the nation will revive, and that *in this respect*, when speaking of Mr. PITT, it will not be engraven with an iron pen, and in the rock of England for ever, "*Auream* invenit; *chartaceam* reliquit;" "He found it of *gold*, he left it of *paper*."

I think I can discern the firm establishment of lawful constitutional power in the plunges of meditated convulsion; and the return of day in the moment of greatest obscuration. I have loved my country from my earliest years, from a conviction of the excellence of it's Constitution, and of that balanced liberty it was formed to maintain. I am grateful for the protection and the blessings it has afforded, and is yet mighty to preserve; and I will therefore join the words and wishes of an ancient Orator; "Imperium securum, domum tutam, exercitus fortes, senatum fidelem, populum probum, orbem quietum, quæcunque et Hominis et Cæsaris vota sunt, ea voveo omnia et ardentissime exopto!" *

I am *again*, (much against my will, and I very sincerely apologize for repeating the subject,) *finally* called upon to declare with solemnity, and with that truth which I have ever revered and preserved, that this whole composition, verse and prose, is the work of *one* hand. In this assertion I have no mental reservation; for I never wore the weeds of Dominick, or drank from the cup of Loyola. If this declaration will not suffice, I shall leave the sable birds of detraction to the hoarseness of their own clamours, and to the worms on which they feed. I shall soar upward to the source and fountain of light. It

* Tertullian, Apolog. C. 3.

Tiaras, fanes, and pontiffs, crown and bust;

And

It is also frequently insinuated and sometimes boldly asserted, to be written *in conjunction* with many learned and eloquent friends in the groves and retreats of our beloved *Academe*. It is true indeed, "By the waters of *Cam* I have sat down and wept, when I remembered thee, O Sion! as for my harp, I have often hanged it up among the trees that are therein." I wished to "sing one of the songs of Sion." But, as it seems, it is an honourable *Conspiracy*, a *Conspiracy* to vindicate, to recommend, and to uphold the cause of government, of Christian religion, of learning, and of good manners. Would it were so! Such united talents might do their perfect work. I have only to lament the unworthiness of him who has presumed, without assistance or co-operation, to undertake that office ALONE;

"*To intermit no watch*
AGAINST THE WAKEFUL FOE, and wide abroad,
Through all the coasts of dark destruction, SEEK
DELIVERANCE FOR US ALL!"

If indeed I had either personal hope, or personal fear, in the political or in the literary world, I think it will be allowed that I should not have published this work. He must reconcile contradictions who will dispute this assertion. Whom have I courted? to whom have I bowed? Arbitrary power in any shape is my abhorrence. I have walked in the school of Locke, and have passed through that of Sidney; but I have in this hour of maturest reflection acknowledged, approved, and ardently recommended the tempered doctrines which uphold government, and prevent confusion.

In the political matters of *this* time, my suit and service is not rendered *personally* to Mr. Pitt. *Upon me* HE *can have no claim.* My service is to my Country, and my praise to the Minister of the Crown of Great Britain. My praise is to HIM, who by deliberate and undaunted firmness, with an unblenched dignity, by commanding

And last, as through the smould'ring flames you turn,
Snatch

commanding powers in speech and argument, and by vigorous measures, though without that promptitude of decision which mark'd his great Father, has preserved and supported (long may he preserve and support them!) the principle and stability of the British government and constitution. *The main voice of Great Britain goes with me in this.* Such I esteem Mr. PITT: as such I honour him. *Am I his enemy?* I see his errors, and perhaps his vices too, and I lay no flattering unction to them. I am alive to all his public virtues, and I would correct their aberrations, for they are many.

As to Mr. FOX; that he has not discerned the signs of these times, I will not assert; but that his imprudence, his unbridled licence of language, and his plunging desperate doctrines in times like these, in and out of Parliament, have alienated the mind of his country *from Him*, that I will maintain. If I were to give credence to *all* his speeches, which I have either heard or read, I must declare them to be the doctrines of a man ripe and ready for *any* revolution. If he is honest in his opinion, I can neither think nor pronounce him honest to his country. HE should not have *thus* exhibited himself in the House, or on the Hustings. *Non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit!* I pass over the primrose path of dalliance on St. Ann's Hill; though I would fain cast a withering look on the nocturnal orgies of dicing depredation and of patrician plunder before the walls of the palace, in the very face of a virtuous and insulted SOVEREIGN. I can separate the man from the leader of opposition; I am ready to bow, and I do bow, to his genius, to his political eloquence without an equal, and to his knowledge various, deep, and extensive. His pleasantry, his social friendly disposition, and the good temper of his private conversation are acknowledged. But if he is ever to direct the councils of this kingdom, he must

tread

Snatch THE PALLADIUM, though the Temple burn.

THE END OF THE POEM.

tread back *almost all* his steps: if he turns to OUR government, *he must be born again.*

Non hæc everso veniens *in fœdera* sæclo,
Aut Tuscum Tiberim, aut *Romana* palatia servet.

With opinions bold and candid as these, I might obtain some respect and perhaps some attention from the public; but I could hardly please either Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox. If I sought personal fame; my motive is still more visionary; no man can account for it. He who loved fame best said of it, "Just what you hear you have." I am wholly unknown: It is very proper that I should be so; and yet I would be understood even on this point. I have not the sacred fear of a coward, but the deliberate courage which is inspired by reflection, and the confidence which I am proud to repose in honourable friendship.

Some literary enterprizes are indeed rather hazardous in their nature; and mine are of that number. Yet I love decorum, and I would be guided by discretion; but it is not the form only of those virtues, refined through certain strainers, that I would preserve, it is the spirit of them I would have gentleness without timidity, and decision without presumption. But I *must* feel the pressing nature of the time, the burthens, the terrors, the perils, and the necessity OF THE STATE. Whoever would do a public service, must forge himself; his remuneration is from within. As to myself, however unavailing my actions, my sentiments, my abilities, or my services, they are UNKNOWN, UNBOUGHT, UNSOLICITED, *and shall be* UNALTERED. In spirit, in principle, and in affection, my words and my thoughts are these:

Non ante revellar,
Exanimem quam te complectar ROMA, *tuumque*
Nomen, LIBERTAS, *et imaginem prosequar umbram!* (1797.)

THE END.

A TRANSLATION

OF

THE PASSAGES

CITED IN

THE PREFACES AND NOTES

TO

THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

Non verbum verbo.

A TRANSLATION

OF

THE PASSAGES

CITED IN

THE PREFACES AND NOTES

TO

THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

IN THE TITLE-PAGE.

Υμεις, ω παντα &c.

"Ye, who from your natural disposition, as well as from your education, are in all things good and kindly affectioned, moderate, and worthy of the kingdom, be favourable to this Work."

IN THE PREFACE.

P. v.

Νυν ω Ϛελτιστε Κηφισοφων, ευ οιδ' &c.

"Now, my friend Cephisophon, I am well acquainted with the nature of the persons who have spread their reports and writings concerning us among the public, what and who they are. But as their malicious slanderings have always been ineffectual, and have made themselves the objects of ridicule and contempt; so now be more fully assured that they are not only ineffectual, but have returned upon their own heads with increased force. You indeed have

have acted a kind part in acquainting me with their proceedings, as you think I might be interested in the information; but I should by no means consider it as friendly in you, but rather as a direct injury done to me, if you condescended to make any answer to the slanders of men *who are wholly unworthy of any notice whatsoever!*"

From a Letter of Euripides.

P. vi.

Eh! qui sauroit sans moi &c.

"Who would ever have known that *Cotin* had preached, that *William* had translated, or *Richard* had *sung*, if I had not informed them?"

P. vii.

Egli medesmo prese &c.

"He himself took THE SHIELD from forth it's covering, and made the light of it clear and conspicuous; the inchanted Lustre which burst from it, struck the eyes of his adversaries so powerfully, that they became blind, and fell around in heaps discomfited, some from the stern and some from the prow."

P. ix.

Cælum ipsum &c.

"We assail heaven itself by our folly."

P. xi.

ΘΑΛΑΣΣΗΣ ΣΚΗΠΤΡΑ, &c.

"We hold in our own hands the sceptre and monarchy of the Ocean!—O my Country! afflicted as thou art, thou shalt not hide thy glory in darkness, without lustre and without remembrance."

P. xii.

P. xii.

Sancta ad vos &c.

" I will descend to you pure and untainted with that reproach, as a man who has never been unmindful of his learned ancestors."

P. xiii.

Consumpta est fabula vulgi, &c.

" The idle tales are passed; *the Citizens* have now learned to laugh at *the fraternal kisses* so long the popular theme."

P. xvii.

Prælita dum laxant, &c.

" While (*by disseminating such doctrines*) they are opening the barriers of our very gates to the Tyrannic enemy, it will become us to adopt some great measures to preserve our liberty, while it's existence is dubious."

P. xviii.

Deserta sub antro, &c.

" She lies in her cavern forlorn and deserted: Where is now the aliment to supply her breasts? Where are those whom she may consign to mighty destruction?—Hitherto we have had nothing but arms, and trumpets, the instruments of war, and wounds, and death."

P. xx.

Doctrinæ hæc Vindex, &c.

" The Vindicator of the cause of Learning offers these solemn admonitions to the Genius of Britain."

P. xxi.

Ελαμψε μεν τα νιφοεντος &c.

" The Oracle from Parnassus has loudly decreed, that an universal search should be made after him who is concealed."

P. xxii.

Ex phrasi, ex ore, ex locutione, &c.

" From his phraseology, his manner of speaking, his peculiar diction, and other circumstances, I am convinced that the whole work, or the greater part of it, is the composition of Hieronymus Alcander. From my constant, familiar, and domestic intercourse with him, I am as intimately acquainted with his genius and disposition, as he himself can be."

P. xxiii.

Nous laissons les Peres à ceux, &c.

" We leave the Fathers to them who treat of *the Positive;* in our writings we cite only the new Casuists.'—' But who are these new authors?—Very able and very *celebrated* men; we have Villalobos, Conink, Lamas, Achokier, Dealkoser, Bobadilla, &c. &c.'—' Oh, my good Father, I rejoined in much alarm, are these people *Christians?*'—' How? not Christians! he answered; they are the very persons by whom we govern, &c.'—So much the worse, I said, but added nothing more."

P. xxiv.

Factorum est copia nobis, &c.

" We have matters of fact in great abundance, this is the consequence of our residence at *Rome:* there is my house, there is my retirement, and there my days are *consumed.*"

A TRANS-

A TRANSLATION

OF

THE PASSAGES

CITED IN

THE INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

P. 1.

Nel cerchio accolto, &c.

" Retired within the magical circle, he murmured words of mightiest power. Thrice he turned his countenance to the East, and thrice to the realms where the Sun declines; " Whence (he cries) is this delay? Do ye wait for words " more secret than these, or of greater potency?"

P. 2.

Quid de me alii, &c.

" As to what some persons may say of me, let them look to their own words; but nevertheless they will talk."

P. 3.

Vitæ est avidus, &c.

" That man is greedy of life who is not willing to die, when the world is perishing around him."

P. 5.

Των αἱρεσιων &c.

" Destroy the insolence and high language of these heresies, and make them of none effect."

P. 5.

Αγαθυς αγαθοις αντεξεταζειν.

"To examine the excellent with the excellent, and compare their several merits with each other."

P. 6.

(Αρχιλοχυ) φωνημα &c.

"The first who strengthened the exalted strains of Archilochus with a rampart of firm and solid words."

P. 6.

Magnificabo Apostolatum meum.

"I will magnify my office."

P. 8.

Της φρονησεως &c.

"The compact and condensed power of the understanding."

P. 10.

Ego, si *risi*, &c.

"If I smile at the perfumes with which Rufillus is scented, or at any similar piece of folly, must I of necessity be stigmatized as a man of an envious and malicious disposition?"

P. 12.

Ει μεν δη Εταρον &c.

"If indeed you require me to chuse a companion, how can I forget the divine Ulysses? His heart, his affections, and his spirit are tried, ready, and prepared for every enterprise."

P. 12.

Donum, &c.

" The present of the fatal branch, now seen again after a long period."

P. 14.

Semel Causam dixi, &c.

" I have once spoken in this great Cause (prepared to repeat my words, if required) with that spirit which I am ever wont to assume, the spirit of an accuser."

P. 15.

Sævi spiracula Ditis· *Virg. Æn. 7.*

" The mouths of the cavern which leads to cruel Tartarus."

P. 15.

Tibi nullum periculum, &c.

" For my own part, I can see no danger to which you are personally exposed, separate and apart from the destruction of us all."

P. 16.

Senza levarmi, &c.

" Without attempting some adventurous flight, when I had pinions to support me, that I might offer to the world no ignoble example of myself."

P. 17.

Le Roi et ses Ministres, &c.

" The King and his Ministers might perhaps peruse these

memoirs, which most assuredly are not the composition of an uninformed man."

P. 19.

Αλυτοι απορίαι.

" Difficulties of hard solution."

P. 19.

Altius his nihil est; &c.

" Nothing can be more exalted than speculations like these; they are the very heights of the world. The great public mansion of Nature herself is contained within these boundaries."

P. 20.

Αὐταὶ αἱ τυ, &c.

" These are the vauntings of Him who fighteth against GOD; who glories in the strength of his wickedness; who threatens to destroy utterly and to confound the boundaries of nations, (once delivered by THE MOST HIGH to his angels and messengers;) and to make the whole Earth one scene of plunder and devastation; who boasteth that he will shake all the sons of men, and subvert and change the state of every ancient ordinance, institution, and regular government."

P. 24.

" Facere aliquid ad," &c.

" (It cannot be supposed) that speaking or writing in the Greek language, in preference to any other, can have any peculiar efficacy in promoting the interests of true piety or learning."

P. 24.

P. 24.

Frons læta parum, &c.

" His brow was not brightened with chearfulness; and his countenance was dejected."

P. 25.

Aspro concento, &c.

" The strains were harsh; it was the harmony of horror: shrieks, and groans, and lamentations loud and deep, were heard to agree in strangest consonance."

P. 25.

Svegliata il gli, &c. *Petrarch.*

" Awakened, a. from slumber, among the spirits of the elect, where the soul enjoys a more intimate communion with her Maker."

P. 25.

Ωσπερ απο των, &c.

" A gale of odorous sweets is wafted around, as from meadows of freshness and of choicest fragrance."

P. 26.

Capita argumentorum, &c.

" The heads of arguments and objections against certain persons of morose and peevish natures, and without erudition."

P. 27.

Che tempo è ormai, &c.

" For it is now high time to offer some assistance from the celestial vessel (called the ampolla) to those heads, which are either empty, or scantily provided with sense."

P. 27.

Τρισσοκαρηνος· ιδειν, &c.

" Hecate, with her triple head, a fatal and tremendous prodigy, the child of Tartarus,"

P. 27.

Οὐς Αρης εφιλατο.

" The favourites of Mars."

P. 27.

Και δι Ενυω, &c.

" The divine Bellona, and the Tritonian goddess, Minerva."

P. 28.

Mendici, mimi, balatrones.

" Beggars, players, and varlets of every description."

P. 29.

Γυμνωθη ῥακεων, &c.

" Ulysses stripped himself of his sordid garments, and leaped upon the great threshold of the mansion. His bow and quiver, full of arrows, were in his hand, and he scattered the shafts of destruction before his feet."

P. 29.

Συνδικον Μουσᾶν κτεανον.

" The lawful possession and right of the Muses."

P. 30.

Pensa, che questo dì mai non raggiorna.

" Pause; and reflect, that a day like this may never dawn again."

P. 30.

P. 30.

Quos orbe sub omni, &c.

"Wisdom herself can scarcely number seven persons, from among all the sons of men, whom she can honour with such a name."

P. 32.

Grave virus, &c.

"The virulence of the infection has corrupted and destroyed all that is sound, beautiful, and healthy."

P. 36.

Non tenues ignavo, &c.

"I strike no feeble chords with an idle, unavailing impulse; but holding my residence by the *Auruncian* temple, (where sleeps the spirit of *Lucilius*) I bend before the tombs of mightiest masters, and raise my voice with boldness."

THE END OF THE PASSAGES CITED IN THE INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

A TRANSLATION

A TRANSLATION

OF THE

PASSAGES CITED IN THE NOTES

TO THE

FIRST DIALOGUE

OF THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

P. 37.

Audaci quicunque afflate. &c.

" Whoever thou art, who feelest thyself inspired with the spirit of the fearless Cratinus; who turnest pale over the page of the indignant Eupolis, and of the venerable, dignified master of the sock*; look also upon these my labours, if by chance you should discover something matured and perfected by study. May my readers approach them with an ear purified *with incense from their altars.*"

P. 40.

Apollineæ bellum puerile pharetræ. *Statius.*

" The childish war of Apollo's quiver."

P. 41.

Talia dum celebro, &c.

" While I am recording these events, the Fury of civil Discord hath shaken her torch over the *Tarpeian* rock, and kindled wars as fierce as those on the plains of Phlegra. Behold, THE CAPITOL is blazing with sacrilegious fires, and

* Aristophanes.

and the Roman Legions have assumed the maddening spirit of the Gauls!"

P. 42.

Sol occubuit: &c.

"The sun set; but no night ensued."

P. 43.

Fingimus hæc? &c.

"Are these things matter of fiction? Is Satire assuming the loftiness of the tragic buskin? Would to heaven it were so."

P. 45.

Quæ tibi, &c.

"What remuneration can I offer you for a poem like this?"

P. 45.

Phyllidas, Hypsipilas, &c.

"The tales of Phillis and Hypsipile, and all the lamentable ditties of sing-song poetasters."

P. 46.

Unus, &c.

"Having obtained and enjoyed the sovereignty, he closed his eyes in the same common sleep of mortality."

P. 47.

Deficiens crumena.

"A purse under a consumption."

P. 48.

Sine vi, &c.

"He will utter no oracular precepts but upon compulsion."

P. 48.

P. 48.

Utrum chimæra bombinans, &c.

" Whether a chimæra buzzing in a vacuum, has the power of eating up or devouring second designs, thoughts, or intentions?" *

P. 50.

Stupet hic vitio, &c.

" He is become insensible by long habits of vice, and the heart of the man is waxed fat and gross; he is placed beyond the imputation of guilt, he has nothing to lose, and is plunged so deep, that he cannot rise even to bubble on the surface of the stream."

P. 53.

Piger scribendi, &c.

" Too careless or too idle to undergo the toil of writing, I mean, of writing well; for as to the quantity of his compositions, it is out of the question."

P. 54.

Une boutique de verbiage.

" A mere word-shop."

* A Germanic question, to ridicule the absurdities of metaphysics run mad. See a similar collection in the seventh chapter of the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus; for instance: " An " prætor *Esse reale* actualis Essentiæ sit Aliud *esse necessarium* " quo res actualiter existat?"—In English thus: " Whether, " besides the real being of actual being, there be any other " being necessary to cause a thing to be?"

P. 54.

De Causis corruptæ Eloquentiæ.

" A treatise on the Causes why Eloquence has been so much corrupted."

P. 54.

Abundat dulcibus vitiis.

" He abounds with luscious faults."

P. 55.

Ου γαρ εν μεσοισι, &c.

" The gifts of the Muses are not offered to every one who passes by, as common favours; they must be sought after, and obtained with difficulty."

P. 56.

Mugitus labyrinthi.

" The bellowing of the labyrinth."—N. B. Put for any common topic of ordinary poets or writers.

P. 56.

La nudrita, &c.

" Trivulzia, brought up and nourished in the sacred cavern."

P. 58.

Per più fiate gli occhi, &c.

" That work often affected us, and our cheeks turned pale as we were reading it; but there was one circumstance which quite subdued us. As we were proceeding, I exclaimed, " Alas! what softness of sentiment, what extasy of rapture, " conducted these wretched souls to the paths of sorrow!"

P. 60.

P. 60.

Omnes
Admonet, &c.

" He gives admonition to all, and cries with a loud voice through the shades; Give ear unto me, and be warned; revere justice, and despise not the power of the Gods."

P. 61.

Sunt adhuc curæ, &c.

" The offices of kindness and *fidelity* are yet cultivated among men: some are still to be found who will perform the duties of friendship to the departed."

P. 62.

Agri, edificia, loca, &c.

" Lands, edifices, estates, possessions of every species, all have been seized within their grasp; the heaven above, and the sea excepted, all have been declared public property, by gift, by *assignment*, by auction."

P. 62.

Si vous voulez une REVOLUTION, &c.

" If you are in earnest for a *Revolution*, you must *begin* by annihilating the Catholic religion in France."

P. 65.

Quantis suspiriis, &c.

" (They feel) by what prostration of soul, by what prayers and strong conflicts of the spirit, even the slightest and most imperfect knowledge of GOD is to be obtained!"

P. 66.

P. 66.

Auctor nominis ejus CHRISTUS, &c.

" The founder of that denomination of worship was CHRIST who, in the reign of Tiberius, suffered the punishment of death under the Procurator Pontius Pilate."

P. 67.

Non est qui judicat verè, &c.

" There is not one who judgeth with true judgment; no, not one. Their trust is in nothing; they talk words of vanity; they have conceived mischef, and brought forth iniquity."

P. 68.

I, Lictor, &c.

" Go, Lictor, and bind his hands."

P. 68.

Græcè

Discumbunt, &c.

" Their entertainments are in the Greek fashion; and the *pictured emblem* appears without a veil; you might expect to see the dancing girls (from the East) displaying their attitudes before the guests."

P. 69.

Σοφια πρωτον ἁγνη &c.

" Wisdom is first pure, then peaceable."

P. 70.

Si sic omnia!

" Would he had always written so!"

P. 70.

P. 70.

Bella femina, &c.

"The smiles of a pretty girl are the tears of the purse."
Italian Proverb.

P. 71.

Composuit octo, &c.

"He composed eight volumes, not without elegance, but without sufficient discernment."

P. 72.

Propera *stomachum*, &c.

"Prepare your *stomach* for these delicacies; and feast upon the fish which has been preserved for your times."

P. 74.

Corpus sine pectore.

"A body without a soul."

P. 74.

Vitæ summa brevis.

"The short span of life."

P. 74.

Magno conatu magnas nugas.

"Great efforts for great trifles."

P. 76.

Quousque frustra, &c.

"How long will ye idly support these sons of fire?"

P. 77.

P. 77.

Nè pour la digestion.

" Born for nothing but to eat and digest."

P. 80.

Grande munus, &c.

" May he re-assume the weight and dignity of the tragic buskin."

P. 81.

Ces propos, diras tu, &c.

" These subjects, you may say, are certainly pleasant in a Satire, for the amusement of a reader who loves to laugh. But I want the proof; let me have it in regular form. I agree with you; well, Doctor, answer me, and take your seat quietly, as in the schools. *What is a Commentator?*

P. 85.

Non more probo, &c.

" The manner is neither good nor respectable; when the verses, or the subject of them, enter the very marrow, and when the effeminate, lascivious accents provoke and irritate the inmost sensations."

P. 85.

Pauca suo Gallo, &c.

" Such effusions of verse and fancy, as even Lycoris herself might read."

P. 86.

Hoc defuit, &c.

" This was the only point in which *Fabricius* was deficient."

P. 87.

Carminaque Aonidum, &c.

" (Minerva) approved the strains of the Muses, and their honest indignation."

P. 88.

Παρφασις, ἡ, &c.

" Such is the power of insinuating flattery: it steals away the understanding of the best and the wisest.

P. 92.

Videre CANES; primusque Melampus, &c.

" THE DOGS descried him: first rushed forth Melampus, Pamphagus, and Dorceus, and the swift-footed Lycisca, with her brother, the quick-scented Ichnobates; and Asbolus black and shaggy, and the powerful Nebrophonos, with Lælaps, and the fierce Theron, Labros, and Agriodos, and the shrill-toned Hylactor, and others which I cannot name. The whole pack, eager for their prey, follow in full cry, where the path is rough and difficult, and even where no path at all is to be traced. Alas! he flies from his own attendants. Fain would he have cried out, I AM ACTÆON; behold in me your lord and master.—He wished to be away from them: but in vain: *He is left in their power.*"

P. 95.

Αυτος και Θεραπων, &c.

" Himself and his faithful attendant." Or, " The Knight and his Squire."

P. 96.

P. 96.

Mihi sit propositum, &c.*

" My resolution is to die in a tavern; may wine be placed before my lips as I am expiring; that the angelic choirs when they appear may say, " Heaven be propitious to this jovial drinker!"

P. 97.

Illum pro literato, &c.

" Many were inclined to consider him as a deep scholar, engaged as he was with old-wives fables and trifles, and passing a learned old age among the Milesian Tales of his own Apuleius, and the childs-play of literature."

P. 97.

Utilium sagax rerum.

" Subtle and sagacious in useful discoveries."

P. 98.

Altum Saganæ caliendrum.

" The towering head-dress of the Sorceress Sagana."

P. 99.

Κατακαυχᾶται Ελεος κρισεως.

" Mercy rejoic th against judgment."

P. 100.

Cuicunque veterum, &c.

" I would confidently put it in competition with any of the ancients."

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* Cited by Mr. Warton, in his second Dissertation prefixed to his History of English Poetry.

P. 100.

Νεκυων αμενηνα καρηνα.

" Phantoms of the dead, without strength or substance."

P. 101.

Ecce pro Clericis, &c.

" See what allegations I have made in favour of Priests and Presbyters; and so may every grateful *Clerk*, with his fair favourite, say a Paternoster for me and my sins!"

P. 101.

" Si quis dixerit, &c."

" If any one presume to say, that a Bishop may have his foibles, let him be accursed."

P. 102.

Et velut absentem, &c.

" May they still call aloud with rival cries after Actæon, as though he were not present."

P. 102.

" Hic liber est conglutinatus, &c.

" This book * is *conglutinated*, or made up, of as many books as would serve *one fat cook* for fuel, to dress sheep, oxen, swine, pigs, ducks, turkeys, and geese, without number; or as many as would be sufficient for *one High-Dryer* to heat an hundred stoves."

From a book, intitled, " The Epistles of *Obscure* Men."

* *i. e.* The Notes on the Edition of Shakspeare, by Johnson and Steevens, &c. &c. &c.

END OF DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

A TRANSLATION

OF THE

PASSAGES CITED IN THE NOTES

TO THE

SECOND DIALOGUE

OF THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

P. 103.

Ἔτ' ἀβλητος, &c.

"Yet untouched and without a wound, I pass through the thickest of the ranks; and may Minerva lead me by the hand, and defend me from the *missile* weapons of the enemy."

P. 105.

Grato mi è il sonno, &c.

"Sleep is grateful to me, and it is still more grateful to be made even of marble itself, while wickedness and shameless effrontery are abroad in the world; I esteem it happiness neither to see nor to perceive: yet rouse me not from repose, but let your speech be soft and low."

P. 106.

Flebit, et insignis, &c.

"He shall regret it, and become the burthen of some popular song."

P. 109.

Ανειρυσας, &c.

" Having drawn forth the belt and the paternal sword, buried deep under the cliffs and rocks sounding with storms, I again take my stand of observation*."

P. 110.

Dechirans à l'envi, &c.

" Tearing to pieces their own Republic, we see them as lions opposed to lions, relations to relations, madly and foolishly fighting with each other FOR THE CHOICE OF TYRANTS."

P. 111.

Καταιθει γαιαν αρχηστης Αρης, &c.

" The God of battle kindles the flame of war in the land, and sounds the sanguinary blast from his trumpet. The kingdom all around presents one scene of devastation, and the fields are bristled with spears, waving thick as the ears of corn. Lamentations wafted through the silent regions of the air are heard from the pinnacles of the towers, with the rending of veils, and the shrieks of women waiting for misery upon misery, and calamity upon calamity."

P. 113.

Glomerare sub antro, &c.

" To gather together, in the recesses of the cavern, a

" thick

* This dark allusion of Lycophron is to a legend concerning Theseus. See Plutarch in the Life of Theseus. If I recollect right, there is a picture in Lord Exeter's collection at *Burleigh*, on this subject.

" thick night, palled in the dunnest smoke of hell *," while the darkness is mixed with fire!"

P. 113.

Ubi passim, &c.

" Where error drives them in endless deviations, from the right path."

P. 117.

Dogmatizer en vers, &c.

" To deliver dogmas or sentences in verse, and to rhyme on chapter by chapter."

P. 119.

Vitreo bibit ille Priapo.

" He drinks from his glass goblet, shaped like a Priapus."

P. 120.

Historia quoquo modo scripta delectat.

" History is always pleasing, write it as you will."

P. 120.

Sed tamen in pretio.

" But still it has a value."

P. 121.

Amoretti alati,

" Little Cupids with little wings."

* Expressions from Shakespeare's Macbeth

P. 123.

Ὑπνῳ αγωγα ἁπασι, &c.

" All things which are habitual, such as motions to which we are accustomed, are favourable to sleep. To a sailor, for instance, the reclining on ship-board, a voyage at open sea, the sounding of the shore, and the noise of the winds, and the roaring of the waves, &c. &c. &c."

P. 123.

Apollineo nomina digna choro.

" Names worthy to be inscribed in the choir of Apollo."

P. 124.

Il cantar, che nell' anima, &c.

" That music, which is felt internally; it is not the ear, " but the soul itself, which is affected."

P. 126.

Felix curarum! cui, &c.

" Happy and fortunate in his cares and engagements! For him the garlands of Helicon, and the *idle* laurels which bloom on the brow of Parnassus, *have no charms!* But the powers of his understanding are vigorous, and his mind, from long experience, is bound up to bear the vicissitudes of the world."

P. 126.

Ingenium illustre altioribus studiis, &c.

" In early youth he devoted all the powers of his illustrious mind to the higher philosophy; not, as the manner of some is, to shelter sloth under the covert of a splendid name, but by a steady and deliberate firmness against the accidents of life to prepare himself for the administration of the state."

P. 127.

P. 127.

" Opum contemptor, &c.

" Superior to *avarice*, of a persevering *rectitude of principle*, and unmoved by fear."

P. 127.

Magnum est vectigal Parsimonia.

" Œconomy of itself is a great revenue."

P. 127.

Mæcenatis Rana, &c.

" The frog of Mæcenas (i. e. his seal bearing the figure of that animal) was an object of great terror, as the instrument of levying money."

P. 129.

Οικειᾳ ξυνεσει, φυσεως, &c.

" His sagacity was peculiarly his own; and being gifted by nature with intuitive skill, he had moreover such a promptitude of counsel, as gave him a decided superiority in advancing all that was necessary upon any subject, and on the spur of the occasion.

P. 130.

Informatum fulmen.

" An unfinished thunder-bolt."

P. 130.

Tres imbris torti, &c.

Mr. BURKE himself has *thus* translated this passage in part 5, chapter 5, of his treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, as an example that words may affect without raising distinct images. " *Three rays of twisted showers, three of watery*

" *clouds,*

clouds, three of fire, and three of the winged south wind:
" *then mixed they in the work terrific lightnings, and*
" *sound, and fear, and anger, with pursuing flames.*"

P. 132.

Cum tot abortivis, &c.

" Since the teeming womb of Julia has produced so many crude births, or rather abortions, which confess their incestuous sires."

P. 132.

Αναῤῥηγνυμενης εκ βαθρων γης, &c.

" While the earth is burst asunder from its foundations, and the very depths of Tartarus are disclosed and laid bare to view."

P. 133.

Quando ullum invenient parem?

" When shall they look upon his like again?

P. 134.

Monumenta rerum posteris, &c.

" He has delivered down to all posterity, who may enquire after them, the monuments and records of these transactions. Young men of character and ability will be desirous of *his* company and conversation, and will learn from him, as from an oracular decision, the path which it is their interest or their duty to follow. He will instruct them, and will form their minds; and like an experienced pilot, will shew them what is necessary to direct and preserve the vessel, when the gale is prosperous, or when the storm is raging. He will be led

led to this by a sense of duty and of common good, and even by the very pleasure and satisfaction he finds in the office itself."

P. 134.

Magno discrimine causam, &c.

" Are you about to undertake the management of a cause of great importance? First consult your own self: say fairly and honestly, who and what you are; whether you are an orator of power and strength, or Curtius, or Marho. Understand well the measure of your eloquence and ability."

P. 135.

Hunc ne pro Cephalo, &c.

" I was apprehensive that you, Aurora, might seize upon him for your own Cephalus."

P. 136.

Virus lunare.

" Drops of infection distilling from the moon."

N. B. Shakspeare, in his Macbeth, alludes to this piece of ancient witchcraft.

" On the corner *of the moon*
Hangs *a vaporous drop* profound;
I'll catch it, ere it fall to ground."

P. 139.

Της Φυσεως, &c.

" He was the Scribe, or Secretary of Nature, dipping his pen into mind.

P. 142.

Nunc non e manibus illis, &c.

Will

" Will not violets spring from the spot where his manes repose, from his tomb and favoured ashes?"

P. 144.

Rite maturos, &c.

" To bring forth the matured birth in due form."

P. 145.

Oro miserere laborum, &c.

" Consider, I beseech you, all that I have undergone; have compassion on a mind which has suffered most unworthily."

P. 146.

Nomen in exemplum, &c.

" We will preserve his name for an example to late posterity."

P. 147.

Ιατρικωτατος, φιλοδωρος και, &c.

" A *Physician* of consummate skill; generous, liberal, not to be corrupted; a friend to the poor and needy; *a gentleman in principle*; a regulator and conductor of youth; a man of sanctity, justice, and piety; whose attainments have reached the utmost heights of erudition."

P. 149.

Nudus agas, &c.

" Plead then quite naked; madness is less censurable." —N. B. Juvenal alludes to the indecent summer dresses of the Roman advocates in the courts of law.

P. 150.

P. 150.

Quel d'amor travagliato Sacripante. *Ariosto. O. F.* c. 1.

" I speak of the *love-lorn* Sacripante."

P. 150.

Συνετοισι.

(This note is addressed) " To the intelligent."

P. 151.

Della commodità, &c.

" I, poor Medoro, in gratitude for the *favourable* reception I found in this place," &c. &c.

P. 151.

Era scritto in Arabico, &c.

" It was written in the *Arabic* language, which the noble Earl understood *as well* as he did Latin."

P. 151.

Nè sono a Ferraù," &c.

" I cannot allot any more of my verses to Ferraù, or Sacripante (or even to *Carlisle*); the Prince of Anglante calls my attention from them; &c."

P. 152.

Οι θεοι οικτειρωντες, &c.

" The Gods in compassion to the race of men † born to toil and trouble, assigned the Muses, and Apollo, and *Bacchus* for the companions of their festivals."

P. 152.

† Some manuscripts read here, " politicians."

P. 152.

Εκλυσις,—εκβολη, &c.

N. B. These are Greek musical terms, and technical words, which it would be needless to explain, and indeed would answer no purpose. Dr. Burney's History of Music will, I believe, give their explanation at large.

P. 157.

Di Patrii, quorum, &c.

"Gods of my country, tutelary Deities of *Troy*, ye cannot surely have resolved to extirpate the sons of Teucer, since ye have inspired the breasts of our youth with such loyalty, such zeal, and with such determined bravery."

THE END OF THE SECOND DIALOGUE.

A TRANSLATION

OF THE

PASSAGES CITED IN THE PREFACE AND NOTES

TO THE

THIRD DIALOGUE

OF THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

P. 159.

Εκλαγξαν δ' αρ' οϊστοι, &c.

"The arrows rattled in his quiver, as he moved along in all the fierceness of his wrath. His march was like the Night. He took his station at a distance from the ships, and sent forth a shaft; and the sounding of the silver bow was terrible. His first attack was on the animals, the mules and *dogs;* but after that, he smote THE ARMY ITSELF with many a deadly arrow, and the funeral piles of the slain blazed frequent through the camp."

P. 161.

Ταυτα παντ' υπερ Υμων, υπερ, &c.

"I present these considerations as the result of accurate and solemn investigation; they are offered in behalf of YOU ALL; in the cause of Truth, your Constitution, and your Laws; for your common Salvation, your Religion, your Honour, and your Liberty."

P. 161.

Licet omnibus, licet etiam mihi, &c.

" It is the right of every man, and it is also mine, to endeavour to support and vindicate the honour and dignity of his country; and while I have the power of appearing before the public, I decline not the danger of delivering my sentiments boldly and openly."

P. 163.

Απαυγασαι Οιος Εφεδρος, &c.

" Look upon " the great Vision* of that guarded mount," see what a power holds his watchful residence on the summit of the cliff, a power able to overthrow you from your foundations!" N. B. The poet is speaking of Mars personified on the highest mountain of Delos.

P. 164.

Jnstat terribilis vivis, &c.

" She is an object of terror and dismay to all the living; and she claims the inheritance of those who are ready to perish. With her there is no pause: when plunder ceases, lust wakes and rages; the rich tremble by day, and the married by night. At her nod her Satellites, with their swords unsheathed, start forth prepared for action."

P. 165.

Sævis opus est et fortibus umbris, &c.

" She requires in her service the spirits of the cruel and of the brave; nay, she herself creates them, and she finds her account in death under every form."

P. 168.

* An expression adapted from the Lycidas of Milton.

P. 168.

Quæ cum magna modis, &c.

" A Region, long the subject of speculation and wonder to all the surrounding nations; a kingdom which abounds in every production which is valuable, and which is defended by the *internal, consolidated* strength of her own natives; yet she appears to have possessed no greater or more illustrious object of love and veneration than THIS MAN."

P. 168.

Omnia fata laborant, &c.

" The fates and fortunes of all around totter and shake, if you attempt to change what now exists: the whole human race stands or falls in the issue of this one conflict."

P. 168.

Animo vidit, &c.

" These subjects he saw by the power of his mind, and comprehended them by his understanding; and by his eloquence he cast a brightness upon them."

P. 169.

Αρχει ΕΙΣ Ανθρωπος, &c.

" One enlightened man with an ardent zeal is able to preserve a whole people upright."

P. 170.

La piova maladetta, &c.

" It was a storm of accursed quality; of rain, cold, heavy, and frequent, with hail stones and sleet, and thick discoloured

snow, pouring down in torrents through the darkened regions of the air."

P. 171.

Ευδεις!—αλλ' ω, &c.

"Thou sleepest the sleep of mortality!—But we are not unmindful of thee, O Achilles; in life and in death thou art equally the object of our regard and veneration."

P. 172.

Οικον 'αμερον αστοις, &c.

"I record the praises of *Corinth*, a state mild to it's own citizens, hospitable to strangers, famed for opulence, the sacred residence of Neptune, whose youth are renowned for courage and ability. There dwells Eunomia, the goddess of well-ordered governments, and her sisters, Justice, the unshaken basis of every state, and Peace, of like manners; the dispensers and arbiters of wealth, the golden daughters of Themis, whose counsel never deceives. It is their wish and purpose to chase away injury, the bold-tongued parent of satiety and insolence."

"Here too the Muse breathes forth her sweetest, softest inspirations; and Mars himself flourishes anew in the prowess of her youthful heroes."

P. 173.

Hæc Ego non credam, &c.

"Shall I not rouse myself at such a call, and attack them? Shall I not hold up the torch of Satire to works like these?"

P. 174.

P. 174.

Μη φιλοχωρειν, &c.

" Not to be interested, or take any part in the welfare of a State, which never allowed them to share any advantage."

P. 174.

Ουδεν ὁι Ρωμαῖοι ταπεινωθεντες, &c.

" The *Romans* were nothing humbled, as might have been expected, engaged as they were in an arduous war, and deserted by all their Allies. But on the contrary, with a firm reliance on their *internal* powers alone, they rushed forward to the contest with still greater alacrity, and with a courage inspired by danger and necessity. They were bold and confident of their ability, under the guidance of good counsel, to carry on the war with effect by their own native courage and virtues, without any to participate their glory."

P. 175.

Ferro Argolicas, &c.

" To pierce with the sword the inmost concealments of *the Greeks*."

P. 176.

Tu ne cede malis, &c.

" Suffer not your spirit to be subdued by misfortunes; but on the contrary, steer right onward, with a courage greater than your fate seems to allow."

P. 177.

Ματαιολογων φημα, &c.

" The fame of some vain pretenders to poetry has been

noised about *Greece*, to the disgrace of a learned and distinguished art."

P. 179.

PLACE DE LA TRADUCTION.

par Monsieur Peltier.

JEAN NORBURY, Docteur, &c. &c.

" PLACE OF TRANSLATION.

JOHN NORBURY, Doctor in Divinity, Canon and Fellow of Eton College. *Aged* SIXTY EIGHT *years.*

STEPHEN WESTON, Bachelor in Divinity; an Abbé, a Traveller, and a maker of verses; *formerly* Rector of a parish. *Aged* FIFTY *years.*

CHARLES COOTE,* Doctor in Divinity, a Dean in Ireland. *Aged* FIFTY-TWO *years*, according to the Register.

EDWARD

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* P. S. J'ai reçue une lettre, &c.

* P. S. " I have received a letter from Monsieur Peltier, for whom I entertain *the highest consideration*, who has informed me, that there is a little mistake concerning DR. COOTE, the celebrated translator. He says, that Dr. Coote was not an Irish Dean, (and consequently a great Theologian,) but a Doctor in the Civil Law in England, *deeply versed in the Greek grammar.* Mr. Peltier, with a zeal for truth of the most edifying nature, and with great devotion of mind, has requested me to correct the Register and the Poetry in this particular; and has also signified to me, that the Rev. MR. NARES, a very amiable author in his way, and editor of the periodical work called *The British Critic*, was very eager and solicitous on the same account. Unfortunately, it is wholly out of my power to oblige them; and I returned an answer with great frankness; " My dear Peltier, when once a doctor's head is " off, what can be done?" (Nov. 1797.)

EDWARD TEW, Bachelor in Divinity, Canon and Fellow of Eton College. *Aged* FIFTY SEVEN *years.*

GUILLOTINED *after the Greek fashion, 25th of Floreal; 5th day of the Decade,* 1796.

Extract from the Register of THE LITERARY GUILLOTINE.

N. B. *They ascended the scaffold with great resolution; at a quarter past ten in the morning their heads fell.*

Extract from the Report made to THE COUNCIL OF ANCIENTS, by the Executive Minister of Literary Justice.

P. 180.

Αρχετε, Σικελικαι, &c.

" Ye Sicilian Muses, begin the strain of woe."

P. 182.

Je trouve dans le, &c.

" I find in *Elmsley*, the bookseller, an adviser of much wisdom, knowledge, and discretion."

P. 183.

Εστιν ου το ὁπωσουν, &c.

" An oath is not sublime of itself; but the place, the manner, the occasion, and the circumstances of introducing it, make it so."

P. 186.

Λοξων ες, &c.

" Into all the meandrings of verbal obliquity."

P. 186.

Εταιρα χρυσια, &c.

" If a courtezan wears ornaments of gold, let them be confiscated, or *let her* person *be public.*"*

P. 187.

Μηδε τα Κυπρια, &c.

" The Cyprian verses are not marked with the accent on the ante-penultima."

P. 187.

Ex libris deprehendi, &c.

" From his writings I discovered him to be a man of a glowing genius, extensive reading, and comprehensive memory; but in general more copious, than choice; and his style and phraseology rather confused, than clear and chastised."

P. 188.

Figuram animi, &c.

" Let them rather present us with the features of his mind than of his body."

P. 189.

Si tibi *Mistillus*, &c.

" If your Cook's name is *Mystyllus*, why may I not call him also *T'arat'alla.*"*

P. 191.

* The construction depends upon the mode of placing the accent on the word δημοσια.

* The words *Mystyllus* and *T'arat'alla*, are a play upon two Greek words, which cannot be explained in English.

P. 191.

Pleno jure—and usufructuario.

"Not of absolute right, but only †usufructuary."

P. 192.

Supera ut convexa *revisant*, &c. ‡

"That they may *revisit* the superior regions, and again manifest an inclination to return to their *corporeal, visible forms.*"

P. 192.

Τῇ νυν, και σοι, &c.

"Take this reward as a prize, thou venerable *old man*, and preserve it for a memorial of thy skill."

P. 192.

Melioribus olim auspiciis.

"Once under more favourable expectations."

P. 194.

Hoc Juvenem egregium, &c.

"I present the illustrious youth with this distinguished mark of my regard, and of his merit."

P. 194.

† Terms in the Roman law.

‡ This was an Eton allusion to Dr. Norbury's series of old clothes, re-appearing, after having been locked up for many months. It is hardly possible to translate the spirit of it in English.

P. 194.

Ὅτε γεγονα Ανηρ, &c.

"When I became a man, I put away childish things."

P. 195.

Sic liceat, &c.

"In this manner we may attempt to fill up the measure of Grecian literature."

P. 195.

Tunc cum ad canitiem, &c.

"What? when the hair is absolutely grey with years—do you ask me to overlook such folly?—No; no; no;."

P. 199.

Spiritus intus alit; &c.

"The spirit feeds it within; and the soul, by infusion into every member, agitates the mass, and blends itself intimately WITH THE WHOLE BODY."

P. 200.

Dixerat Anchises; &c.

"Anchises finished his speech, and led his son Æneas and the Sibyll into the midst of the Convention and the buzzing crowd. He then chose a rising ground, that he might observe the whole company as they came successively in review before him, and mark with discrimination their countenances as they passed by."

P. 202.

Decernunt quodcunque, &c.

" They do what they will with our whole body."

P. 202.

Per Solis radios, &c.

" They swear by the light of the sun, and by the thunderbolts of their TARPEIAN JOVE; nay, by every instrument of warfare in the celestial regions."

P. 203.

Ejectos littore, &c.

" I received them outcasts from their own coasts, in exile, and in poverty; and in an hour of madness, folly, or inconsiderateness, I *almost incorporated* them in the kingdom."

P. 207.

Hæc limina VICTOR, &c

" Through this threshold the Conqueror Alcides passed."

P. 210.

Tanquam portum, &c.

" The haven, as it were, and the sabbath of all the contemplations of man."

P. 210.

Te quoque dignum, &c.

" Render yourself worthy of the Deity."

P. 214.

Vineta cædit sua.

" He prunes his own vineyards."

P. 215.

Ad terras comitata cadentem, &c.

" Let the trace of the avenging lightning which accompanied him in his fall to earth, now mark the very walls."

P. 219.

In nostros fabricata est, &c.

" The machine is raised to batter down our own walls."

P. 220.

Naturäi

Perturbatur ibi, &c.

" The whole body and frame of Nature is thus thrown into confusion and disturbance, and every principle is made to change its position."

P. 222.

Ηδη γαρ μοι σκοτος αγνοιας ἁπαντα, &c.

" In my opinion, the whole of their systems present to us nothing but the gross darkness of ignorance, and the blackness of deceit, with errors wide and infinite; nothing but mere fancies, and crude conceptions, and ignorance which sets all comprehension at defiance. I have therefore submitted to examine them, from a desire to point out the contradictions which prevail in their writings, and to shew the world that they only lead to discussions incapable either of limit or of definition; and further to convince men, that the end and result

result of them all is unsatisfactory and productive of no advantage whatsoever; without any support from matter of fact, or from the evidence of reason."

P. 222.

Γενομενος εν, &c.

" Being in an agony he prayed more earnestly."

P. 223.

Notis et Commentariis, &c.

" With the unceasing perpetual notes and commentaries of Doctor *Guillotine*."

P. 223.

'Ο παγυ.

" A man of supreme eminence."

P. 224.

Melliti verborum globuli.

" The honeyed globules of language."

P. 224.

Ut magis sit hasce, &c.

" It is far easier to comprehend the doctrine of the rising and setting of the stars, than to understand these strange contortions and excentricities of speech.

P. 224.

Λυχνης εχοντες, &c.

" Holding lights in their hands, and trilling out melodies, and verses " between ancient and modern."*

P. 224.

* It is impossible to render the original Greek word in English, which is compounded ludicrously. An explanation could serve no purpose whatsoever.

P. 224.

Salva res est, &c.

" The matter is all safe; he actually is setting up for a philosopher; pray what was his name? * a strange one."

P. 225.

Convenisse Neptuno, &c.

" It was suitable to the majesty of Neptune, that the offspring of his godship should acquire a more ample form, the time of his gestation being protracted."

P. 225.

Εται εκ, &c.

" For the embraces of the immortals are not ineffectual."

P. 226.

Εν ταις αγχθαις, &c.

" In rich and good soils they thin and lop the corn while it is growing, to prevent its being rank and luxuriant."

P. 227.

In nullum reipublicæ, &c.

" He became celebrated for an affected style, and ambitious *wordiness*, without any advantage whatsoever to the state."

P. 231.

Ὁ φυσικος λογος, &c.

" The sound doctrines of natural philosophy produce a secure and well-grounded piety attended with good hope, instead of a fearful and consuming superstition."

P. 232.

* The name in the original Latin cannot be translated with any effect, for the reason given in the last remark on Aristophanes.

P. 232.

Sint hic etiam, &c.

" Let merit ever here obtain it's reward."

P. 234.

Musarum spondet, &c.

" The whole Pierian choir and the Roman Phœbus himself answer for him."

P. 236.

Huic Musæ indulgent, &c.

" To him every Muse is propitious, and Apollo claims him for his own."

P. 237.

Ὅθι τ' Ἠὼς πρωγενείης, &c.

" Those regions where Aurora has fixed her palace, and holds her festal solemnities, and whence the Sun himself " begins his state." *

* An expression from the Allegro of Milton.

THE END OF THE THIRD DIALOGUE.

A TRANSLATION

OF THE

PASSAGES CITED IN THE PREFACE AND NOTES

TO THE

FOURTH DIALOGUE

OF THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

P. 241.

Ουδ' αλαοσκοπιην ειχε χρειων, &c.

"Neptune, who shakes the earth, was not idle in his observation, as he was seated on the loftiest summit of the wood-crowned Samos, lost in wonder at the contest and the war. From that eminence appeared all Ida, with the city of Priam, and the ships of the Grecians. He then descended from the craggy mountain. *Three* steps he advanced in his march, and at *the fourth* he reached his destination at Ægæ; where his imperial palace, emblazed with gold and gems, was erected in the depths of the abyss, unperishable, enduring for ever."

P. 243.

L'ombra sua torna, &c.

"His shade, which had left us for a season, is now on his return."

P. 247.

P. 247.

O proceres, censore, &c.

" O ye chiefs of the land, does this require a censor to punish it, or an augur to explain the prodigy? Do ye call for the arm of the law, or the lustration of religion?"

P. 249.

Ημεις, οις ιερα και ταφοι, &c.

" In this our country we have our religious rites, and the sepulchres of our forefathers. Here we enjoy the freedom of intercourse, society, and conversation; the blessings of lawful marriage, relations, and children, and the charities of life. All these we enjoy in common with you; and from these obligations we hold ourselves worthy of your trust and confidence."

P. 250.

At vos Trojugenæ vobis ignoscitis, &c.

" But ye, who boast yourself of *Trojan* ancestry, find excuses for one another; and such actions, as would disgrace the meanest mechanic, are esteemed honourable in men of rank and dignity."

P. 253.

Tanquam in pistrinum, &c.

" He seems to be confined, and shut up as in a kind of workhouse."

P. 255.

Quales et quantos viros!

" Men indeed of eminence and of high attainments."

P. 255.

Idoneus quidem meâ sententiâ, &c.

"In my opinion a competent judge, for he was accustomed to hear him speak often, and he did not publish his sentiments on his works till the orator himself was no more. From this circumstance there is no reason to think that he has gone beyond the truth from the partiality of friendship."

P. 255.

Το γαρ γερας εστι θανοντων.

"For this is the tribute which we pay to the departed."

P. 259.

Si trapassammo per, &c.

"Thus with slow and wandering steps we passed through *the palpable obscure*, through the solid temperament of darkness, mixed with drizzling rain. Our talk was of the life to come."

P. 258.

Episcopatus non est, &c.

"The office of a Bishop was not devised merely to pass away life, but it is an office of duty, labour, and attention."

P. 259.

Οι δη τονδε μετιοντες τον τροπον, &c.

"They, who have thus fashioned their manners, godlike Beings, carried up by devout aspirations to the heavenly regions, superintend the lives of all around them. They are set apart and sanctified unto GOD HIMSELF, who is above all, for the sake of the whole human race; by a spirit

and

and disposition purified from every stain, by the unerring doctrines of true and unfeigned piety, and by words and works according unto righteousness. By these and such actions they offer up a species of propitiation to the Deity for themselves, and for those of the same common nature, and compleat their hallowed ministry in full consummation."

P. 259.

Saltem daretur, &c.

"May the evening of my life pass in tranquillity, and in the study of the sacred Scriptures."

P. 260.

Quibus occupatus, &c.

"The mind busied and beset with (political) considerations, finds but few intervals for polite literature."

P. 261.

Corpora lentè augescunt, &c.

"Bodies are slow of growth, but their dissolution is rapid."

P. 261.

Que ma vue à Colbert inspiroit l'allegresse."

"My presence gave chearfulness to the minister." (Colbert).*

P. 262.

* Boileau is speaking of the great Colbert, and of the Princes of the blood, and high Nobles who honoured *him* with *their* friendship. Such times are now passed for ever in France, and perhaps in England.

P. 262.

Truncо, non frondibus, &c.

" The aged tree casts a shadow with its trunk, not with its foliage."

P. 263.

Ευ μεταφερειν εστιν ευ θεωρειν.

" To manage metaphors with discretion, is the mark of a just and comprehensive mind."

P. 263.

Των Μεταφορων ευδοκιμεσι, &c.

" The metaphors which are drawn from analogy, generally meet with the greatest approbation."

P. 263.

Την μεν αιτιαν επιφεροντες, &c.

" They endeavoured to impute to them the charge of being enemies to the people. Some were destroyed from private malice, and others because they were the creditors of their murderers."

P. 264.

Οι εν ταις πολεσιν προστανтες, &c.

" The chiefs of the factions had each of them a specious name and pretext. Some held forth a political equality among the citizens, and some, a plan of a more temperate aristocracy. Their speeches had a reference to the common prize of contest, power and sovereignty; and every art was used by the antagonists to defeat each other. Having obtained their ends either by unjust sentences, or by acts of violence, they were prepared to fill up the measure of their crimes and iniquity."

P. 263.

P. 265.

Απροσικτων ερωτων, &c.

" The rage after desires hard to be attained, is increased by the difficulty."

P. 265.

Tristis FELICIBUS UMBRIS, &c.

" The shades of the happy spirits in Elysium had a gloom on their appearance. I saw the Decii, the parent and the son, souls which might well expiate the guilt of war; and Camillus himself in tears. Catiline stands in frantic exultation with his chains burst and broken asunder, and by him the Marii, terrible of aspect, and the bare, naked Cethegi. I saw the Drusi, names of popular celebrity, Tribunes extravagant in their proposals of laws and decrees; and the Gracchi, gigantic in their enterprises. Bound in the dungeons of Pluto, they rattled their adamantine iron chains in sign of applause; and the guilty inhabitants of Tartarus seemed to claim for themselves the mansions of the just and good."

P. 267.

Aspice Gentem, &c.

" Look upon the Nation, and *your own* Romans, call from thence the genuine Race of Latium, not Nobles from Byzantium, a. l Citizens from Greece."

P. 268.

" Fare ogni cosa *di novo* in quello stato; &c.

" To create all things anew in that state; to make new offices of government with new names, with new authority, with new men; to make the poor rich; to dismantle ancient

cities; to transport the inhabitants of one place to another; and briefly, to leave no one thing, nor condition of life untouched, and not to suffer the existence of any one species of rank, or order, or state, or possession, without an acknowledgement of YOUR having granted it, and that the occupier holds it OF YOU."

P. 270.

Nisi Bellum Gallicum exoriatur.

"Except in the case of a *Gallic* war."

P. 270.

Ου μην αλλα μεγαν ἡ τε χωρα, &c.

"Moreover the country itself, from its vicinity, and the ancient renown and valour of *the Gauls*, was an object of considerable terror to the Romans who were about to undertake a war so near home, and upon their own borders; and in particular, as the Gauls had once taken their city. On this account they made a special law, that the priests should enjoy an exemption from all military service, except in the case of a Gallic war. The very preparation itself proved the nature of their apprehension: for it is not recorded, that the Romans ever had so many *myriads* in arms at one time, either before or since that period."

P. 270.

Ut oportet, Bello Gallico, &c.

"There is not a man, worthy of being a Roman citizen, who would think of availing himself of any indulgence, or exemption from service, in the time of a *Gallic* war, according to the laws and customs of our ancestors."

N.B. The

N. B. The object of that oration of Cicero was to inculcate this doctrine; " Gallis fidem non habendam, hominibus " levibus, perfidis, et in ipsos Deos immortales impiis :" *i. e.* " That no trust or confidence whatsoever should be " placed in the Gauls, a nation fickle, perfidious, without " faith, and impious against the Gods themselves."

P. 271.

Vocem adyti dignam templo.

" A voice from the interior shrine, worthy of the temple."

P. 271.

Ουτε τεω σπενδεσκε, &c.

" He poured no libation from this cup, to any of the gods, save to Jove alone."

P. 271.

Experiar, quid sacra juvent, &c.

" I will try, if the Sanctuary can avail, or if Apollo be deceitful."

P. 275.

In sua templa furit, &c.

" The thunderbolt rages against it's *own* temples, and without any matter to obstruct it, both in it's fall and in it's return, spreads devastation far and wide, and collects again it's scattered fires.'

P. 276.

Talibus ex adyto, &c.

" In words like these the Sibyll utters her tremendous oracles of dubious import, and sounds them forth from the cavern, blending truth with obscurity."

P. 276.

Les Merveilles que Dieu ait faites, &c.

"The miracles which God has wrought for the eternal salvation of Henrietta of England. It was necessary to overthrow a great empire to restore *her* to the bosom of the Church. If the laws of the state are in opposition to her eternal salvation, God will shake the powers of that state to deliver her from those laws."

P. 277.

Me permettez vous, &c.

"May I be permitted, O God, to look upon thy holy and awful counsels with fear and trembling? Are then the times of confusion not yet accomplished?

P. 277.

"Nous souhaitons que l' Angleterre, &c.

"Our principal wish is, that ENGLAND, too free in her belief, and too licentious in her sentiments, may be chained down, as we are, in these happy bonds, (i. e. of the Catholic faith,) which prevent the pride of man from wild and wandering thoughts, and bring it into the captivity of the Holy Spirit and of the CHURCH.

P. 278.

Ατερ ἡμενος αλλων, &c.

"Sitting apart from the rest, on the holiest summit of Olympus."

P. 278.

Προς το αἰδιον ἐλεπεν.

"He looked to that which is eternal and incorruptible."

P. 280.

P. 280.

Conditur omne, &c.

" All the company of the stars are veiled, and the constellations pass away without a name."

P. 281.

Τῃ μεν εμπειριᾳ πολεμικος, &c.

" He was an experienced warrior, and his nature inclined him to military pursuits. But as to the other habits of his life, he was temperate and collected, of a philanthropic disposition, and so attached to Greek literature and Greek writing, as to make the professors of them the objects of his praise, and even of his veneration."

P. 282.

Aux Saumaises futurs, &c.

" To prepare tortures for the Salmasius's of a future age."

P. 284.

Primâ vel voce Canentis, &c.

" They yield to the first notes of the enchanter, and tremble to hear the second invocation."

P. 285.

Credidi, propter quod locutus sum.

" I believed, and therefore have I spoken."

P. 286.

Exequiale sacrum, &c.

" The funereal dirge, and the strain which appeases *the minor shades*."

P. 289.

Ουκ ἡσυχος, &c.

" He could not rest; but nourished, as he was, with the laurel of Apollo, he poured forth his oracular strains."

P. 291.

Hic Cimbros et summa, &c.

" He sustained the attacks of the Cimbri, and met the last extremities of the state, and by his single prowess supported the city during its terrors."

P. 292.

Ταυτα παντα λογισμω λαβων, &c.

" Such a man, taking all these things into his consideration, living in quietness and tranquillity, (like one who takes shelter when the storm is raging,) occupied wholly in his own concerns, and seeing the world around him filled with all manner of iniquity, is contented to pass the time of his sojourning here in peace; pure himself from all unrighteousness and the works of unholiness, and with calm confidence expects his dismission and departure in all the fulness of hope."

P. 294.

Υια φιλον, &c.

" Their own son, sporting among the immortal powers."

P. 296.

Questi erano gli scherzi, &c.

" These were only the sportive fancies of a poetical pen, not the serious opinions of a *catholic* mind.

P. 297.

P. 297.

ΓΡΑΝΤΗ τοξοφορον, &c.

" Granta has produced a son, bold and in compleat armour.

P. 297.

Εγκιθαριζεις

Καλα και ὑψι βιβας, &c.

" The strains of thy lyre are deep and various; thy march is noble and sublime, and splendour surrounds thee in thy progress. What excellence of thine shall I then select, who art every way worthy of honour and commendation? Thou hast discovered the remedy against death, and the support of old age. All hail! perchance in some future song I may again remember thee."

P. 298.

Les Romains eurent aussi, &c.

" The Romans had also their allegories upon the *double Sun* in its succession at different times of the year. They applied them to their *Remus* and *Romulus*. The names are allegorical, and all of them *relate to the year*.

P. 299.

Ils en firent la fête, &c.

" They changed the festival of the *Lemures* into *Remures*."

P. 299.

Nous avons *vu* dans, &c.*

We have *seen* in the preceding chapter, that *Romulus* was THE SUN; that every argument *proved* it!"

The

The proof is this. " Le nom de sa mere, &c.

" The name of his mother, that of his father, his brother, the death of his brother (Remus), his own name, &c.

P. 299.

Ce qu' exprimoient à cet ègard, &c.

" What the Greeks meant to express by the Apotheosis of Hercules, the Romans expressed by the Apotheosis of their Romulus."

P. 299.

Quirinus (nom de Romulus) la, &c.

" Quirinus (a name of Romulus), being the literal translation of *Melcarthe*, or *Melicerta*, among the Tyrians, IS ANOTHER PROOF, that they considered *Romulus* AS THE SUN."

P. 299.

Deliramenta doctrinæ.

" The wild speculations of learned men."

P. 300.

Si CAPTIVOS *aspiceres*, &c.

" If you regard *the captive* nations, behold the Molossi, the inhabitants of Thessaly, and Macedonia, the Bruttians and those of Apulia; if you consider the splendid ornaments of other countries, look at the gold, the purple, the statues, the pictures, and all the luxuries of Tarentum."

P. 302.

Negatas artifex sequi voces.

" He attempts to express the language which nature has denied him."

P. 302.

P. 302.

Attaquer Chapelain? ah, c'est, &c.

"What? attack poor Chapelain? oh, no; he is such a very good sort of man. To be sure, if he had taken my advice, he would never have made verses: he absolutely exhausts and *kills himself with rhyming*. Why does he not write prose?—This is what the world in general says of him; and do I say any thing else?

P. 303.

Et quidnam egregium, &c.

"What honour can result from the destruction of a building raised by *so puny a lyre?*"

P. 304.

Ego si risi, &c.

"If I indulge myself in a smile at such trifling follies, must I of necessity be an envious and malicious tempered man? Surely not."

P. 304.

Munus Apolline dignum.

"An offering worthy of Apollo."

P. 304.

Criticus, assuetus urere, secare, &c.

"A mere critic, whose whole business is to torture, hack, and abuse without mercy, every book of every description; to stab, or reduce with his pen, all commas, syllables, points, words,

words, and sentences; will not such a man withhold his unrelenting talons from attempting to destroy the good order and government of such a kingdom as this?"

P. 305.

Πτιλον το μεγα, &c.

"The principal feather of the vain-glorious bird is plucked and fallen."

P. 309.

Πασαν Ποιητικης, &c.

"The very form, substance, and image of Poetry in all its brightness."

P. 309.

Οταν ενθυσιαζων, &c.

"When feeling the power of enthusiasm, and fully subdued by the influence of the Muses, he calls forth into action all the primal, original, and divine energies of poetry."

P. 310.

Την των Ποιητων, &c.

"The enthusiasm of poets, when it is roused and set in motion, and communicates the impulse to others; when it receives it's fulness from above, and diffuses to all around the light imparted from heaven."

P. 310.

Καλεῖζω Μουσας ξυνην, &c.

"I call upon the Muses to send forth their united voices, full and symphonious, in all the varied power of harmony; such

such as they are recorded to have celebrated in choral bands at the tomb of Achilles, in Homeric strains and immortal inspiration. Let us therefore, the sacred Pierian choir, join and breathe together all the fulness of the song; and I, Apollo with the clustering locks, seated in the midst of you, will myself preside."

P. 311.

Ὀργᾶ ἡ φυσις, &c.

"The disposition of your son has a strong impulse to learning and the sciences."

P. 311.

Legere si desideras, &c.

"If you are desirous to read and study works like these, you must be free from the cares and anxieties of business, that your mind may be at full liberty to comprehend the force of poetry. As to myself, though I was produced on the very mountain of the Muses, where the consecrated Mnemosyne, with her nine offspring, bore to Jove the whole choir of the arts; though I was born in their very school; though I have obliterated from my soul the very traces of the love of money and possessions; though I have adopted and exercised the profession, against even the appearance of success; yet it is with reluctance that I am received and enrolled in the assembly. I may be told, I have undertaken a work of weight and dignity; but, allied as I am to all the literature of Greece, why, from indolence and sloth, should I abandon the honour of my native country?"

P. 312.

Neque enim Aonium, &c.

" I wander not through the Aonian grove with the steps of a stranger; nor are my brows now, for the first time, encircled with the fillets of the Muses."

P. 312.

Helas! je n'ai point vû, &c.

" Alas! I have never visited that abode of enchantment, those scenes of beauty and delight, where Virgil hath so often sung. But I swear by the poet, and by his sublime strains, that I will visit them; I will pass the summits of the Apennines; I will repair thither, full of his great name, full of his consecrated verses, and repeat them among the very scenes themselves which inspired the bard."

P. 317.

Et meæ, si quid, &c.

" And, if any opinion of mine is worthy of attention, I will give it freely in his favour."

P. 317.

Sic gemmas vaginæ, &c.

" In this manner did Æneas place the gems of honour in the very front of the scabbard."

P. 318.

Στεντορι εισαμενος, &c.

" Like Stentor, with a heart of courage, and a voice of brass, whose speech was equal to that of *fifty* men united."

P. 318.

Vicinas alii Veneres, &c.

" Let others celebrate in song the charms of many a neighbouring Venus, and the dances where the Graces preside; it is our province to record the austere doctrines and decrees of truth. The chords of our lyre sound in deeper and more solemn tones."

P. 319.

Οιον ὁ τω Ἀπολλωνος, &c.

" How is the branch of Apollo's own laurel shaken! how is the whole temple convulsed! Hence, avaunt, ye profane. Apollo himself approaches; and the sound of his steps in the threshold is propitious!"

P. 319.

De lodice parandâ, &c.

" A *house-wife* doctor, or schoolmaster."

P. 321.

O nondum cognita divùm, &c.

" O ye gifts of the gods not yet fully understood! All-hail, Frugality, thou who art guardian and friend of virtue and modesty, the curb of luxury, and the tutelar genius of life itself!"

P. 323.

In quâ Ego nactus, ut mihi videbar, &c.

" Being, as I thought, in possession of the vantage ground, with the opportunity of cutting down, or of curbing the headstrong impetuosity of youth, I was earnest in my endeavour, and exerted every faculty of my courage and understanding,

understanding, not from a dislike or hatred to any one, but from an honest hope of correcting the errors, and healing the disorders of the state. The Republic is sorely smitten and afflicted!

P. 324.

Salve, magna parens, &c.

"Hail to thee, Eton, Thou great nursing mother of learning and of men!"

P. 324.

Mussat tacito, &c.

"Learning is struck dumb with apprehension."

P. 325.

Academia degli Arcadi, &c.

"An academy of Arcadians and Italian *Buffos* or comedians."

P. 326.

Uni quippe vacat, &c.

"I have leisure, without prejudice or partiality, to drop a tear on the degenerate race and kindred of NEWTON."

P. 326.

Stupet æere primo, &c.

"Achilles stands astonished as he first breathes that air. He asks, what places are these? what waves he hears? where is his beloved Pelion? he finds all things either overthrown, or altered and strange to his view; and he even hesitates to acknowledge his own mother."

P. 328.

P. 328.

Γενος εκλεκτον, &c.

" A chosen generation, a peculiar people, a royal priesthood."

P. 328.

Jam Thebæ juxta, &c.

" The scenes of Thebes are not far off; and the gulph of darkness is yawning before us."

P. 332.

Quis gremio Enceladi, &c.

" Who confers the tribute of reward on Enceladus and the learned *Palæmon*, in proportion to their labours and fatigue of public instruction?"

P. 333.

Status dicitur *a standō*, &c.

" The word " *state*" (or condition of life) is derived from " to stand," because when a man is in possession of *one good prebend*, we say, *he stands well in the world.*"*

P. 333.

Recorderis Marescottum nostrum, &c.

" You remember our friend Marescottus used to say, that he was indebted to our sacred art (of medicine) for three things, which he never should have enjoyed, if he had taken upon him the order of priesthood, as his parents proposed to him. The advantages were these: a strong athletic habit of body to his eighty-second year; a *hundred*

* The Latin words are ludicrous.

thousand pounds; and an intimate acquaintance and friendship with men of rank and eminence."

P. 334.

Siccat inæquales, &c.

"The Priest is invited, but *not* to an *equality* in the glasses."

P. 334.

Ipse capillato, &c.

"My Lord himself drinks of the most costly vintage matured by years and good keeping."

P. 334.

È ben cosa certa, che PAOLO, &c.

"It is a certain fact, that Pope PAUL the Fourth, who was a man of a great mind, and of immeasurable thoughts and designs, was convinced that he could HIMSELF rectify all the disorders of the state, by his pontifical authority alone! He never conceived the necessity of having recourse to any prince in these affairs. It was his custom, never even to converse with the ambassadors, without thundering in their ears, that HE HIMSELF was above all Princes and Potentates; that he would not suffer any one of them to live in habits of familiarity with HIM; that HE could change and dispose of kingdoms; that HE was the direct successor of HIM, who had cast down and deposed kings and emperors."

P. 335.

Ubi Papa, ibi Roma! &c.

"Wherever the Pope resides, there is Rome! for ever and ever, till time shall be no more!"

P. 337.

P. 337.

Crimine ab uno, &c.

" From one single offence, learn the nature of them all."

P. 337.

A. D. 1544. Merindolani et Caprarienses, &c.

" In the year 1544, the Merindoliani and the Caprarians, &c. the poor existing remnant of the *Albigenses*, presented to Francis the First, King of France, the following Confession of Faith, which they had received by uninterrupted tradition from their ancestors, from the year of Christ, 1200, &c."

P. 338.

Anglia sic stabit, &c.

" So shall England stand! so shall she remain the lofty and unshaken citadel of Christianity!"

P. 339.

Læta et fortia surgunt, &c.

" The plants are lusty and vigorous; for the soil is wholesome and Nature is working at the root."

P. 341.

Jamque videnti, &c.

" While he was looking on, she stained his temples and his forehead with the crimson of the mulberry."

P. 342.

O magnâ sacer ·t superbus umbrâ.

" Hail to thee, in awful concealment, and in conscious pride; great is the shadow of thy name!"

N. B. Junius's motto to his Letters is, " Stat *nominis* umbra." Lucan.—" *There is only the shadow of the name.*"

P. 345.

State super vias antiquas.

" Stand firm upon the old paths."

P. 345.

Ὡς εἰπων, συναγεν νεφελας, &c.

" Having thus spoken, he gathered together the clouds, and with the trident in his grasp, perturbed the Ocean; he roused up all the blasts of all the winds from every quarter, and covered the earth and the sea with clouds, and Night was spread over the face of heaven!"

P. 346.

Dicendi Magister, &c.

" Plato, at once the master and the example of eloquence."

P. 347.

Multos modo falsa revisens, &c.

" False philosophy has revisited the world and deceived many; but LEARNING shall reinstate them and fix their minds on solid ground."

P. 347.

Cur non omnia?

" Why are they not all so?"

P. 347.

Quis rapiet ad se, &c.

" Who will be eager to appropriate to himself what expressed in a general way?"

P. 347.

P. 347.

Qui se fera connoitre, &c.

" Who will make himself known out of season, and without necessity?"

P. 347.

Unde Doctoris titulo, &c.

" Why do they glory in the title of *Doctor*, but to instruct and teach others?"

P. 349.

Εγραφη απο Ρωμης, &c.

" The epistle was written from Rome, when Paul stood before Cæsar Nero for the second time."

P. 350.

Negotium Ædilibus dedit, &c.

" He gave it in strict charge to the Ædiles, not to suffer any Roman who wore the toga or gown, to remain in the forum, except he laid aside the *Lacerna** or *Pænula*."

P. 351.

Multo stillaret, &c.

" When the pænula, or cloak, was dripping with the rain."

P. 351.

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* The Lacerna was a garment worn over the toga or gown, in bad weather; but chiefly on a journey. The old Scholiast on the first satire of Persius, v. 68. calls the Lacerna and Pænula both, *Pallia*. The pallium was a long open manteau.

P. 351.

Εν συναρμογῇ, &c.

" In an indissoluble connection and agreement according to the rules of the best reason."

P. 352.

O Vecchi, ch' avete, &c.

" O ye old fellows, who feel that you *have need* of a wife, &c. &c." *School for Husbands.*

P. 355.

Longa est injuria, &c.

" The account of the injurious transaction is rather long, and the particulars of it tedious."

P. 355.

O Fortunàti, quorum, &c.

" Hail, fortunate and favoured people, whose *temples* and palaces are rising again under such auspices!"—Such were the words of Æneas, as he was surveying the pinnacles of the city."

P. 356.

Fortunæ majoris, &c.

" A man who reflects honour on his distinguished situation, and opulent fortune; of an erect and independent spirit."

P. 357.

Carbonem pro Thesauro. *Proverb.*

" A coal instead of a treasure."

P. 357.

P. 357.

Oceano libemus, ait.

" Let us pour forth our libations to the Ocean."

P. 357.

Privatis majora focis.

" Too expensive for a private man's purse."

P. 358.

D'ou ce visage enfin, &c.

" Whence is that look, paler than a stock-holder at the sight of a decree, which cuts off a quarter of his income? Who, or what, has plunged you so deeply in chagrine and melancholy? Is there any edict in force *for the reformation of the kitchen?*"

P. 358.

Prens moi le bon parti, &c.

" Be advised, my son; choose what is useful; lay aside all your books and your studies. Be conversant in these sublime sciences; fling away your Plato, and take this *Guide* to the knowledge of finance."

P. 360.

Vitâ cedat, uti conviva satur.

" May he take leave of life, as a guest satisfied with his entertainment."

P. 361.

Rendono un alto suon, &c.

" They send forth a sound as loud and deep as the Nile, when he deafens the neighbouring shores with all his cataracts.

P. 362.

Soyez plutôt maçon, &c.

" Better be a mechanic, a builder, a mason, if such is your talent, a workman of character in any necessary art or trade, than an ordinary writer, or a common maker of verses."

P. 363.

Εκλεκτος γενημενος, &c.

" He was chosen for a certain transcendent excellence peculiar to his nature."

P. 364.

Par classes et par titres, &c.

" By divisions of subjects, and heads of sections, to dogmatize in verse, and rhyme chapter by chapter."

P. 364.

Ταυτα υμων της ηδυπαθειας, &c.

" These are the archetypes, the exemplars of your soft and delicate life; these are the shameful and scandalous tenets of your theology; these are the doctrines of your fornicating gods.—As to pictures or images; you have the little figures of Pan, and naked girls, and obscene protrusions in forms gross and palpable. Your very ears are impure; your eyes have committed fornication; your countenance is adulterous. Shame! shame! ye have done violence to the nature of man, and by your corruptions ye have debased all that is divine in his composition."

P. 365.

Αλλο τε μοι ενδειν ηθης, &c.

" I think this circumstance fully sufficient to mark the morals of the man; this alone clearly displays the nature of the affections and passions of his mind. For when a man stands in no awe of the disgrace which attends bad actions, and has no concern for his character, there is no way of transgression in which that man may not walk. With a countenance cloathed in shamelessness and audacity, he easily and naturally proceeds from one bad action to the most profligate attempts."

P. 368.

Transeat in exemplum.

" May it pass into an example."

P. 370.

Perchè altrove non have, &c.

" (He does this,) because he has no *other* object to engage his attention; since he is cut off from every mode of *action*, and cannot display any *other* courage and ability (*at present*) in more arduous enterprizes."

P. 371.

Ut vellem his potius, &c.

" Would to heaven he had given up to trifles like these all the time he devoted to savage and cruel purposes."

P. 372.

Περισσως εμμανιμενος.

" Wrought up to a high pitch of fury."

P. 373.

P. 373.

Triste ministerium! &c.

" A melancholy office! after the manner of their ancestors, they held the lighted torch to the funeral pile, and turned *aside* their faces."

P. 373.

Η γλωσσα πυρ, &c.

" The tongue is a fire; a world of iniquity: it defileth the whole body, setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell; it is an unruly evil full of deadly poison."

P. 373.

Καλη αναστροφη, &c.

" A conversation and behaviour honest before men.—The meekness and mildness of wisdom."

P. 374.

Αμυμενος ηντε, &c.

" Endeavouring to secure his own existence and the return of his companions, but in vain: for he could not *secure his friends*, however anxious for their support."

P. 374.

Επει Τροιης ιερον, &c.

" Since he had brought the sacred citadel of Troy to destruction."

P. 374.

P. 374.

Αθροως την Βελην καθηρηκει, &c.

" He took away at once the power of the Senate! As the measures were proceeding, the words of Gracchus received still stronger confirmation.—The whole strength and power of the government *narrowly* escaped an utter subversion."

P. 374.

Errare Cives, si tum, &c.

" (He said) the citizens were under a mistake, if they thought the senate had *now* any weight in the constitution."

P. 375.

Mirantur taciti, &c.

" They stand in silent astonishment; and wait for the fall of the yet dubious thunderbolt."

P. 376.

Uu te, fortissime Teucrûm, &c.

" How willingly do I receive and acknowledge thee, thou bravest, boldest of the Trojans! with what pleasure do I call to my remembrance the words, the voice, and the spirit of the great Anchises!"

P. 377.

Impudens liqui, &c.

" I wandered from my own home, without a blush for my folly."

P. 377.

Mutemus Clypeos, &c.

" Let us change shields, and adapt the devices of *the Greeks* to our own."

P. 379.

Hos mirabantur Athenæ, &c.

" Athens looked with astonishment at the torrent of their eloquence, while they wielded at will the passions of the full assembly."

P. 380.

Μαλα σοφιστικως, &c.

" With singular sophistry and arrogant presumption."

P. 380.

Ατυφη μοιρας φυσει, &c.

" A celestial *animal* having nothing of pride or vanity in it's nature, sent down immediately from heaven for the preservation and guardianship of men below."

P. 381.

Apud Græciam, quæ semper, &c.

" In Greece, which was ever ambitious of the sovereignty in eloquence, and particularly in Athens, the parent of every science, in which the highest power and strength of speech was first cultivated and brought to perfection;" (no peroration was ever permitted.)

P. 381.

Epilogos illi mos, &c.

On which Turnebus thus comments

Non licebat Athenis, &c.

" The custom of the city precluded him from the use of the peroration."

On

On which Turnebus thus comments:

" It was not permitted to attempt to move the passions; and they denied an orator the epilogus or peroration."

P. 382.

Ει ανδραποδων ἡ Πολις, αλλα, &c.

" If the city, O Athenians, were indeed confessedly composed of slaves, of *things* made over and bought, and not of MEN who consider themselves worthy of the rule and governance over others, ye would scarcely have endured the affronts and insulting language of this man, which he is daily pouring forth in the market place, in the assemblies, in the very tribunal itself; stigmatizing men better than himself, and far higher descended, as poltroons, and slaves, and the sons of slaves."

P. 383.

Illa se jactet in aula, &c.

" Let Æolus swagger in his own Hall!"

P. 383.

Proh dolor! imperium, &c.

" Oh heavy report! to whom is the empire of the ocean, and the unrelenting trident *now* consigned!"

P. 384.

Eunt tutis terrarum crimina, &c.

" *The crimes of the land* are wafted with impunity *on the sea*: from the time when the ship, loaded with the plunder of Jason, first disturbed the rights, the repose, and the majesty of the ocean!"

P. 385.

Ρωμαϊκων ταγματων αλαλαγμος, &c.

" The war-cry of the Roman legions rushing to conquest, and the shouts of the seditious, surrounded with fire and sword, were heard aloud. There was no mercy for age; nor could dignity find any respect. Wasted and gaunt with famine, they bellowed forth their groans and lamentations: while all the Peræa and the neighbouring hills resounded, and made the tone deeper and deeper. The calamities and sufferings were more formidable than the tumult itself."

P. 385.

Ουτω μεγαλοι οι, &c.

" The composition and words are so sublime, and the sentiments so weighty and full of matter. The whole body of the narration is dramatic, and abounding with action."

P. 386.

Finis et ætas, &c.

" The age and completion of all things is gone backward: but we will mark our late dissolution and death with honour and renown! our death shall be delayed, and not without honour."

P. 386.

Ils prennent leurs ordres, &c.

" They take orders from them without being conscious of it."

P. 387.

Me veterum frequens, &c.

" Memphis with all her ancient pyramids offers me instruction:

instruction: the tear which falls over departed glory, the busts and mutilated statues of Roman worthies scattered up and down among the people, and the smouldering trunks of empires smoaldering in ruins, present many an awful subject of admonition as I sit in silence and in sorrow."

P. 387.

Ecce iterum Crispinus! &c.

"Behold Crispinus again: I must often call upon him, a monster whose faults are not compensated by a single excellence."

P. 388.

Si tardius artus, &c.

"If his limbs had not yielded so quickly to the stroke, he might have deserved a second thunderbolt."

P. 395.

Dat operam, &c.

"He toils and labours with a desire of uniting reason with madness."

P. 396.

Gros paquet de toile, &c.

"(He opens) his large bundle of clothes, *green* and *red;* his suits of clothes all of one colour, and his second-hand velvet suits a little faded."

P. 396.

Vous êtes bien heureux, &c.

"You are very fortunate in having applied TO ME, in preference to any other person. Heaven be praised, I carry on

on my profession in a plain, honest manner. I am the only *old-clothes-man* who has any *morality* about him."

P. 396.

Εξομεν δι ὁ τον, &c.

"We shall now have a criterion to distinguish THIS MAN from all other living beings, and be enabled thoroughly and distinctly to understand *the whole* of him."

P. 397.

Qui au travers de toute sa piété, &c.

"Who, in spite of all his piety, certainly is not an author with impunity, (or without paying for it), and who has the satisfaction of reclaiming women of dissipation, and of preserving spouses, shaken by seducing lovers, firm to their duty. But it cannot be said, that all his *homilies*, and his works, are equally strong and delicate."

P. 397.

Avoir près de lui un homme, &c.

"To have with him a man (like myself) who knows something of literature, and writes a good hand, *to make a fair copy of his homilies.*"

P. 397.

Nil habuit in tenementis.

"He had nothing in the tenements."

P. 398.

Doctor sanctissimus ille, &c.

"The most sacred Doctor Gregorius who bedewed, and even

even *inebriated*, the church with the honey-heavy dew of his preaching."

P. 399.

Per verità, è un gran capriccio, &c.

" In truth it is a great *capriccio* (or whimsical fancy); but in this he keeps up to his own style."

P. 403.

Pan etiam Arcadiâ, &c.

" Pan would acknowledge himself vanquished, even by the decision of *Arcadia*."

P. 403.

Hos illis dico, &c.

" I address this observation to those who do not understand me."

P. 405.

Temulentus videtur.

" He seems rather insolent and flushed."

P. 408.

In hos tota ruens.

" Rushing upon them with her whole force."

P. 408.

Te, Venus Regina, &c.

" O Venus, thou sovereign goddess, visit those temples where *Warton* and *Steevens* call upon thee in *pious* sacrifice."

P. 408.

Nobis non licet, &c.

" We who cultivate the muses of a more chastised spirit, cannot indulge ourselves in such licentious freedom of speech."

P. 411.

Ergo omnis furiis, &c.

" All Etruria rose up together with just resentment, and with instant arms demanded that the king should be brought *to *punishment.*"

P. 412.

Ense velut stricto, &c.

" Lucilius, as with a drawn sword in hand, roused himself into ardent indignation."

P. 413.

Nos genera, &c.

" We only touch slightly on the various kinds of books; it is not our business to digest whole libraries."

P. 414.

Non me Phœbi, &c.

" The shrine of Phœbus has not deceived me."

P. 414.

Gubernaclum non vi, &c.

" He dragged headlong into the deep with himself the rudder (not torn from him, but voluntarily abandoned) which was committed to him, and by which he was engaged to direct the vessel."

P. 418.

Deus, in spatio, &c.

" The Deity, in infinite space, as in his own *sensorium*, has an intimate perception of all things."

P. 419.

* The modern democratic word for *murdering* kings and priests.

P. 419.

Deus creavit, &c.

" God created the universe; Linnæus disposed it in order!"

P. 419.

Stabat anhela metu, &c.

" Nature stood in awful apprehension, looking upon *the God* who alone rules the elements!"

P. 421.

Nolumus leges, &c.

" We will not suffer the laws of Nature to be changed."

P. 421.

Νοεμενα καθορᾶται.

" They are seen by the understanding."

P. 422.

Sunt lacrymæ, &c.

" Tears are a debt due to human misery, and the woes of mortality affect the mind."

P. 424.

Πολλων και συνεχων, &c.

" The united effulgence of numerous and collected stars shining together."

P. 429.

Ταυτα μεν, ἱκανως εμφανισαι, &c.

" We have given this narration, to the intent that the

 nature

nature of GOD may be made manifest to those who are ignorant of it, how various it is, and how manifold; and to convince them that all events come to pass in their appointed season, and that HE declares what shall be hereafter. We have related these things to shew the ignorance and unbelief of men, by which they were not suffered to foresee any part of these events, and were delivered over to the calamities, without a mode or possibility of escaping them."

P. 430.

Ανθρωπε τυ Θευ, πιστε, &c.

"Thou man of God, faithful minister and steward of the divine mysteries, thou man of the desires of the spirit, I call upon thee as a pillar and support of the church, holding fast the word of life, and the main stay of faith, and the resting-place of the spirit."

P. 431.

Æacidæ similes, &c.

"Like Achilles himself, they wield the divine armour."

P. 431.

Quid non libido, &c.

"What cannot the wild wantonness of the human mind devise or raise up? after what species of evil has it not an itching desire?—Some men by malicious disputations question the rule and governance of the all-powerful God! In proportion to the wiliness of their language they cut up the principles of the Faith by petty shifts and prevarications; and by convenient, pliable syllogisms they loosen or confirm the consistency of every enquiry and examination after truth."

P. 434.

P. 434.

Αφ' ἑαυτου μεταβαινει, &c.

" He passeth from himself, as the image to the archetype, being already in the possession or enjoyment of the end of his earthly pilgrimage."

P. 434.

Ουτω Θεων, και ανθρωπων, &c.

" Such is the life of gods, and of godlike, happy, highly-favoured men: a deliverance and separation from the low cares of mortality; a life which receives not its pleasures and satisfaction from the things of this world. It is an ascent or flight of the soul, which is one, simple, and uncompounded, to that Being who is ONE, *and* ALONE in an eminent and incommunicable sense, GOD HIMSELF!" *

P. 435.

Τον των Αστρων, &c.

" The whole company of the Stars, and the great Sun himself, are not bodies of fire."

P. 435.

Πυρ τη των Αστρων, &c.

" A species of fire *accommodated* to the nature of the stars."

P. 437.

* The language of Plotinus in these passages is so sublime, and full of meaning, that without a paraphrase it is absolutely *impossible* to express the ideas contained in them, particularly in these few words, " Φυγη Μονου προς MONON." The translator feels what every Greek scholar will experience on such an attempt. It is sufficient however if the sublimity of the ideas is apprehended by the reader.

P. 437.

Τοιη Μεσαων ἱερη δοσις.

" Such is the sacred offering of the Muses."

P. 439.

Æstuat ingens
Imo in corde pudor, &c.

" Rage and sorrow mixed with shame are foaming in the depth of his soul, and love wrought up to madness, and conscious merit."

P. 442.

S'io avessi le rime e aspre, &c.

" If I were master of those harsh and rugged rhymes, which are adapted to the melancholy cavernous entrance, I would express the very inmost sap of my conceptions; but as I feel myself wanting, it is not without fear and apprehension that I speak, for it is no ordinary enterprise to paint to the world at large the wonders of THE ABYSS!"

P. 442.

Negli alti vestigi, &c.

" In the sublime track of mighty poets on the high and master-road."

P. 444.

DIIS DILECTE SENEX, te Jupiter, &c.

" Fortunate old man, favoured of heaven! Jove himself, and Apollo, and the God of eloquence must have shed their mildest influence on your birth; for *no man can be the friend of a great Poet, who is not himself dear to the immortals.*

Favoured

Favoured thus, you enjoy a green and flowering old age; the honours of your brow are preserved; your understanding is vigorous, and your mind in full possession of it's adult faculties. In the name therefore of Clio, and of the mighty Phœbus, all hail, thou *venerable* MANSUS, hail for ages yet to come!"

P. 444.

Tanto homini fidus, &c.

"A faithful friend to so great a man; and a steady admirer of such distinguished excellence."

P. 444.

Vir verè magnus, &c.

"A man truly great, if piety, integrity, probity, the highest erudition, and equal modesty with dignity of conduct, are qualities which can be esteemed great."

P. 445.

Τελευτη τυ βιυ, &c.

"The close of his life was most illustrious; and *his own Athenians* interred *Him*, (THEIR BELOVED PHYSICIAN,) on the very spot where he fell, with distinguished honours and veneration."

P. 445.

Finem dignum et optimo, &c.

"May they close their labours in a manner worthy of the character of men of virtue, and suitable to their consecrated works."

P. 446.

Η μαλα λυγρης, &c.

" I have a message full of sorrow to deliver to you; would it were not so!—Achilles is no more."

P. 446.

Τον μεν ητε θανοντ' Αοιδαι, &c.

" But even in death he was not left unpraised or unsung: for the virgins of Helicon encircled the pile and tomb of the hero, and chaunted their memorial dirge. It seemed good to the immortals, that so great a man should not pass from the world without the hymns and harmony of the Muses."

P. 447.

Remuneratio ejus cum Altissimo!

" His reward is with THE MOST HIGH!

P. 449.

Exornet ætatis, &c.

" May he add to the glories of this our age!"

P. 453.

Natura omnium partium, &c.

" Nature creates and produces, at one and the same time, the rudiments and principles of the whole body, and of every component part."

P. 454.

Gnossius hæc, &c.

" The Cretan Rhadamanthus sways over these realms of unrelenting severity."

P. 454.

Demonstro vitia; tollite, &c.

" I declare and demonstrate publicly the specific vices and crimes; take them away: I denounce to you the force intended to be called into action, the arms, and the instruments; remove them."

P. 455.

Ιθυνειν καρδιης, &c.

" To direct the intellectual vessel to the heart."

P. 455.

Ad pecuini corpusculi, &c.

" To the vileness of the bestial body."

P. 455.

Illum ne hominum quidem, &c.

" They do not consider him among the number of rational men, so far are they from enrolling him among the citizens, whose institutions and manners he would ridicule and set at nought, if he were not restrained by fear."

P. 456.

Nigidium vidi, &c.

" I have seen the philosopher Nigidius, and I was acquainted with Cratippus."

P. 458.

Αμαθια μαλα χαλεπη, &c.

" A certain ignorance very grievous, which notwithstanding has the appearance of the greatest wisdom."

P. 460.

P. 460.

Abyssus abyssum invocat.

" One deep calleth upon another."

P. 460.

Συνερχομενων νεφεων, &c.

" The storm, rushing with a mighty noise from the conflicting clouds, roared with a deep intonation."

P. 460.

Vera bona, atque illis, &c.

" The true goods of this life, and those which are found to be essentially different, when the mist of error is dispersed."

P. 460.

Την ψυχην μου, &c.

" A sharp-edged sword pierceth through my soul."

P. 462.

Sic furiis Caci mens, &c.

" So ferocious and infuriate was the soul of *Cacus:* he left not a species of crime, wickedness, treachery, or fraud unattempted, or untried."

P. 463.

Ανθρωπος! ικανη προφασις.

" It is man: the name will explain or excuse the rest."

P. 464.

Ο καιρος οξυς, &c.

" Opportunity is instant; experiment is hazardous."

P. 464.

P. 464.

Licet quod videtur, &c.

" Whatever they think proper they declare to be the national property; and what they decree to be so, they expose to public sale."

P. 464.

Perspici non potest, &c.

" It cannot be determined, whether their severity is more grievous, or their alliance and favour more expensive to the objects of them."

P. 465.

Επειδαν ουχι των ενοχλουντων, &c.

" I am not of the number of those men who are perpetually troubling and disturbing you; I hold not any office of trust, or of administration in the state. I therefore come forward with confidence, and denounce transactions and crimes like these."

P. 466.

Je ne veux point admettre dans les arrêts de conseil, &c.

" I would not allow the admission of *a trivial truth* in the decrees of council, or a clearness which is too easy and familiar. I choose to have a subtle kind of truth, an elegant perspicuity, a natural manner but not wholly without art, set off with words of pomp, unexpectedly raised with a roundness of phraseology, with *intermediate vocatives*, and *indefinite adverbs*."

P. 466.

Περι Ζωων.

" A treatise concerning Zoology."

P. 467.

P. 467.

Πεντηκοντα χρυσων, &c.

" I want fifty pieces of gold; I do not want letters. If you love me, give me money."

P. 467.

Η Πολιτικη κυριωτατη, &c.

" The science of Politics is the supreme and master-founder of the rest. It is her province to declare and ordain what sciences shall be cultivated in States, which of them is proper for each person, and to what point, and how far.—We see already some of the most respectable powers bending under *her* dominion.

P. 468.

Ah, si vous saviez le Grec!—Ceux, &c.

" Oh, if you did but understand Greek!—They who understand, or think they understand Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Coptic, Persian, or Chinese, think, and speak in the same manner, and for the same reasons."

P. 469.

Το μη δυσφημα λεγειν, &c.

" All the ancients were very careful not to use words of an inauspicious sound, and in particular, the Athenians. They therefore did not call the Prison, the Executioner, or the Furies, by their direct appellations, but by softer terms *, such as a Mansion, a public minister, the venerable Goddesses, &c. &c. &c.

P. 470.

* The synonimous words will hardly bear a translation.

P. 470.

Signa tamen, divûmque tori, &c.

" The statues, and the couches of the deities, and every spot which they had honoured with their presence and favour, are yet shewn."

P. 471.

Αντι τυ αποδηναι, &c.

" Instead of giving a plain, open avowal of their opinions, they have recourse to sophisms, and glosses, and exceptions, and *(demurring)* declarations. Such is their character; men without virtue, principle, or justice.

P. 471.

Cum ferro, cum metu, cum privilegio, &c.

" With the sword, by terror, by pretended rights and privileges, with the collected bands of desperate and abandoned wretches, by threats, by a nefarious league and union;—by these, and by such instruments and agents, they would hold the country in the bonds of servitude and oppression. They have set up the STATUE of LIBERTY, as in mockery and derision, not with a religious reverence and respect."

P. 472.

Auream invenit, &c.

" He found it of gold; he left it of paper."

P. 474.

Non hoc ista sibi, &c.

" The times demand not *exhibitions* such as these."

P. 475.

P. 476.

Non hæc everso, &c.

"It is not by such leagues and covenants as these, that he can preserve the *Tuscan* stream, and the palaces of *Rome* in an age of distraction and convulsion."

P. 476.

Non ante revellar, &c.

"I will not be torn away from thee, O *Rome*, till I embrace thee in thy last agony: thy name also, LIBERTY, will I venerate and cherish, and will follow after thy very shadow, even when it can avail no more."

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